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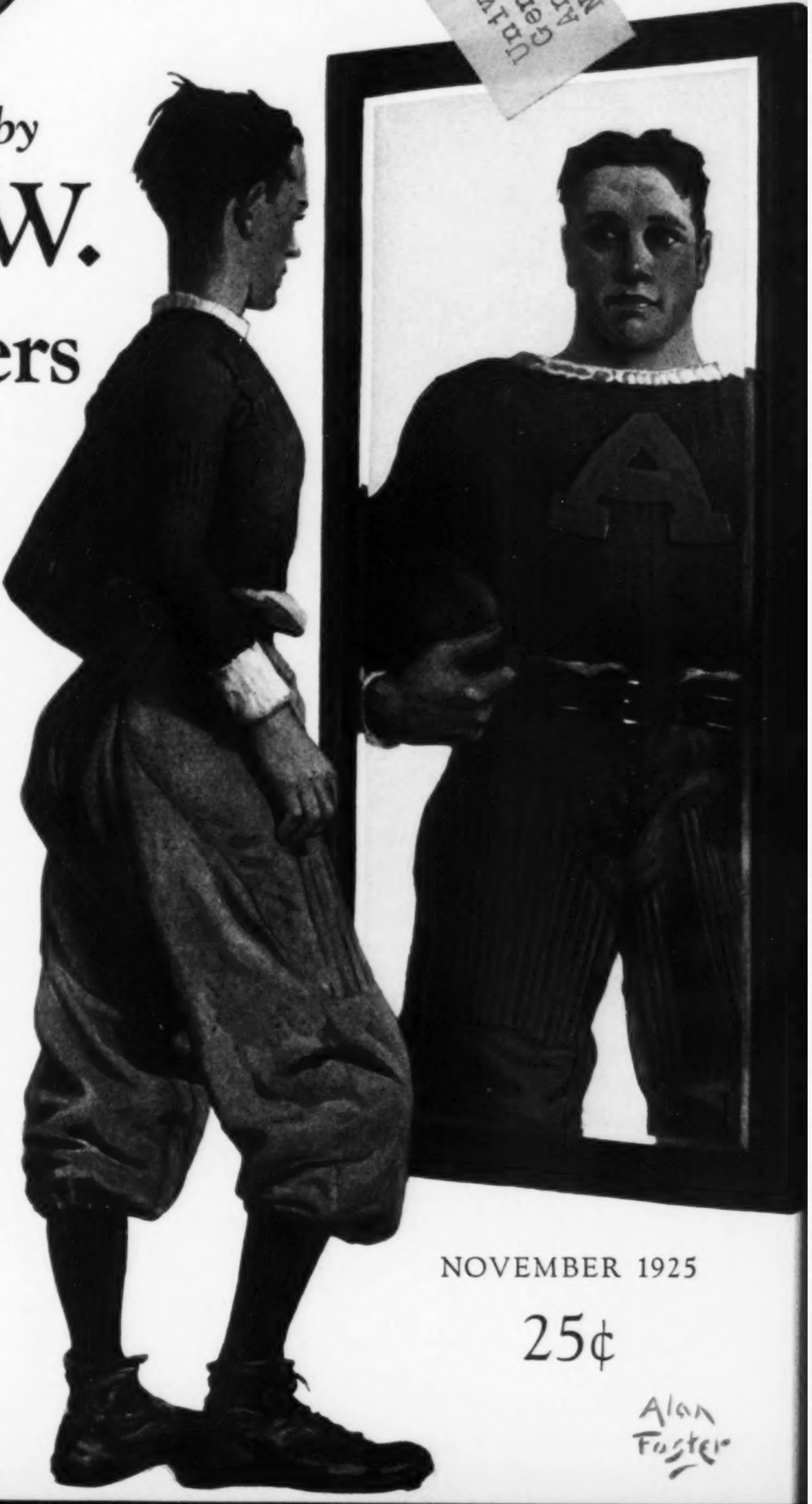

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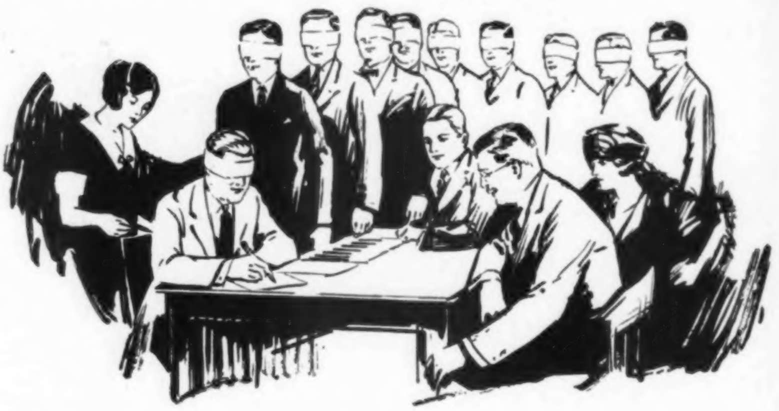

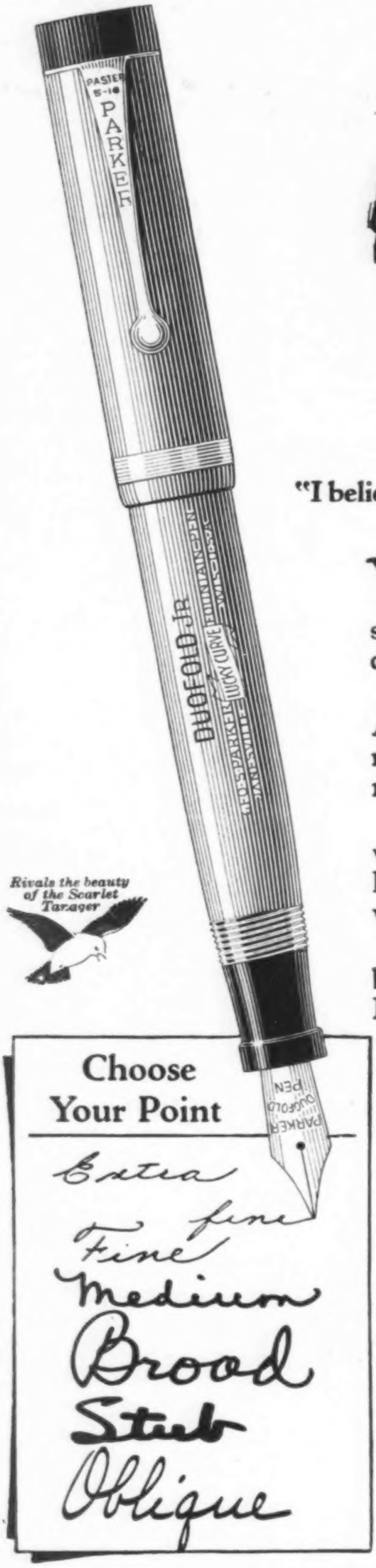
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NOVEMBER, 1925
VOL. 53, NO. 5

Everybody's

FRANK QUINN
EDITOR

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Advertising section continued in rear of book

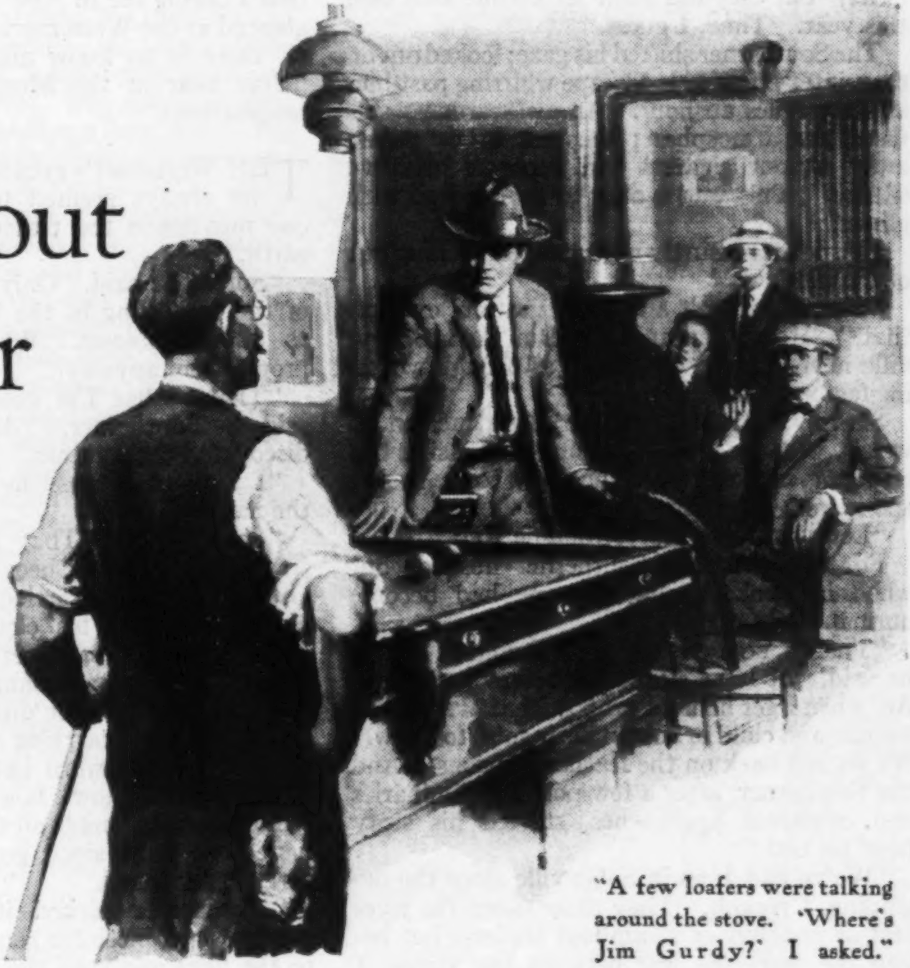
Touching the edge of a certain delicate matter that some people take on faith

Not Without Honor

by

Will Irwin

Illustrated by
S. George
Phillips



"A few loafers were talking around the stove. 'Where's Jim Gurdy?' I asked."

"WELL, I don't care what else he was, he did a lot for Denver!"

It was the Westerner who dropped that phrase. We four, meeting on the first morning out of Los Angeles in the smoking-room of the Southwestern Limited, had established a close though ephemeral intimacy. Long experienced in this kind of companionship, I knew that at journey's end we should exchange business cards, protest that we must see each other again, and part forever. But, as American travelers will, we played while the game lasted at close and confidential friendship. The Westerner had told about his brush with the Smelter Trust; the New York broker had related his intimate experience with the German girl at Coblenz; even the Southerner, a contradictory web of confidences and reticences, had imparted the details of one divorce among "his kin." In half unconscious deference to him, we had been keeping away from politics. We all understood that a gentleman of his geographical derivation took certain matters on faith. Also he alone had said nothing of the business which had brought him to the Coast.

My gaze, as the Westerner spoke, happened to be resting on the Southerner; and I caught a flash of his face. His head turned slowly; his gray eyes, which always had the appearance of looking far away, rested level on the Westerner. Something had stirred within him. Offended, perhaps? Had we touched the edge of a topic on which the code of a Southern gentleman does not permit him to think? So men must look, I felt in an intuitive flash, when they are about to pronounce those first soft, smothered words that begin trouble.

"He was a Jew, wasn't he?" asked the Southerner.

The Westerner must have caught the repressed emotion in that tone. For he hesitated a moment before he replied with the air of one who picks his phrases:

"Name wasn't Jewish; but I've always heard he was—"

"And I reckon Denver did a lot for him?" interrupted the Southerner in that same distinct but suppressed tone.

"Well, I haven't heard they've put up any monuments to his memory," replied the Westerner, "but they did name an avenue after him this year. Time, I guess."

The Southerner shifted his gaze; looked out on the winter-blighted landscape whirring past him at sixty miles an hour. An awkwardness suffused the atmosphere; the rest of us puffed away at our cigarets and kept an intuitive silence. This was a man to be handled with gloves.

He spoke; musingly now and still looking out of the window:

"The South isn't always as grateful even as that." He paused again. "But then, Sobeyville never knew," he added, as though weighing factor with factor.

Sharply, with his quick, nervous attack on his words, with his own particular aggressive but engaging impertinence, the New York broker spoke from his corner:

"Let's have the story, Johnnie Reb!"

For a second the Southerner flushed; but when he spoke again, his tone had become normal.

"There's no reason why I shouldn't now," he said, "at least since day before yesterday. An' when I get home, I propose that every man, woman and child in Sobeyville is goin' to know." We settled back on the leather cushions. And the Southerner, after a few polite preliminaries and courteous approaches, started his story from his text:

"We've had Jews in Sobeyville since the beginning, I reckon. They came down the river first as peddlers or steamboat traders; but before the war—the war between the states, I mean—gentlemen—most of them held slaves. The second company mustered out of Sobeyville had a Mannie Leaventritt for a captain. He was killed as a major in the siege of Vicksburg. There's a tablet to him in the synagogue. A lot of others fought clear through—Levys and Monheimers and Bergers. We've had enough racial trouble in our town without taking on any side lines. I was all of sixteen years old, I reckon, before I heard that any one drew a line between Jews and Gentiles. They were just another religion from mine, like the Baptists. If you believed all the preachers told you, they were headed straight for Hell, but at times you suspected they weren't.

"The two elements didn't mix a great deal. That was as much their inclination as ours, I reckon. But we all went to school together, and there's been a little marryin' back and forth. Mrs. Rosenblum was once president of our Daughters of the Confederacy. I tell the ladies of my family they could learn a lot by imitating those Jewish girls. While ours are playing bridge, they're reading and studying.

"The past eight or ten years I've been in a business proposition with Abe Monheimer. It's the affair that took me to Pasadena and that's taking me to New York just now." He glanced at the Westerner. "You seem to know all there is to know about mines," he said, "Ever hear of the Morgan County emerald proposition?"

THE Westerner's eyes lit with vivid interest; as always seemed to happen when any one mentioned the treasure-houses under the earth.

"Sure!" he said, "Only considerable deposit of the real thing in the United States, so far as anyone knows. What's become of that proposition, anyway?"

"That's what I'm commencing to relate," said the Southerner. "Abe Monheimer really discovered those mines."

"I thought it was—now what the Devil is the name—"

"Gurdy? No! That piece of poor white trash! If it hadn't been for Abe Monheimer, Gurdy would have carried that piece of stone in his pocket until his clothes rotted off him. He came into Monheimer's store to buy a suit on credit. He was changing articles into his new breeches when he dropped a little piece of stone he'd been carrying round because it was kind of pretty—worn bottle glass in a black matrix—you know how they look. That trifling accident made all the difference. There have been times since, gentlemen, when I was sorry it happened.

"Monheimer picked it up. Any Jew, I reckon, has a nose for gems. He takes it over to the light and runs the bottle glass over the window. It makes a scratch like it was cutting cheese.

"Abe played square. He told Gurdy that this pretty little pocket piece might have some value. And next morning he took it over to his cousin Morris Leaventritt, the jeweler. Morris split and polished a facet. It was a real emerald, according to Morris—what you'd call a first-water emerald if you were conversin' in terms of diamonds, gentlemen. It weighed, in the rough, over two carats.

"At least, according to Morris's best judgment. He wasn't posing—yet—as an authority on emeralds. He sent it to an expert in Chicago. The report came back very favorable.

"Morris had been waiting for the expert's opinion. But Abe was afraid every minute that the story would get out, and he felt like taking chances. He went up to Gurdy's place, stood off the dogs, and took a little walk. That black rock cropped out at about the middle of the farm. Next day, Abe came back and did business with Jim Gurdy. Abe didn't deceive him as to his intentions. He said he wanted to mine emeralds, but he called attention to the fact that he was buying a pig in a poke. They'd seen just one emerald so far. He named a flat price—about five times the agricultural value of that little patch where Jim Gurdy had been starving for three years, and a five per cent. interest in the proposition. Course, Jim Gurdy had inflated notions about the value of his property. But Abe had been doin' business with hill-billys a long time. He knew them. He'd brought along the purchase money in yellow-backed twenty-dollar bills. When he came to the climax of his performance, he opened his roll and spread it out on the table. Jim Gurdy reached out and grabbed it with both hands. The five per cent. share in the proposition scarcely appealed to him as a consideration. Abe didn't have to offer it, on the general rules of business. But I reckon the South's a little soft on that sort of thing, according to Northern standards. When you add up the time and money and worry the rest of us shoveled into that prospect hole, you'll be obliged to say that Jim Gurdy was mighty well paid. He moved into town and bought a cheap car and lived round the pool parlors—a sort of low-down jelly bean.

"For cabs and his professional services, Abe let Morris Leaventritt have fifteen per cent. of the proposition. They sent to the Boulder School of Mines for an expert. There's where I begin to come in. The formation ran to the northeast beyond Gurdy's farm, across a patch of land that I owned. I'd been keeping it in cotton for years, with a nigger working it on shares. By now, the story had got out. When Abe Monheimer offered to take my cotton-patch off my hands, I just laughed. So we showed our hands. I looked at the cut emeralds he'd already found in his exploration work, and got the mining fever. The upshot was, I went into his company, putting up my land at five thousand against twenty-five per cent. of the stock. The triflin' remainder of four per cent. he sold to his relatives for ready cash.

"When we took hold, we were greenhorns, lambs. We had to look emeralds up in the encyclopedia to find what they were made of. We didn't know that synthetic gems were playing hob with the market. We didn't begin to realize how much development work had to be done before our proposition would pay. We learned plenty in the next year! Then the boll weevil got into the district. Everything down our way depends on cotton. We'd used up our initial funds; there wasn't a thousand dollars in the treasury. With the weevil tearin' the heart out of everything, there was no use trying to raise a loan in Sobeyville. And Wall Street! Did any of you gentlemen ever visit New York with a financin' proposition? All they want is ninety-nine per cent. of the stock, your services for life and your hearty thanks. Northern capital was never fair to the South, gentlemen.

There things stuck until the War—the World War I mean, gentlemen. Then of course everything stopped. I took my course at the O. T. C. and got overseas with the artillery. Abe was past military age, but he did more than his bit raisin' the Liberty Loans in our district. We shut down the mine.

"Over there, I learned some more, quite accidentally, about the emerald business. In Flanders, sitting in a dugout. Singular place to be conductin' business! We'd been called up to support the Twenty-seventh Division on the Hindenburg Line. The British liaison officer was Herbert Steckner. Ever hear of the family? They handled then, about three-quarters of the world's emerald output. I talked gems with him all one evening. It appeared they'd heard of us already. I told him everything I knew about our proposition—didn't see any good reason why I shouldn't. Right there, with the Boche harassing fire blowin' up the landscape every two minutes, I wrote a letter of introduction to Abe Monheimer for his representative.

"I WAS in billet up by Coblenz when I heard from Abe. As soon as the Armistice was signed Steckner's man had started from London for Sobeyville. He'd spent two weeks with a gang of laborers, prospecting. Then he'd disappeared, makin' no proposition. He didn't even commit himself on what he'd found.

"When at last I got my red stripe on my arm and came home, the New York papers were talking prosperity and inflation. Well, there wasn't any inflation in Sobeyville. It was dinner-time for some folks, but only twelve o'clock for us. The boll weevil had kept right on borin'. The district was alive with 'em. Then the hard times struck the whole country. We used to call Will Tavender's bank the Cotton Grower's Club—we came there so often to extend our loans. Of course, the merchants were just as hard hit. Nobody was buying. Abe told me that if his creditors should press him, there'd be no escaping bankruptcy. The mine was closed tight. We couldn't even maintain the timbering. And Jim Gurdy was making himself a public nuisance.

"He'd spent all his money long before, and gone to work in Allerton's pool parlor as billiard marker and general roustabout. But he'd hung to the wreck of his automobile. Outside of business hours, he seemed to be doing nothing but drive that old trap around town, howling about his wrongs. He'd persuaded himself by now that Abe Monheimer did him in the beginning and was still doing him. Shutting down the mines was a Jewish plot. I tried to talk to him. You might as well have talked to a razor-back shoat. He said: 'Aw, he's got plenty of money buried. Every Jew has. He's trying to freeze me out. He's combinin' with Wall Street. You and me'd ought to be fightin' those Jews. He's taken my farm and he'll take your money!'

"He was even getting prominent in his poor, ignorant way. The loafers around Allerton's were talkin' on nominatin' him for City Clerk—and he just able to write his name! And all day long he talked about the Jews and what they were doing to the dear commonwealth.

"His talk was having its effect in Sobeyville—that and other influences which have arisen since the war—the World War, I mean gentlemen—and of which I don't have to tell you, I reckon—"

THE Southerner paused here and searched our faces. In his own expression there was a shade of defiance. What he saw must have reassured him, for he continued easily:

"You'd know he was in *that* by lookin' at him. He was just that poorly furnished above the ears and I felt as if I didn't know Sobeyville any more. The best people had got careless. Jim Gurdy's kind had the city government, including the police force, in the hollow of its hand. From a sense of delicacy, I never mentioned to Abe Monheimer certain feelings that were being stirred up in our town. But when he sent his two little girls to boardin' schools down in New Orleans, I asked him why without realizin' I was impingin' on the subject. He spoke up right frankly. He said: 'Tommy, you were in public school with my sisters. Did you ever see the other children chase them round the yard yellin' "Jew!" at them?' 'I can remember chasin' your sister Miss Rachel round the yard,' I said, 'but merely trying to kiss her. Were your girls bothered?' 'Every day,' said Abe. ' "Dirty Jews," is the way it's put, I'm told. That's the answer.' He said it soberly, as he always talks; like he were putting a business proposition. And his eyes were blank as a wall. You never see behind Abe Monheimer's eyes. You have to judge him by what he does.

"Then, with Willie Tavender's bank carrying us all, there came a gleam of hope. Maybe I'd better call it a whole sun of hope. The Steckners began cabling us volumes, at a shilling a word, asking to do business with our mine. Abe played reluctant. But when they offered to send representatives to meet us in New York, we coyly consented. At the stockholders' meeting, Jim Gurdy raised hell to go along. Course, we didn't want a blunderin' clay-eater like him messin' things up. When we voted to send only Abe and me, he acted like a crazy man. He said, among other foolish expressions, 'You don't put anything like that over on me! I demand two Christians to one Jew!' But we squelched him. It was a waste to send along anybody but Abe, for that matter. He owned fifty-one per cent. of the stock.

"Gentlemen, it certainly looked great—for a while. I realized that their prospector had reported very favorably. You could see they wanted to buy in—a controlling interest of course. It was only a question of terms. We pretended to laugh at their proposition, but when we were alone in our hotel, I used to slap Abe on the back. They offered us a forty-nine per cent. minority interest in the stock of a new company, and a flat cash payment that made me dream of luxury. I'd never have to worry about the boll weevil any more. If I didn't want to use the money in business I could put it in bonds and live comfortably on the interest. Even ignorin' the returns on my stock when the mines began to produce. By holding out, Abe managed to raise the cash offer a couple of hundred thousand. Then one night he said:

" 'We've got 'em as high as they'll go. Now, let's close!' And I was foolish enough to telegraph the good news to Sobeyville.

"We would have closed, too, if it hadn't been for Silberman. He's the New York lawyer Abe employed to draw our preliminary papers. Before we went to have lunch with the Steckner people and sign up, we called him to the hotel for his final advice. He listened to our simple story, and said:

" 'Of course, you gentlemen aren't counting on getting anything out of the stock? You'll be satisfied with the cash payment?' I said: 'Man is never satisfied with anything. But I'll admit that in the present circumstances, I'll take the cash alone for my share. What's wrong with the stock? All the experts say there are barrels of emeralds down in those mines. The Company ought to pay dividends within two years!'

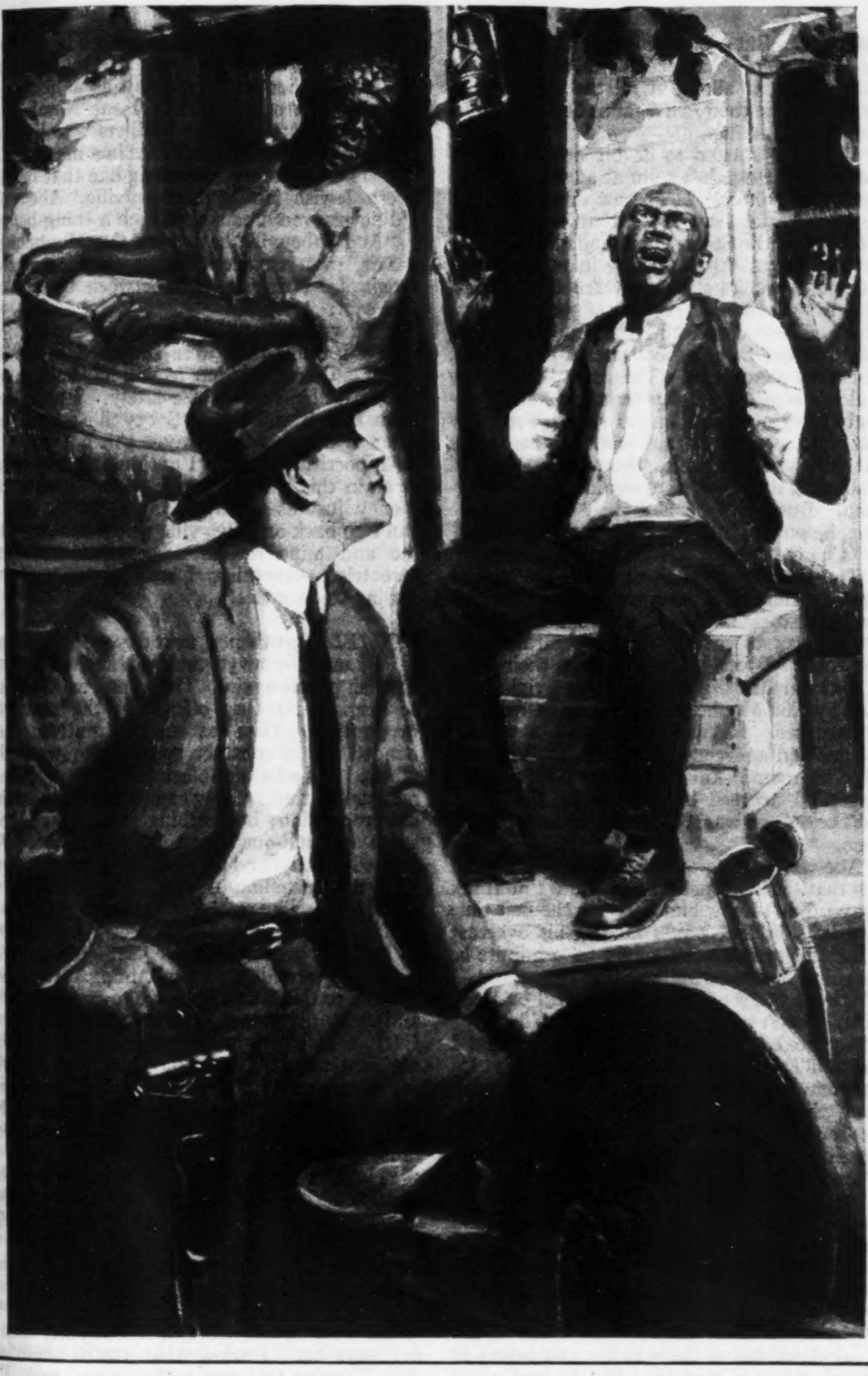
" 'They won't start up!' Silberman said. 'Don't you see the game? Now that the war is over and the gem business is reviving, they're out for a monopoly in emeralds. There's so many stones in the South American mines that if some one didn't check the supply, scrub-women would be wearing them. The Steckners are following the policy that the De Beers people use with diamonds—corner the market and let out just so many carats a year. That's how they keep up the price. The South American mines are open and developed. Yours aren't. They'll get around to your deposit at about the end of the century. The stock may be a fine thing to leave to your heirs. You'll never get any dividends yourselves.'

"I was right irritated and I asked:

' "How do you know all this?' and Silberman said:

" 'Misha, ain't my father in the gem business? Ain't all my clients jewelers? Everybody in the trade knows it.'

"Well, gentlemen, that was somewhat



"'You'll be called on to swear to this in court,' I said to Wash Moore. You could see that nigger begin to shake, and he said: 'Fo' Gord sake, Mister Torm, don't you make me come to co'te.'"

depressin'. But I resigned myself to accepting the lump sum. As for Abe Monheimer, he said nothing at all. But all the way over to the St. Bilt, he chewed a cigar as he always does when he's scheming.

"When we started to do business, Abe surprised me. He didn't seem at all interested to sign up any more. He began talking around the subject, and I saw at last that he was trying to find what the Steckners intended doing with that property. After putting in my oar once or twice, I just sat still and watched him work. He'd drive them into a corner and they'd squirm out; then he'd corner them again. It was six o'clock before he got them pinned to the mat. Silberman was right. The one thing they wouldn't consider on any terms was an agreement to begin production. I couldn't see why Abe hung so tight to that point, unless it was that he wanted to raise the ante. For he'd established that they were afraid of our competition. But when he had their cards on the table, he pushed back his chair and said:

" 'I'll give you our answer in the morning.'

"The minute we were alone in the taxi, I began talking. I'd seen the hope of returns from the stock knocked out from under me; and I began to entertain fears regardin' that cash ante. I was all for taking their offer without further argument. I was right irritated by Abe Monheimer's manner of receivin' my remarks. He never answered a word—just grunted and chewed his cigar. When we got to his room, I kind of lost my hot Southern temper. I accused him of risking the whole deal because he wanted to gamble for a higher figure.

"Abe was looking out of the window when I said that. He turned round, and I'm frank to say I didn't know him. It was the first time I'd ever seen that poker face of his overcast with an expression. I thought for a minute he was going to cry. And he said:

" 'Don't you see if we close the deal on those terms, it won't do anything for Sobeyville?'

"I started to ask what he meant. Then I saw, and I felt right ashamed of myself. I'd forgotten for years what we talked so much about when we first made our little discovery. The town had been relyin' on us. With an emerald mine right up by city limits, there'd be less worry about the boll weevil. We'd all be more prosperous. We'd have better schools and more paving and new sewers and everything a town needs. That was what Abe Monheimer had been thinking about all the time. That was what I'd forgotten. It came hard, just the same.

"Abe Monheimer didn't look at me again. He sat down facing the window and began to talk. I expected he talked like he had never before to any Gentile. But we'd been through a lot together, and he was low in his mind. I didn't know he could express himself like that—sort of awful and scriptural. He told me how his grandfather had run away as a little boy from a Ghetto in Galicia. Isaac Monheimer was the only one of four brothers who lived to grow up. The rest were killed in a massacre.

" 'There's a story something like that behind every Jewish family in Sobeyville,' Abe said. I'd never even dreamed of such a thing before.

"And Sobeyville had given the Monheimers a fair, even chance. That's why his father fought for it in the War between the States. Abe said:

" 'It wasn't until I took my first trip North that I learned Jews were supposed to be different. Of course, that feeling has been manifestin' itself in Sobeyville lately. But I hav faith that it will pass. Sobeyville's not itsel when it behaves that way. I'm not going t be hypocritical and say I'm thinking only of th town in this emerald proposition. I want th money just as much as any Gentile. But I can't go back on Sobeyville which has stood b me and mine for three generations. Unti I've tried everything, I won't be a party t closing those mines!'

"WELL, gentlemen, next day we took Silberman the lawyer and had lunch with thos English people again. That time, we didn't s so long. First they offered us the same ol proposition. Then as an alternative, the handed out a contract agreeing to work th mines. It had a big, black joker in it. Silberman nailed that. They came back to the orig nal proposition; but nothing would make them agree out-and-out to begin operations. W refused it flatly, and they broke off negotiations. They'd been telling us all along that we had t accept or decline on the spot, which was only bluff. They dropped that now, and agree to hold the offer open for a year—provided i that time we didn't do any mining. It turne me sick to think that I'd have to go back, now and fight the weevil on the same old terms I felt I didn't want to make any more ora explanations in Sobeyville than was strictl necessary; so I put the whole thing in a lon night letter to Morris Leaventritt and Jim Gurdy. And we took a train home with ou tails between our legs.

"I wasn't at my house an hour, before Jim Gurdy called. Didn't go through the formalit of ringing. Just walked in with his face working and his mouth slobbering. He said, ' knowed what would happen if I sent a Jew and a Catholic to do business with them foreigners. 'Where do you get that Catholic?' says I 'Well, your cousin married a Catholic, didn' he?' says he. 'I know what you're aimin' t do. They've told you to freeze me out! I'l show you if I can be froze out of my own property!' I was feelin' right ringy and reckon I lost my hot Southern temper. He didn't wait to be kicked out. He was backin' to the door so fast that he kept beyond range.

"I didn't see him for a week. We held a stockholders' meeting to go through the formality of confirming Abe's official acts, but Jim Gurdy didn't do us the honor of attending. Then one night, as I'm starting home in my bus from town, wonderin' how I'll meet that note next day, the fire bell begins to ring. I couldn't see any blaze. I pulled up before Wylie's drug store. Pete Wylie was in the telephone booth. He saw me, and ran out, yelling:

"'Your mine's on fire!'"

"I stepped on the gas so hard that I passed the hook-and-ladder on the way. They were too late. The shafthouse, the machinery, were gone. We could only stand and watch it go. Mysterious, I thought. There hadn't been a fire under our boilers for six months. Then I remembered that I hadn't noticed that nigger, Wash Moore, in the crowd. We'd been letting him live in Jim Gurdy's old cabin, making what he could off the land we didn't use for mining. I went over the ridge to his place, and called at at the door. He came out all trembling.

"And I got the truth out of him. There isn't much of a negro problem down South when it comes to our kind of people, gentlemen. We've been handling them a long time. It's the other kind of white—the Jim Gurdy kind—that makes the trouble. And Wash Moore is a pretty good kind of nigger. When the fire started, he'd been setting traps on the ridge. He'd heard somebody coming down the trail, and lain close. It was Jim Gurdy—walkin' away. 'Ah seen him 'most as close as Ah am to you,' said Wash Moore. It was a bright moonlight night, and Wash identified him absolutely. In the back of my head, I'd been suspecting as much.

"'You'll be called on to swear to this in Court,' I said to Wash Moore. That was an error in tactics, gentlemen. For you could see that nigger's knees begin to sag, and he said:

"'Fo' Gord sake, Mister Torm, don't you make me come to co'te!'

"I got the point. Certain influences would protect Jim Gurdy. They'd see to it that Wash didn't tell the truth in court. They'd scare him to death to begin with. If he stood pat—which he wouldn't—they could put him out of the way. Even then, what was one nigger's word in court against ten white men swearing an alibi?

"But I knew just the same. For Wash was telling me the truth. And one thing would be good in court—Jim Gurdy's confession.

"I went back to the fire. Abe Monheimer had just arrived. I didn't let him see me. I backed out and started down the road to town. When I'm driving at night, I always carry the old army gat under the seat. I got that out, and buckled it round my waist. I didn't aim to use it on Jim Gurdy, understand me, gentlemen. He would be more useful to me alive than dead. I was wearin' it only as a precaution, in case anybody tried to start anything. What I proposed was to get him by the neck, shake a confession out of him, and stay by him until he'd repeated it to the proper authorities—before friendly witnesses.

"I WENT straight to the pool parlor, with the gat hangin' outside of my clothes. Nobody was playing pool, but a few loafers were talking under their breath around the stove. When they saw me and the gat, they looked mighty scared. 'Where's Jim Gurdy?' I asked. Allerton was the first to get his voice. His false teeth were chattering like a drum. He said, 'I don't know. He just went out. He's been here all night until ten minutes ago. Reckon he'll be back pretty soon.' And another loafer said, unnecessarily, 'That's right.' The alibi, just as I'd expected! And while I stood there wondering what to do next, I heard an automobile whir and start up out back. I ran to my own bus, and drove to Jim Gurdy's miserable little hut on the bottoms. Nobody answered my knock. The door was unlocked. I got out my electric torch, walked in and looked around. No Gurdy. So I settled down on the front steps and waited. I was still there when the seven o'clock whistles blew. It was two weeks before I got the facts. As I came in the front door of the pool parlor, he went out the back. He took no chances—he hopped a night train. A little later, we learned his whereabouts. He wrote from a town down on the gulf, asking a lawyer who happened to be a friend of mine to get him his rights. We let him stay."

"I must say," put in the New York broker, "that he was some damn fool—considering he was burning up his own property."

"Not so much as you might think," replied the Southerner. "At least—he was, but the bigger rats who were doing his thinking for him—they weren't. The loss to the shaft-house and machinery was almost wholly covered by insurance. And somebody not far from Allerton's pool room began systematically to spread the gossip that Abe Monheimer had burned the mine for the insurance money. You heard it everywhere—all over town. First move, of course, in an underground campaign to get Abe disgusted, run him out of town if necessary—and make him sell." The Southerner paused.

The New York broker, I had already noticed, was an overshrewd man, believing the worst of every one. "It's easy to see the rest," he said, "old Sidney Steckner of the London Steckners is living in Pasadena for his health.

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Football Fans Can't Crash His Gate

Fred W. Moore controls the tickets for the only big sporting event for which the public can't buy seats. His system is proof against entreaties, bribes, threats and the ingenious dodges of desperate fans and speculators

by John Tunis

THE demand for tickets to the big college football games has reached the point where it is only a matter of time when each graduate may be allotted one seat every other year. To distribute tickets under such conditions without unfairness or favoritism requires more than merely competent management. One of Fred Moore's solutions to the problem is a Black List of undesirables, a roster so effective that men have gone to great lengths to have their names removed from it.

IN HIS own job he is supreme. And the football fans know it. Aldermen and mayors of cities, governors of States and presidents of the biggest corporations in the nation, high officers of the Army and Navy crowd his office each November begging favors. One and all he turns them down. For Fred W. Moore, Graduate Treasurer of Athletics at Harvard, is an athlete who plays the game.

In his tiny office with one window in the basement of the Union at Cambridge he runs a million dollar a year business with the help of two or three clerks and a couple of stenographers. No large and spacious rooms, no gilt lettering on the doors, no vast and complex organization. Just a quiet, broad shouldered man, with blue eyes and a pipe in his mouth. The novelists would probably call his eyes "steely blue." Possibly that's only the way they look in the haze of smoke that fills the cubicle he calls his office. No bunk about him, this simple mannered, reasonable minded man who looks you all over and takes you in before speaking. Who thinks and then talks. Who stays on the job until the job is done. And when thirty thousand graduates charge into Cambridge demanding more seats for the football game, that job takes an awful lot of doing.

For nearly twenty years now Fred Moore has been in charge of athletics at Cambridge. The year before he came, it cost over seven thousand dollars to distribute seats for the Harvard-Yale game. With one assistant he worked literally night and day that summer to install a system of his own. The cost was cut to two thousand five hundred dollars, saving five thousand in one smack. Naturally enough, this system has been pretty much copied all over the country. You would never find this out, however, from him. Someone else has to tell you about Fred Moore.

If I were asked to characterize the director of athletics at Harvard—for that's what he really is—in a word, I'd describe him as the kind of a man who is never in conference. Despite the fact that during the football season he is busy from nine A.M. until nine P.M. his door is never closed. If you have business with him he is there to see you, and see you he will when your turn comes no matter how rushed he happens to be.

Fred Moore is a generous hearted, kindly individual to those in trouble. To those who come asking favors, to those who try to break rules he is as sympathetic as a chunk of frozen atmosphere. And he meets both kinds this time of year, for upon his shoulders falls the duty of parceling out the seats for the annual Harvard-Yale football game, one of the few sporting events in this country for which tickets aren't for sale to the public.

You can buy seats—if you are lucky enough to have the jack—for every big sporting clash from year's end to year's end. Prize fights? Sure, buy them on Broadway by the hundreds. World Series? Try any ticket agency in New York or Washington the day before the game and they'll quote you prices that will make you

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Fred W. Moore has been graduate Treasurer of Athletics at Harvard for twenty years. The rapidly growing popularity of football and the consequent demand for admission to the big games has forced him to become a specialist in ticket distribution. A crowd like that in the Harvard Stadium above spends a quarter of a million dollars for tickets. In Mr. Moore's office are filed the signatures of thirty thousand graduates entitled to seats, and if necessary he can quickly trace to their source the tickets held by every occupant of the big stand.

The film that graphically places the day's news before your eyes almost invariably includes at least one "shot" which some daredevil cameraman got only at the risk of one of his nine lives. Pell Mitchell, veteran cameraman and news reel editor for Pathé, Gaumont and other features, tells how the pictorial news is handled from the time the cameraman receives an assignment to the appearance of the picture on the screen of your local theater. Getting the picture at any cost often involves some stories of heroic effort.

Risking Your Neck *for* Camera News

Pell Mitchell, veteran news reel photographer, tells some of the ups and downs of ten years' experience on an exciting job where risking life and limb is all in the day's work

by Harriet Works Corley

A NEWS reel correspondent in Japan varied the monotony of his routine assignments with a little picture-taking excursion among a wild tribe of head-hunters in Formosa—and got away with it. Another, the second white man ever seen by an African cannibal tribe (they ate the first one), had to devise an ingenious scheme for clothing the naked savages so his pictures would get by the censor. Then there's the story of the man who offered a picture of his ninety-day fasting feat and the mathematical wizard who could multiply three figures by three figures in his head and who asked for a motion picture of himself doing it.

THE telephone tinkled at a quarter to four in the morning. It was Smith, of the electric light company, which always has a man at every fire, tipping me off to a spectacular blaze down along the water-front. Before I had climbed into my clothes there was another buzz. This time it was Jones, of the gas company, with the same tip. Just after I left my house at four minutes to four with my camera, tripod, and extra stock, my wife, answering the 'phone, received the tip for the third time, from one of the men in the fire department. He likewise saw a good pictorial angle in the blaze."

"The basis for these tips?" Pell Mitchell the veteran cameraman smiles winningly. "Just personal friendship, nothing more—except perhaps a little horse sense. You've got to use judgment in picking just the stuff that shows up well on the screen. Perhaps you cultivate it just a bit by now and then turning down a fire they've hauled you out to and telling them just why you did it. Perhaps there was a bad light or the stretch of flames wasn't spectacular enough to get by.

"Anyway Smith, Jones and Casey of the fire department never failed to get me out to practically every good fire coming under their observation. And usually it was in time for a 'scoop.' It's a fact that no news reel had a beat on ours while these three men were on the lookout for real stuff.

"That's the way it goes in the life of a news reel cameraman. Twenty minutes after he has been hauled from a safe warm bed in the dead of night he may be ankle deep in water that the hose spreads half a block around a fire. Or he may be cooling his heels waiting for the fire department to bring that hose. For if he follows his tips like a shot he is very apt to beat much of the fire-fighting apparatus to the scene.

"Sometimes a cameraman's very promptness, combined with his ability to shove his tripod so near the blaze that he would lose both his eyebrows if he hadn't had them burned off long since, and his nerve to stand there cranking in an alternate shower of sparks from the fire and water from the hose will prove his undoing. He may lose a good scene for his reel. A man can hardly stand by winding a crank when there is a baby to be rescued and no one else near enough to rescue her, or when a fireman needs a hand in getting down the ladder an old couple who refuse to be separated.

"Every cameraman going has seen lots of miraculous 'hero' stuff pulled by the boys in the fire department and by civilians, too. But he rarely gets it as far as the celluloid for the reason that he rarely if ever will stand by and let the other fellow risk his life while he gets a picture of it on the sidelines.

"When it is humanly—and humanely—possible he does stick to his crank, so that you and millions of other fans can see the ten-foot shot which the news editor selected to go into the reel and for which, more than likely, the cameraman *did* give an eyebrow. Pneumonia may be staring him in the face, icicles freezing on his shoes—if it is cold, and it usually is, even during the heartiest fire—but you'll find the cameraman always there right on the job.

"It is just the same in lots of other places too," says the veteran news photographer. "Every airplane picture means posing at perilous angles on the rigging of another airplane which follows practically all the gyrations of the one you see on the screen. Every animal picture means more or less risk of attack by the beasts. And such pictures as views of the seething crater of a volcano at close-up may mean hours of preparation in getting the camera into position, grave discomfort from heat, risk of a terrible death, and then facing the danger all over again while climbing down out of harm's way."

Pell Mitchell, certainly ought to know whereof he speaks. Starting in 1913 with Pathé he has ever since been either news editor or cameraman for most of the important companies, and for three or four of those years an independent producer. So there is a certain ring of authority in his tales of the man behind the camera.

"You have to be quick on your feet, all right," says Mr. Mitchell. "The news reel which flings the daily news graphically before your eyes, frequently does so before that news appears in the papers. It holds, almost invariably, one shot, at least, which some daredevil of a cameraman got only by jeopardizing one of his nine lives.

"It is a life of danger and thrills—full, too, of the thrill which comes of having completed a task to the best of one's ability. For unless an assignment is handled in the best manner possible it might just as well not have been handled at all. The chances are, the next time it won't be—by you. It is the survival of the fittest and you must fit pretty darned well into the game or you don't survive!"

Ballooning for Fight Pictures

Amateur ballooning is not necessarily the ideal way to spend a restful summer afternoon. It may be cooling and it may give one a wider outlook on life but it is not always refreshing.

"Ballooning," says Pell Mitchell, "M-m-m." His eyes narrow reminiscently. "That reminds me of something; back at the time of the Willard-Dempsey fight at Toledo, there was a fellow who got the exclusive rights to photograph it. The boys from the reels who had not been able to get in on the concession decided to go him one better. We couldn't shoot the fight legitimately on the grounds, but we decided to get action anyway.

"We got it. It resulted in the death of one man, gave another the scare of his life and totally ruined a seventeen-hundred-dollar camera. What happened? Well, after a little scouting we secured a military balloon, large enough to hold, in addition to the pilot, a single cameraman with his outfit. This we decided to anchor some several hundred feet above ground from which the occupants, sitting pretty, could easily grind out the fight. It was necessary to draw lots for the order of ascension. Then I, being oldest at the game, took the maiden trip to test the balloon. But when the man drawing first chance to take pictures saw me go up, he had developed cold feet and disappeared. My man, Delavan by name, one of the best-known cameramen in the game, was next on top and we piled him and his camera into the basket of the balloon.

"He got his pictures, and at a given signal the man at the winch-wheel began to wind in the rope to lower the balloon. Whether he was a green man at the wheel or whether he was too excited to notice what he was doing we never knew. He didn't stay around long enough to tell us. The fact remains, however, that with the balloon almost within stepping out distance of the ground, the rope, wound too taut, snapped under the strain. It set free the balloon, which immediately shot up into the air and started off toward the clouds!

"You can imagine our feelings, and you can imagine Del's, in the basket, when the earth suddenly began to drop away from his astonished eyes!

"On the theory that what goes up must come down, the balloon, would, we knew, reach earth again. There was an expert pilot aboard to handle her in the descent. But the proximity of Lake Erie made this descent somewhat of a gamble. We hastily abandoned the idea of shooting any more of the fight, found the naval reserve and asked that boats be sent out on the lake to pick up the boys. The balloon was likely to choose the water as a landing spot. That was all we could do, except wait and hope—never a very easy combination. The rest of the story I got from the man who survived.

"After they broke away, he said, they ascended with such a terrific rate of speed that the hand on the dial of the altitude meter which hung from the rigging looked like the indicator which shows an express elevator going up. The pilot knew that the rope, which would open the valve of the balloon and let enough gas escape to bring them gently down, was refusing to work. The only alternative was the ripcord, which would open the balloon from end to end and bring them down with a crash. What should they do? Something, and quickly. If the balloon went much higher the chances were that it would explode. Then they would go down with a crash anyhow.

"At a height of ten thousand feet they tried again to open the valve. This time it gave, tearing a hole in the silk. The great rubber

Every close-up of an airplane in action that you see in the movies requires a photographer who often had to work while supporting himself at a perilous angle on the rigging of another plane which closely followed the gyrations of the one on the screen. Cameraman John A. Brockhurst, of the International Feature Service, is here shown ready to "shoot air stuff" from such a plane.

Pell Mitchell's camera is aimed at the panorama of moving river traffic in view from the Brooklyn Bridge.

washer of the valve slid down the rope into their hands. Without knowing a single thing in the world about balloons, Del's common sense told him one thing. The entire supply of gas would escape through the hole long before they could reach earth. The last of the journey would be a drop, pure and simple, in direct accord with all the laws of gravitation. No doubt, the inside of his mouth tasted something like flannel at the thought. You can probably get the point. They were at this time hovering over the wide expanse of Lake Erie. The pilot, who could swim, told Del that if he were accustomed to the water it would be wiser to 'jump for it when we strike the lake.' Otherwise the bag would settle down on top of the basket and it would be hopeless for them to try to extricate themselves. Del, not being a swimmer determined to cling to the basket as long as he was able. The pilot jumped; Del sat tight. Which would you have done? Well, the bag had not, after all, entirely collapsed. Caught by the wind, it sped over the surface of the water like an aquaplane, trailing the basket out behind with Del clinging to it. He was sure he had guessed wrong.

"He wasn't sure of very much, though, because a falling cross-bar had whanged him on the temple and he was beginning to be very hazy and very sick. Then he got too dizzy to hold on at all. It ended very quickly. A fisherman happened to be directly in the path of the scudding balloon-craft. He reached out, grabbed the basket, yanked Del into his own boat and let the miniature cyclone buzz on past. By the time he got Del ashore the fisherman was able to convince him that he was not St. Peter. The poor chap who jumped—the balloon pilot, was never found. He drowned before a boat could get to him.

"The sequel of this story sounds heartless, possibly, but it shows just how high a value the cameraman puts on his camera and his exposed film. News of Del's safety was at once relayed to us on shore by the boat's crew that went out to pick him up. Deciding that the place Del would look for us, since we had no way of knowing where he would land, was at the starting point, we went back to the fight grounds. We had known that Del was safe for nearly an hour and had, I suppose, become accustomed to this good news. Pretty soon he arrived dripping and pale in the rear seat of a limousine whose chauffeur was very conscious of his importance in delivering up the dead. It occurred to me that after all, Del was the only outside man who had been able to shoot any of the scenes. Not a single foot of the fight reposed in any other camera except those inside the grounds! We might still make a scoop if we could get away to the train.

Therefore, my first warm greeting to the boy snatched from the jaws of death was:

" 'Del, where is the camera?'

"I have rarely seen Del in that frame of mind known and described as being fit to be tied. But that remark of mine did the trick.

"There is hardly a cameraman in the game who hasn't at some time or other had a hair's breadth escape from death in some equally thrilling way. Few motion-picture fans realize to just what lengths the cameraman has gone to get some of the films they see every week. Risking life and limb is all in the game, all in the day's work for the day's salary.

Thrills in Wild Animal Pictures

"Men who make animal pictures, for instance," says Pell Mitchell, "almost invariably have some experience in which they miss death by one grind or so of the crank. And all the danger doesn't lie in the depths of jungles, either." How would you like to face trampling to death by a stampede of maddened long horn steers? This is the story Mr. Mitchell tells about a friend of his who was assigned to film the pictures of a frontier day at Cody, Wyoming.

"There had been cowboy races, bucking contests, wild steer riding, roping by cowboys and broncho twisters—the real thing. It was wonderful stuff for the screen as performed by a lot of picturesque young riders. One boy, a huge Westerner of terrific strength, finally set himself a stunt never before performed though frequently attempted. It consisted in roping six steers coming toward him at high speed. This is done by the wild-west riders of the circus with bronchos. But the steers to be roped were not trained to it as are the horses in the big show.

"The cameraman set his camera right where he could get the best view, which of course was just as close to the danger line as the authorities would let him stand.

"The stunt began. The steers let out of their pen started a mad rush toward the camera. Out shot the twisting rope and caught them clean. But one of the steers, crazed by this unexpected hampering of his merry gambol, pulled away from the others. He dragged the rope with him, leaving a stretch of rope both in front and behind still connecting him to the rest of the bunch. The steers came on—the bunch on one side of the camera and the crazed animal at the other. The taut rope between seemed about to mow the cameraman to earth.

"He figured, and very hurriedly, that he had a chance of leaping the first rope and falling over the second. There was not enough space between the two to allow a second spring. Still he thought he could save himself from being trampled under foot. For the first time in his life, probably, he did not think first of his camera. He basely deserted it.

"Lashing furiously, the steers came on. As he hoped, he was able by quick action to jump the first rope, trip over the second and hurl himself unharmed onto the ground behind the mad steers while the audience broke into wild cheering. The funny part of it is this: the wild bunch, with a sudden swerve, entirely cleared the camera. It didn't so much as fall to the ground with the vibration of their passing.

"Wild animal scenes in the jungle are not attended so much by danger from the beasts as by actual boredom and discomfort while waiting in concealed and cramped positions for them to happen along. A picture of a lion or a tiger drinking at a pool may mean hours, even days, of waiting in a hot, close, grass covered shelter where the cameraman can shoot the stuff he wants without being observed. You may have noticed that a large part of 'animal stuff' is made near water. This is because all animals must of course eventually seek water. And while drinking they are for the moment off their guard. Just how much off their guard, though, has occasionally been incorrectly gauged, to the unhappy awakening of the cameraman who sought to take advantage of it.

"Courage, even to the point of recklessness," says Pell Mitchell, "Plus bodily health enough to stand all sorts and conditions of exposure are required of the cameraman. But granted all these, unless he has a news sense he is no asset whatever to his firm. He is often a distinct liability. And unless he knows his camera like a brother, no amount of keen recognition of the news angle will get him much in the way of a finished product.

Any place he can set up his unwieldy and much despised tripod may fall to the lot of the news photographer. The man in this picture is Edward Getlin, staff cameraman of International Newsreel, poised on the edge of the Eiffel Tower, over nine hundred feet above the pavements of Paris. His position gives him an uninterrupted bird's-eye view for eighty-five miles.

The scene he shoots may be excellent, the news value beyond question, and so speedily recorded that it may mean a 'beat' on all the other news reels. Yet if his photography is bad, or if he has shot the scene from a bad angle geographically, he might far better have spent the afternoon in gentle slumber on the cameraman's bench.

"The mechanical end of getting out a news reel is about the same as that of getting out a newspaper. There must be a news editor, whose room is fitted up with tickers from the Associated or United Press, with direct telegraph and telephone wires. There is a regular paid staff of tipsters on the outside whose business it is to get 'live stuff' in immediately it occurs.

"This staff is made up of men from newspapers (who are not of course, our competitors) the police force, the fire department and also men from electric light and gas companies who have representatives at every fire.

"At one time the regular staffs of all the news reels in the United States included about two hundred and fifty regular cameramen scattered all about the country ready at a moment's notice to cover important 'breaks' in their vicinity. There were about fifty more in England ready to cover anything of international importance there and fifty more in France, the entire hundred of whom could be rushed to Italy or Spain or Russia or even Africa, on short order.

"At the home office of a news reel, always in New York, is the staff of men who cover the city and local news. There is usually a society department, handled by a man chosen because of his ability to get on with the débutantes and matrons with whom he must deal, and the even more important ability of getting by the flunkey at the gate with his apparatus. The society reporter may often pass in as an invited guest. Unlike his notebook the camera can hardly be concealed in the vestpocket.

"Good judgment in a cameraman often includes a shrewd ability to decide what the other person is going to do and to be on the job when he does it. After it has happened is no time to get a close-up of a man committing a murder.

"A most interesting experience was had by a boy who had been stationed by his news reel in Japan where, it was believed, news of the most thrilling variety might break at any time. Until then he was expected to nose out live stuff by himself. After a shipment or two of his films had been received, the usually thrifty editor devised a long and straight-from-the-shoulder cablegram. It was to the effect that if the boy was still interested in holding down his job the stuff needed quite a bit of jazzing.

"Our friend went out to his favorite teahouse for breakfast. With the cablegram still very fresh in his mind he inquired of the Geisha girl who served him what she knew of interest in her country. The girl told him of a wild tribe of head-hunters who lived on the island of Formosa. These head-hunters, she said, had some very interesting ceremonies.

"Bill was entranced at the idea and with a Japanese interpreter and several thousand feet of raw stock he started. The Japanese governor knowing more about the head-hunters than the Geisha girl, attempted to dissuade him. He failed to move Bill an inch. Then the governor requested him to sign a paper releasing the government from all responsibility, gave him a guard of twenty Jap soldiers who had dealt with the head-hunters in a few of their more playful moments, and let him go.

"Two of Bill's guards knew the head-hunter language and when they met the chiefs of the tribe it became apparent that Bill had made a hit. You see, he was an American against whom, as yet, the tribe had no enmity.

Head-Hunters Provide Action

"Bill and the chief got along famously, and through the interpreters it was gradually arranged that he should film several of the ceremonies of which they were very proud. As time went on more delightful ceremonies were dug out of the archives, and enacted for his sole benefit. All went well until Bill, desiring a cigaret, chanced to draw forth a box of matches and struck a light. Instantly there was a mad rush, and through the interpreter it was explained that the box of matches had found favor in their eyes.

"His popularity spread like wild fire. Nothing was too good for him—while the matches held out.

"When he prepared to leave after all his raw-stock had been exposed, a delegation of head-hunter flappers arrived to pack his belongings. He was to start back at daybreak, and after a dinner of farewell he was allowed to retire, delighted with himself and his enormous success.

"But, at something like three in the morning, he was awakened by fearful yells. The doors of his domicile were forced open, and he was surrounded by several members of the masculine younger set in full war regalia!

" 'Here is where the red wig gets hung up in Mary's room,' he decided.

"You see, the young ladies who had packed his things broadcasted among their various sweethearts that he was basely holding out on them to the tune of about a dozen boxes of matches concealed in his effects. These they had come to confiscate ere he departed. The matches once in their possession, they bowed themselves out. The pictures, I may add, made quite a real hit with the editor.

"Shooting pictures of savage tribes brings about more problems than perhaps would appear on the surface. In darkest Africa, in a village called Kimabeal, a cameraman found a tribe of savages who had never before seen but one white man. He had been a fine tender French officer, as they reminiscently remarked through an interpreter.

"However, the cameraman who found this tribe received permission from the chief to film his people. Naturally he didn't care to cross the cannibals and find his way along the road the tender French officer had gone before him. Yet neither did he wish to spoil the chances of having his pictures reach the screen.

"The tribe wore the proverbial smile all right, but the sash in every instance had been left at home in the top bureau drawer. There seemed to be no chance in the world of getting over his idea of modesty on the American plan.

"While he was trying to figure out the solution he spied a pile of ostrich feathers gaily colored with native dye. He selected a sturdy young buck as his model and designed a costume. The cannibals crowded about him and in no time at all he had a steady stream of animated feather dusters issuing from his swiftly moving hands. The pictures which he brought back with him were eminently respectable.

"It is amazing what folks will do sometimes to get in the movies. The news reel companies used to be deluged with offers from people who wanted to perform exclusive stunts. One man at the time of the McSweeney tragedy offered to fast for ninety days if we would take pictures of him fasting! Another man had discovered a darky wizard who could multiply three figures by three figures in his head. He offered to produce the gentleman and go fifty-fifty with us on the profits. But he did not explain how we were going to film the wizard's mental processes, if any.

"A really intriguing plan came from a man in Maryland who offered to burn himself on a funeral pyre for the paltry sum of ten thousand dollars paid to his family. But the offer disappeared into thin air when the money was laid on the table before him.

"When not to take a picture is one of the most important lessons for the young cameraman to learn. It is usually a matter of quick thinking and good judgment. Even the novice can tell you two events to keep strictly out of—riots and lynchings. That is unless you are anxious to have the rioters and lynchers turn their attention to you. One lynching was given out as assignment—and one lynching only. The boy came back to tell the tale because he had a good pair of legs and a better head, which told him at the earliest possible moment to get busy and use them."

A gridiron hero learns a lesson in a story that throws some light on the belief that individual stars do not win football games

The Last White Line

by Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by Harry T. Fisk

ON ONE side of the field sat ten thousand persons who were silent because their throats had been strained beyond the limit of endurance; on the other side ten thousand persons who were silent because there was nothing about which they might cheer.

The teams lined up in kick-off formation for the last play of the last game of the year. It wasn't a game of sufficient importance to be heralded far and wide by the national press associations, but to the Red and Black of Woodland and the Gold and Black of Markham it was the one great athletic contest of the year: the game beside which the rise and fall of empires were unimportant. It was *the* game.

Yale and Harvard, Army and Navy, California and Stanford—those were gridiron classics in which the twenty thousand spectators of the annual Woodland-Markham clash had only a casual interest. This was a struggle between the two colleges, a battle fought each year on the Saturday before Thanksgiving—and this year it had taken on an added importance, for it was to decide the state as well as the city championship.

Throughout the dull gray afternoon the teams had battled with traditional ferocity and courage. The record of seven successive years seemed certain to remain unbroken: A record of three-points-or-less difference between the teams. This was a game where dope meant nothing—as for instance this chill November afternoon when Markham had registered twenty-one first downs to Woodland's five, had completed eleven forward passes to Woodland's one; had ripped and torn and hammered and battered the Woodland line! Had caused the Red and Black to fight throughout the game in the shadow of its own goal posts—putting into play a little more than human power to check the Gold and Black assault.

And then the Gold and Black had prepared for a placement kick from the nine yard line. Fourth down and six to go. There was a snap, a surging together of tired, sweating bodies, a filtering through of wild eyed linemen—and a black and gold clad leg swung back, a cleated shoe plunked squarely against the ball and it sailed in a triumphant, majestic arc over the goal posts.

The stands on the north side of the field rose in a chorus of hysteria. They shrieked and screamed and hugged one another; hats were tossed high in the air, never to be recovered; and pretty girls threw yellow chrysanthemums out on the field. . . . The Boy Scouts at the end of the gridiron posted the score:

MARKHAM—3, WOODLAND—0

Markham players crowded around their halfback and cried on his shoulder and kissed him . . . the worn, battered, tired Woodland players walked moodily toward the center of the field. They had fought their best—and a little better—and defeat had come to them. Their captain spoke to the referee and then to the timekeepers.

"Fifteen seconds to play." That meant one more play; one and only one. Woodland's captain elected to receive. He turned to exhort his players—but his eyes filled with tears and he said nothing.

They were each in position, swaying on their feet, eyes glazed and bodies quivering protest against the sheer agony of the mauling to which they had been subjected. It had been a bitter, losing struggle; a hopeless battle of unquenchable courage against immeasurably superior odds.

Already the spectators were streaming toward the exits. The Red and Black stands rose for a final cheer:

Woodland!—Woodland!—Rah!—Rah!
Woodland!—Woodland!—Rah!—Rah!
Whose Land!
Our Land!
Woo-o-o-o-odland!
Ye-e-e-e-eaaaaah!

The referee raised his arm. "Ready, Captain Carr?" The big man nodded. The referee lifted the whistle to his lips . . . but abruptly he paused.

A queer, undramatic thing was happening. Over on the other side of the field the Woodland right halfback swayed a trifle, then quite simply sat down on the frozen turf. For perhaps a second he remained motionless—then as though tucked comfortably in his bed, he pillowed head on hands and passed into unconsciousness.

The referee beckoned to the sidelines. An ancient negro trotted out on the field carrying a water bucket. Behind him came a doctor with a sinister little black bag. Some of the Woodland players gathered around their stricken companion; others merely dropped where they stood, welcoming the moment's respite. They were not unsympathetic, it was merely that their own sympathies were dulled by the physical battering through which they had gone.

The Woodland coach cast hopeless eyes up and down his bench. A few substitutes were sitting there, huddled in big red blankets. Most of the varsity players who were not on the field lay on the ground before the bench: one of them groaned with a broken ankle, one grimaced with the pain of an injured nose, others just lay helpless and cried. . . .

BUT there was one young man on the bench who leaned forward eagerly in an effort to attract the attention of the coach. Twice the mentor's eye passed him by; then he nodded—

"Warm up, Dolly."

Dolly Parker leaped to his feet, dropping the blanket from his shoulders. He wasn't large: perhaps five-eight in height and weighing about a hundred and sixty. His figure was boyish but well knit; his uniform immaculate. Not once during the season had he been sent into the varsity line-up. . . . He pranced up and down in front of the bench, throwing his knees high with each step in the traditional manner of all college football players. And then as they bore the limp form of the unconscious right halfback from the field Dolly Parker sped across the gridiron and reported to the referee. The stands gave two pallid cheers; one for the injured hero—one for the unknown sophomore who was taking his place.

Crowds were blocking the aisles. Word had reached the stands that this was the last play . . . a mere formality before another season would have passed into history. The new man took his place far on the right of the field, within a yard of the intersection of goal and sidelines.

Here he was, in the varsity line-up, playing half against Markham, perhaps qualifying for a letter. All season he had scrubbed: taking the battering of the varsity uncomplainingly, hoping against forlorn hope that the coach might notice him . . . and all through this long, bleak, miserable afternoon he had sat hunched on the bench staring with flaming eyes at the carnage, the epic struggle of an inferior team. . . .

The shrill of the referee's whistle cut across the field. He experienced the awful tremor which comes with the first kick-off. And then he heard the warning shout of his captain and saw that the oval was spiraling directly toward him. He dug his cleats into the turf and waited. His teeth were pressed tightly together; he noticed the three man interference massing ahead of him. Then the ball struck his body and his arms folded about it. He took it in his hands and, holding it out in front of him, sidestepped a catapulting tackler.

His eyes swept the field. Wherever he looked there seemed to be golden, mud-streaked jerseys closing in viciously. The giant Markham center flung himself through the air. His fingers touched the adhesive tape on Parker's legs. Unconsciously he flexed the muscles of that leg and evaded the tackle.

"This way!"

It was the captain's voice, and Parker obeyed the summons. But only for an instant. The onrushing linemen of the opposing team had also heard the call and they swerved toward the Woodland captain. Dolly Parker took three steps in that direction and then reversed his field with catlike agility . . . and now there were only four Markham players between himself and the goal, and the Woodland rooters, gripped by the feeling that something magnificent and miraculous was transpiring, chorused hoarse-voiced acclaim.

Four men between himself and the distant goal posts. His cleats kicked up little clods of dirt with each lashing stride. A big halfback of the opposing team cut in on him, and, at the precisely correct moment, left his feet. Parker threw his weight on one side and the tackler ploughed into the ground.

Three men now: two of them converging toward him: the third, a veteran quarterback, waiting tensely in case this human streak should succeed in eluding the other two. It was impossible, of course, and yet . . .

They bore down on him from opposite sides of the field. To his ears came the sinister cry: "High!" and its answer from the other man "Low!" He knew what it meant: the first man was going to hit him chest high, the other man to dive for his knees. It was the sort of tackle which has smashed more than one iron physique.

He did not slacken pace, but he was holding something in reserve and he knew it. They timed him to a nicety and leaped at the same instant. Both touched him before they collided in midair—and now the red-jerseyed streak which was Dolly Parker was flashing across the white lines toward the goal. Only that safety man . . . the other twenty players were strung out behind, some of them racing in hopeless pursuit, others picking themselves up from the turf and merely watching the drama.

From both sides of the field came wild, frenzied shrieks of encouragement: Woodland howling to this new hero—Markham pleading, begging, praying to their safety man. The last play of the game. . . .

DOLLY PARKER knew without looking around that he had distanced his field. He was thinking clearly now: somehow this seemed no more than a practice scrimmage. He deliberately slowed down—slackened pace without breaking stride. He was doing what is technically termed "drifting," a feat possible only to the supergreat.

He prayed that the safety man might be tricked. He swerved to the right and the opposing quarterback out on him. No untutored player here. This man knew his job! five yards—even ten—made no difference to him. It was his task to keep this flaming youngster from crossing the goal line. That and only that. If necessary he'd let him get to one side, and then cut him down or else run him out of bounds—and the game would be over.

Apparently Parker was traveling with all the speed at his command. His face was contorted with effort; he still held the ball out in front of him, ready to tuck it under his arm should the necessity arise for stiff-arming with the left.

They drew closer and closer together. It was certain that they were destined to meet—body crashing against body . . . and the Markham quarter was a deadly tackler. One finger on a man, and that man was down. More than one flashy broken field runner had learned to dread this man's vaulting, steel-like body.

The stands were hushed. In this single magnificent moment victory was to be decided: a clean tackle meant victory for Markham—a failure meant a touchdown and glory for Woodland. In all that gathering of twenty thousand there were only two persons who counted: Dolly Parker and the flying quarterback of the Markham team.

And now they were close—closer. . . . There was a hysterical shriek as the gold-jerseyed figure shot through the air with deadly precision. And at that identical instant, Dolly Parker came to life. He dug his cleats a little deeper, flexed his muscles a trifle more tightly—and fairly leaped ahead. The quarterback barely touched him—then crumpled on the ground sobbing.

And now the Woodland stands waked in earnest. They shrieked and screamed and cried as the lithe, boyish figure flashed down the field for the thirty-five yards intervening between the prostrate figure of the Markham quarter and the goal line. The cheering was a bedlam: incoherent barks and hoarse-throated screams and a great sob from twenty thousand throats as Dolly Parker crossed the goal line.

And that was all. There was no necessity for the attempt at point after touchdown. The game was over. The timekeeper's whistle had blown. And Woodland had won 6—3.

Dolly Parker was dazed. He stood under the goal posts with chest heaving and legs feeling queerly all gone . . . and the varsity swooped down upon him and some of them put their arms around him and others cried like babies, and big Reb Rogers fell face down and sobbed and sobbed . . . and then the students swarmed about them and lifted Dolly Parker on their shoulders and bore him from the field. Tears were streaming from their eyes—and they were very boyish and very foolish and very sentimental. It was a beautiful and wonderful and silly experience—and Dolly Parker was reveling in the moment which would make all life worth while for him.

His letter—of course. And in the dressing-room the hard-faced, soft-hearted coach expressed his opinion quite profanely:

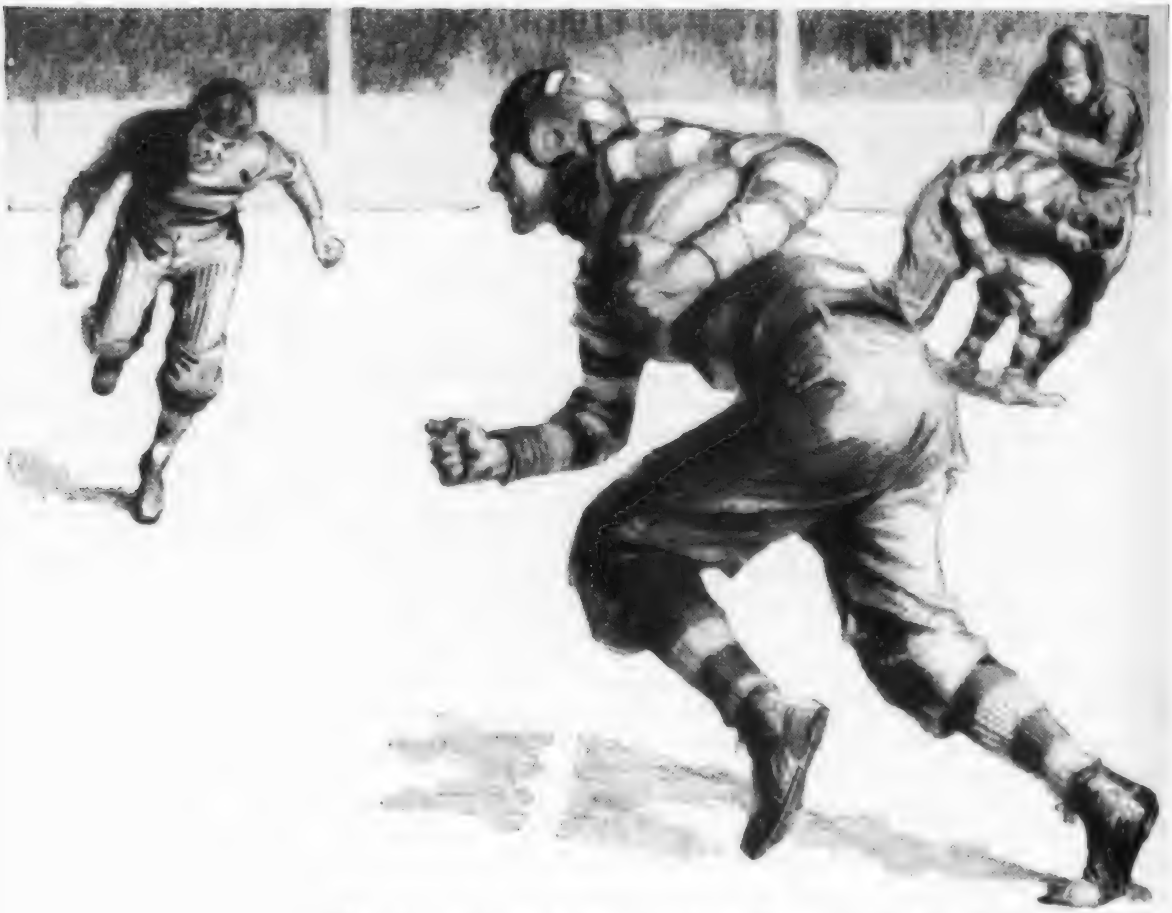
"Oh! Dolly—Dolly—what a louse I've been. All season I've used you as a scrub plunger. . . . All season I've yelled like hell for a broken field runner. . . . I'm a rotten bum. I ought to go out and shoot myself. But wait 'til next year. Oh, my gosh! Just wait until next year!"

And that was the motif of the hysteria which pervaded the exquisite little campus that night. "Wait until next year! We've had the swellest halfback in the Conference with us all year and we didn't know it." But now—

Between the closing of the football season and the Christmas holidays Dolly Parker was the campus hero. He was placed upon a pedestal, not only because of his magnificent achievement, but also because of what he promised for the future.

He made a frat and was elected vice-president of his class. When spring training period came along Bill Boswell, the coach, worked indefatigably with him.

Bill Boswell saw many things. He saw that while Dolly's historic run in the Markham



They drew closer and closer together. It was certain that they were destined

game might never be repeated, the young man had the makings of a truly great football player—one of the flashy, twisting, squirming, open-field men who make football history. "Yeh—you've got the stuff, kid. Gimme the lad who can reel off thirty and forty yards every once in a while—and I'll make him into a team. Yup—just gimme a guy that can do that, and a quarter to run the team, and a plunging full-back to get two or three yards when they're needed for first down, and I'll put Woodland on the football map. You tell 'em—I certainly will."

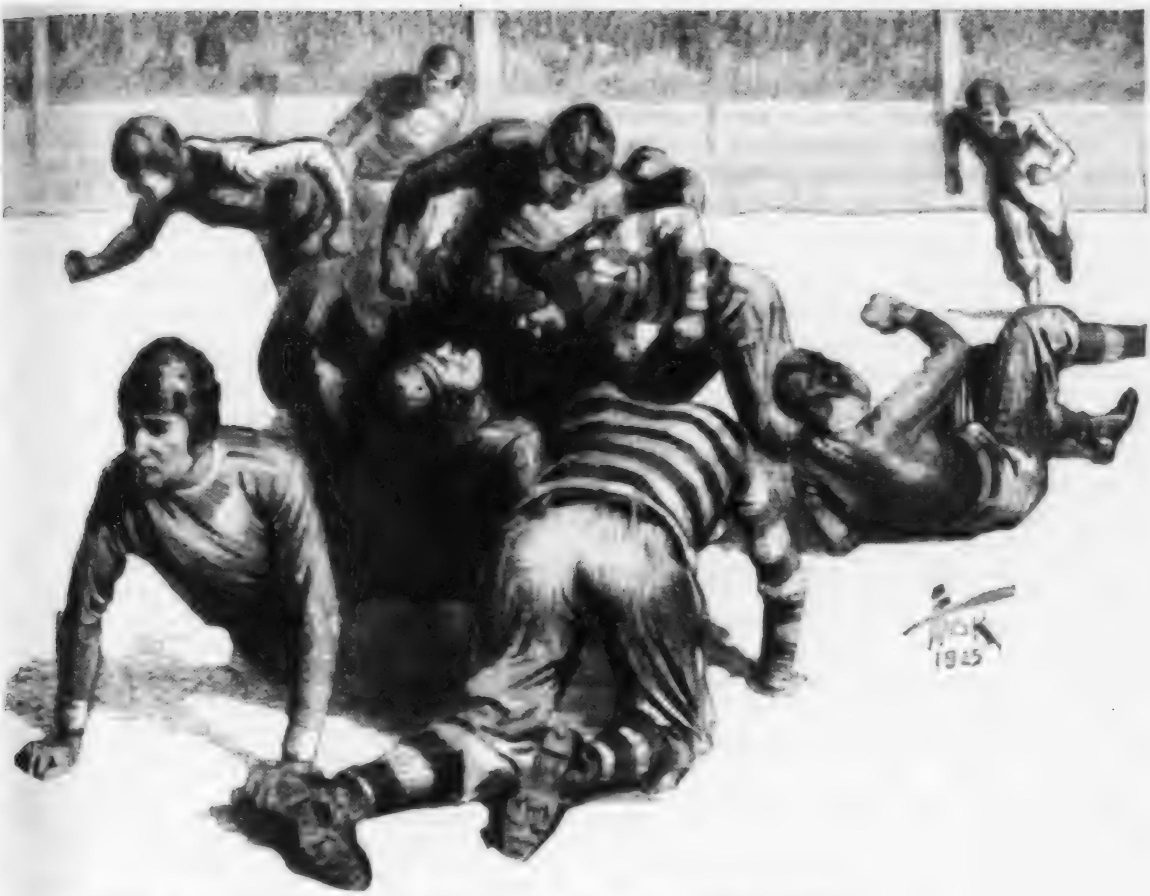
BECAUSE of Bill Boswell's ambitions, spring training was more arduous than usual. Woodland was returning eight varsity men in addition to Dolly Parker. Added to that imposing array was a list of flashy freshmen who were certain of first-string berths. Boswell arranged a tentative line-up and put them through signal drill.

"Speed—everything for speed. That's what we want next year: speed and trickery. Here comes Woodland—there they go! That's us next season. C'mon, Rogers—little pep there. Give 'em the 84-31 play: double backward pass an' a forward to Dolly Parker! Attaboy, Parker! Thassit! Cut in! *cut in!* You got it! Dig, lad, dig!"

It was baseball season, but the members of the diamond squad came in for scant attention during the spring training of the gridiron crew—which was indicative of the hope which Dolly Parker had aroused. It is one thing for college to fall into a football frenzy when the chill October breezes sweep the campus. It is something quite astounding when that interest can be awakened under the clear blue skies of April when the men are wearing track suits instead of the impressive gridiron armor.

But that miracle was occurring this spring at Woodland. And with the passing of the days it became certain that Woodland was to have a team which would make its bid for fame. The student body was delirious with hope. Here was the chance for which every minor college longs—the opportunity to flash across the firmament where only big universities belong. Particularly they were thinking about the opening game against State. Woodland always opened State's schedule—a warming-up contest for the great Conference champions. Perhaps, in September . . . well, it certainly wasn't beyond the realm of possibility.

Dolly was more of a hero than ever. He was quick on his feet and had a lightning get-away. He was an agile and sure side-stepper. He could punt more than ordinarily well and



to meet—body against body . . . and the Markham quarter was a deadly tackler.

drop-kick short distances with uncanny precision. And he seemed to possess football instinct: that was what delighted Bill Boswell . . . no technique to be hammered into that cranium: it was all supplied by nature.

Then came commencement and the breaking up of school for summer. In mid-August the football squad reported at River Camp where for three weeks it went through a rigid conditioning process. "Big time stuff! That's us. If we don't have a team this year, we never will. Eight varsity regulars back, including two three-yard ends. And Dolly Parker. And six as promising freshmen as we've had in years. C'mon boys! Dig in—speed! Thassus!"

Bill Boswell located a fairly level stretch of turf in a secluded pine grove. He put track suits on his men—track suits and cleated football shoes and sent them scurrying through the glade.

"Dig in now, lads! Stick them cleats into the turf an' ruin it! An' every last one of you go at full speed. Each man makes for a tree, an' he don't sidestep until he's most hit it! Beat it now! Fast—an' hard. Stiff-arm the trees if you've got to, but don't slow up. Everything we do this year's gonna be at top speed. We ain't gonna give a single team one minute to breathe. Maybe they'll beat us—but they sure gotta travel fast to do it."

Speed! Speed! It became the shibboleth of the little college. Speed and trickery. Hour after hour Boswell gave the squad skull practice: each man was to have a certain job to do in each play and was to be letter-perfect on doing it. And then he tossed out a half a dozen new footballs and worked them weary.

"If you can't handle a football, you ain't worth a darn. Practice! Just keep on practicing. You gotta get so that if a football was to hit you when you was alseep, it'd stick in your fingers."

The football camp was "informal." Formal football practice, as permitted under Conference rules, started the day college opened. The team trotted out on the field in the pink of condition which comes usually only after a gruelling month of conditioning. The student body saw and marveled. They particularly marveled at Dolly Parker. He was a bundle of steel springs—in the early scrimmages it was Parker, Parker, Parker: in and out, here and there a human jack-rabbit. They didn't stop to analyze that these plays had been planned just that way—so that Parker could star. Dolly was doing wonders, but there were ten other men helping.

State's husky squad arrived rather disdainfully for the opening game. State's coach wondered what it was all about when he saw ten thousand persons in the stands: usually this game drew around three or four thousand. He didn't know that rumors had circulated through the city—that those who knew football believed that this was to be real game and not a practice scrimmage.

It was. State kicked off to Woodland. Harrington received and returned twelve yards. The Red and Black was lined up before State knew what it was all about. Dolly Parker barked the signals—the ball came to a halfback. He dug in for right end, the full running beside him and a trifle to the rear. A big State end swooped down on the man carrying the ball and he flipped it to the fullback. The fullback slowed down, measured the field and then flipped a straight and true forward pass across what had been the line of scrimmage.

They caught Dolly Parker after he had run sixty-three yards. It was a daring play; an unthinkable, impertinent play—a play which violated every precedent. But it had worked.

AND that afternoon Woodland justified itself and stepped into the front rank of Conference colleges. When the game ended State staggered from the field; battered, bruised, bewildered. "Good Lord! Seventeen to nothing—and we never had a chance! Say, who in thunder is this fellow Parker?"

And the Sunday papers all over the section asked the same question the following morning. A new Eckersall, a new Millin, a new Thorpe! Dolly Parker of Woodland—already a maker of Conference history.

That was the beginning of Woodland's greatest football season. The team played as a unit and functioned with machine-like percision. It didn't go stale—Bill Boswell had had queer ideas about training; unorthodox ideas—

"Ev'ry Saturday night you boys break training until Monday," was his order. "An' I don't mean maybe. Eat ice cream, get out an' dance. Stay up late. Enjoy life."

It worked. Instead of pointing for a single game, the team was pointed for every game. It swept through the first part of its schedule like a hurricane in a ravine. There was no stopping it.

Woodland attracted the attention of nationally known sports writers. Newspaper syndicates and even a magazine sent men down to write of the superb Red and Black team. And they, keened for the dramatic and seeking always the colorful, selected Dolly Parker as the subject for their encomiums.

Dolly Parker's picture was syndicated a half-dozen times and appeared in newspapers from Portland to Minneapolis and San Antonio. He was the great outstanding figure of his section—nor was his glory dimmed when State, overrun 17-0 by Woodland, journeyed north and held one of the most powerful Eastern elevens at a tie score.

Dolly Parker would have been less than human had all of this adulation not gone to his head. As a matter of fact it affected him less than it would have most young men. But after all, he was twenty years old, of an emotional type, and the football loving populace bowed its collective head and worshiped.

There is no question of the fact that Dolly Parker became arrogant. There is no question of the fact that he believed he was acccomplishing these miracles single-handed. Save from the lips of Bill Boswell, he grew intolerant of criticism. The other members of the team resented his attitude.

"Big head—that's what he's got." They were seated in the room of Reb Rogers, the giant tackle. "This is my third varsity year and I know what I'm talking about. I know as much about football as Dolly will ever know—and I realize he isn't doing it himself. There isn't a team that works together like we do: every man of us in every play. We're blocking like a machine and running interference that a cripple could get through on. Mind you, I ain't saying that Dolly isn't a great player, but by gosh! he hasn't any right to get high hat with us, and I'm not going to stand for it."

That was the beginning. It was the first time the squad had heard Reb Rogers utter a word against any one, and Reb was perhaps the most popular man student at Woodland. He was big and drawly and good humored; a quiet-voiced, calm young chap who looked on life with a smile. They knew Reb was right. Nothing upstage about Rogers. Fine chap, doggone it! Why didn't he come in for some of the glory? The squad took to being sorry for Reb. . . . It grew resentful of Dolly Parker even while it was proud of him.

The feeling against Parker did not crystallize immediately. It was a process of slow development, but the seeds of dissension had been sown on fertile ground and they sprouted surely—but not quickly enough to mar the season of Woodland's gridiron achievement.

Markham was slaughtered by a 34-0 score: the only one-sided score in the history of the two institutions. Dolly Parker had flamed across the field magnificently throughout the game, the team working with him in absolute certainty and precision. The game was interesting only as an exhibition of perfect football.

And then the following week the varsity banquet was held and the election of a captain for the next year. For some time there had been a deal of campus conjecture. The squad didn't want to elect Parker. Its choice was Reb Rogers—and Rogers called them aside individually and in groups.

"Nothing doing, fellows. We've got to elect Dolly. He gives me a pain in the tonsil—but that hasn't anything to do with it: everybody in the country knows him and if we don't spot him captain, there'll be an awful howl."

"But Reb, we were counting on you!"

"I won't serve, so there isn't any use. I'm not saying I wouldn't like to. And I'll be honest and say that I think I'd make a better captain. But for Woodland's sake we've got to elect Dolly Parker."

And so Dolly Parker was duly and unanimously elected Woodland captain. He accepted the honor quite casually, and expressed the belief that he could lead them through to an even more successful season than it had just ended. He finished his talk by thanking the other members of the team for their work—"Really fellows—you all played good football: every one of you!"

There it was: a simple statement of fact—simply made. But it went deep and rankled. They discussed it after the meeting. . . . "Good Lord! you'd think we hadn't done anything—that there wasn't but one man on the field. Dolly Parker makes me sick."

Dolly Parker was the outstanding figure of the campus. He had filled out and added poundage. He believed that he alone had made Woodland's glorious football season—and he was not to be blamed for thinking so. The best writers in the country had united in tribute to this steel-muscled young flash. Of course they admitted that Bill Boswell had coached well and that the team had played adequately; but Dolly Parker was held up as the shining example of the theory that no team can achieve true greatness unless its offensive is built around a flashy individual star.

NATURALLY, Dolly kept a book of clippings, and, equally naturally, he was proud of them. Also there were many who desired to see the clippings—and Dolly quite undeservedly acquired the reputation of an insufferable egoist. He was surrounded daily by a sycophantic group—and those who were not sycophantic went quite to the opposite extreme and learned to despise the lad.

It was an unhealthy situation, and one certain to bear fruit. A hint of it was received in spring training. Exercising his prerogative as captain, Dolly took to ordering the men around. They resented it bitterly—particularly Reb Rogers. He had a keen football sense . . . and he didn't like to be told what to do: not by Dolly Parker anyway.

"You'd think he was Knute Rockne, the way he's trying to run things. I'm getting good and tired of it."

At pre-season training camp the following August, Parker worked as hard as the others, but it was evident that he considered himself a little better than the other members of the team. The veteran lettermen resented the attitude, and the graduates of the freshmen squad and the more promising subs from the preceding year became inoculated with the spirit of rebellion which was creeping through the camp.

Dolly himself was unaware of any change in himself. There was no conscious desire on his part to lord it over the others, but he sincerely believed that Woodland's chances rested on his shoulders . . . and he enthusiastically assisted Bill Boswell in devising plays which would give him greater opportunities for starring.

When the little college opened its doors to the biggest freshman class in history—thanks to the brilliant record of the team the preceding year—the name Parker was heard almost as frequently as the name of Woodland. Members of the squad frequently caught snatches of dialog:

"Going to watch practice this afternoon?"

"You tell 'em, I want to see Dolly Parker in action."

State had respectfully declined an opening date this year, and a little denominational college was booked. Banners were flung to the local breezes:

FOOTBALL
WOODLAND (with Dolly Parker)
—VS.—
McKENZIE UNIVERSITY

Dolly Parker . . . always Dolly Parker . . . McKenzie was swamped. Only the injection of a flock of substitutes in the second half kept the score under a hundred. Sport writers blurbed about the Woodland cyclone—and they meant Dolly Parker, not the team.

Practice became daily more rigorous; the huge freshman class included some wonderful football material from state prep schools and they furnished the varsity with some stiff scrimmages. Bill Boswell drove and drove and drove—speed, cunning—and then more speed. Exactitude was his byword. Some of the scrimmages against the freshmen took on the ferocity and bitterness of regular games.

The general public knows little of football practice. It does not see the daily grind—the battering and hammering, the merciless criticism, the fierce combat sans color and applause, it is the long days of football practice which test men's souls, for it is nothing but hard, hard work; bitter and minus the exultation of a big game. And it was during these long grinding afternoons of scrimmage that the sentiment against Dolly Parker crystallized into a deep, sullen, thoroughly understandable dislike.

Nine varsity men on the team—nine fine players—nine men letter perfect in the art of affording Dolly Parker opportunity to add laurel to his wreath. Nine experienced men to take orders from him on the field, to accept his criticism when plays went wrong.

To make matters worse, Bill Boswell seemed to have acquired the Dolly Parker complex. He was perhaps the worst of the lot. Occasionally he criticized Dolly, but when he did it was quietly and without vitriol. . . .

The red flag of danger was unfurled to the breeze in the annual clash with State. The local gambling crowd were betting even money and giving State eight points: that is, Woodland had to win by more than eight points to enable them to collect. The dope was all in favor of Woodland which had returned almost intact the team which whipped State the previous year 17-0, and State had only five letter men in her line-up.

But State was taking the game very seriously this year. Eighteen thousand people jammed into the modest wooden stadium. And eighteen thousand people watched in amazement the bitter, grim battle in Woodland territory: a battle during the course of which Dolly Parker flamed only occasionally—a battle which went to State by 7-2 score: a single lucky safety being all that enabled Woodland to escape a shut-out.

Stale! that was the cry that went up the next morning. Stale! The wonder team had been pointed too early. But Woodland wasn't stale —it hadn't even reached the peak of condition. It was simply that Woodland had not played as a unit. Each individual had given his best —to Woodland—but not to Dolly Parker. Somehow State had sifted through time and again to throw him for disastrous losses. Spectators groaned: "Dolly's flatfooted today. He can't seem to get started." Dolly was critical of himself. It never struck him that the line hadn't been doing its share.

"I don't know what hit me today," he told Bill Boswell. "I felt good—but I couldn't get going. I never saw men get through as quick as they did. And I couldn't seem to stick with my interference. I guess I'm pretty awful."

REB ROGERS and his intimates were miserable, and it didn't occur to them that the fault was theirs. Each man knew that he had given his individual best and no one of them recognized the virus which had been at work, they did not know that the mechanical precision which had made the team wonderful the previous year had been destroyed by the personal feeling of dislike against Dolly Parker.

The following Saturday the team played one of the biggest universities in the East. And there, away from home, the eagerness to win overshadowed the anti-Parker sentiment and Woodland functioned as it should have against State. It won 10-0, and the newspapers proclaimed it as fine a small college team as had invaded the East since the day when Center defeated Harvard.

Another victory followed, but the team play was ragged. And then came a defeat by a college which Woodland should have beaten by three touchdowns. No one could lay a finger on the specific weakness. Experts left the field bewildered. Each member of the team had played magnificently . . . no man had knowingly shirked. But the feeling against Parker marked that difference of the fractional part of a second which makes for perfection.

The balance of the season was a succession of amazing reversals. Teams which were doped to defeat Woodland were crushed. Other teams, admittedly weak, defeated the Red and Black. It was a miserable disappointing year —a year during which exaltation followed on the heels of depression—and was immediately succeeded by worse depression. One day Dolly Parker was a great hero—the next he was criticised fiercely and openly.

Bill Boswell worried day and night. Dolly wasn't going good this year. Remember that forward pass last Saturday: Dolly should have been there—and he wasn't. He was slow, flatfooted, you know.

Even Bill Boswell, wise as he was in football, did not know that Stumpy Williams had thrown that pass a split second before it should have been thrown. All he saw was that it was a perfect play and a perfect pass—and that Dolly had not been there to receive it.

And gradually Dolly Parker began to understand. Comprehension did not come all at once; it penetrated gradually . . . and when he did understand, he didn't welch. That wasn't Dolly's way. In spite of the very natural air and arrogances which had come to him—he was pretty much of a man and he took his medicine standing up.

Of course he understood—and he hated them for it. Permitting jealousy to ruin the team record! He could have taken his theory to Bill Boswell—but he wasn't that kind. He accepted the defi, and met the team in conscious battle. They'd ruin things, would they: well he'd jolly well show 'em who was captain of that team.

He was sharp on the field: quick in rebuke and slow in praise. He watched every play critically. The other men—who had never analyzed—misunderstood again:

"Dolly's slipping—and he's trying to blame us for it. I guess he's pretty quick at that, but I didn't notice him handing us anything last year when they were proclaiming him a wonder. That's always the way with these temperamental stars: they hog the praise and dispense the blame. Well, I guess I can't play any better than I have been and that's all there is to it."

The city was on the qui vive over the annual clash with Markham. Markham had a strong team this year: no doubt about that. Of course it was a typical Markham team: heavy, rather slow and unimaginative, finely drilled in football fundamentals—a great defensive organization with a steam-roller offensive. It was precisely the sort of team which Woodland should beat by a huge score.

But Markham was hopeful. Something had gone wrong in the Woodland camp and everyone knew it. One team which Markham had trodden down later defeated Woodland. And while a Woodland victory meant nothing in particular to that school in the way of adding to its glory—a Markham triumph meant everything to the Gold and Black.

Woodland was in a peculiar position: It had to defeat Markham or the season was a colossal failure. But victory was to add no star to its diadem. Defeat would be ruinous—and so it approached the big game in fever-heat, realizing that in this contest dope meant nothing and that Markham would be on the field keyed to the *nth* power for the victory which would mean everlasting glory.

The Red and Black was nervous and fidgety as it took the field. Dissension had reached the breaking point. The cheers were all for Dolly Parker and the team—but Dolly was the only individual whose name was barked at the end of the Woodland rahs. The squad knew that the general public considered that it had fallen down—and that Dolly Parker was as great as ever. It resented the fact.

Woodland received the kick-off. Instantly it tried a split buck which netted four yards. A sweeping run around gained twelve more, thanks to Reb Rogers's perfect interference. The stands rose and cheered Dolly Parker, who had carried the ball. Reb shook his head and swore under his breath. The team squirmed. Reb knew and the team knew that Rogers's name should have been on the end of that cheer—and not Parker's. And Dolly Parker should have known it but apparently he didn't. Or if he did, he gave no word of praise to Reb Rogers.

Four yards—six—first down. Then they were held twice and Parker signaled a punt formation, himself back. The ball was snapped. He streaked to the right and backwards, balancing the ball in his right hand. The Markham captain shrieked the warning "Pass!" to his secondary. Then Dolly cut in. Reb Rogers was between him and a Markham tackle. There was no reason why Reb should have failed to block that man out of the play.

But he didn't. Parker was thrown for a fourteen-yard loss. As the teams lined up he expressed his opinion:

"What's gotten into you Reb? Are you asleep—letting that fellow through?"

"Aw! can it! If you'd been awake he'd never have gotten you. I blocked him out and you cut right into him."

The team was all with Reb Rogers. Dolly again called for punt formation. And then things happened with lightning swiftness: the center and both tackles sifted through on the play, Dolly's punt was blocked—the stands groaned—it seemed as though Dolly had delayed unnecessarily. The ball struck a Markham player in the chest and rolled back toward the Woodland goal. A fleet-footed little Markham end scooped it up on the dead run and sped for a touchdown. They lined up on the three-yard line and an extra point was added.

Markham—7, Woodland—0. The Gold and Black stands were a surging, screaming mass of delirious humanity. Here was the break of the game: the impossible, the unexpected. Woodland elected to receive again and when the teams clashed it was a different Markham—a team which for the first time believed it had a chance to defeat its bitterest rival—the state's wonder team.

Woodland made two first downs—one on a beautifully executed forward pass, Snyder to Rogers—the latter having shifted to end on the play so as to be eligible as a receiver. The Red and Black stands rose and cheered—"Rah! Rah! Rah! *Tears!*"

Then Markham held and Parker punted: a long spiral which went fifty yards over the line of scrimmage. The Gold and Black launched a fierce, driving offensive—employed its weight in nibbling tactics: six yards—one—four—first down. One yard—no gain—eight yards—and then a smashing off-tackle play which yielded another first down.

Hammer, hammer, bang—rip—tear!

WOODLAND was playing brilliant individual football—and that was all. It was not functioning as a team. Eleven Woodland players threw themselves valiantly into every play—seeking perhaps to salve their consciences by bruising their bodies. But the exquisite coherence of their play was gone. The feeling against their captain was responsible for that.

Woodland found itself fighting a losing battle. The Red and Black stands were appalled. Woodland held on its own six yard line and Markhams try from placement went wrong. Woodland's ball on its own twenty yard line.

Parker—understanding the situation—was playing an inspired game. But he was getting no help. Interferers weren't where they were supposed to be. Time after time he was thrown for losses. All through the balance of that quarter and throughout the second period, he was caught before he started. The stands murmured: wise spectators—always eager to deride a fallen idol—murmured "I told you so. Yah! Didn't I always say this here Dolly Parker was a fluke? Look at him now; yeller! Quitting! Laying down like a dog just because his team ain't winning!"

The new feeling penetrated to the field.

(*Continued on page 146*)

He's "Bill" Jardine in Kansas

Long before William Marion Jardine dreamed of becoming Secretary of Agriculture he could handle a hoe, cut fence poles, shear sheep, break broncos and herd cattle—he had to. Now his experience stands him in good stead

by Herbert Corey

FOUR Western states lay claim to Secretary Jardine (pronounced Jardyne). He was born on an Idaho farm, played football during his student days in Utah, worked as a cowpuncher in Montana, and became a college president in Kansas. He had had no political experience when President Coolidge called him into the Cabinet, where he is the outspoken advocate of the common-sense policy of insuring a square deal to both farmer and consumer. He has already put it to work.

THERE are three ways in which a member of the President's Cabinet may say "dammit" to reporters.

One is with rollicking abandon. The cabinet member watches the reporter from an eye corner as he says it. The suggestion is that although he wears a silk hat and marches in the parade he is at heart one of the great common people. If he had on his other suit he would go out and roll on the grass. Presently he will speak of "you boys." This sort of a cabinet member is largely responsible for the prevalence of modernism among reporters. They believe in monkeys.

Another way appears when a cabinet member is angry. Maybe he has given the reporter an interview and is beginning to understand how it was that Hahnus, the Scandinavian, paid forty dollars for the put and call privileges on the Brooklyn Bridge and is trying to make the reporters take it back and the reporter will not. There is never any doubt about the sincerity of this sort of a "dammit." It is the cry of an aching heart.

The third way is when he says "dammit" in the course of conversation, putting it where it belongs. It is merely an underlining—an emphasis—and not profanity. Many Americans—most Western Americans, perhaps—use it. It is the little flicker of salt that makes the omelet of talk more palatable. No other man can get just the same twist on "dammit" as a rawboned Westerner. A pinch too much and the talk would be spoiled. Too little and it would be flavorless.

"Dammit, yes," said William Marion Jardine, Secretary of Agriculture, ex-cowpuncher who fought his way to a college presidency, ex-bronco rider, ex-student who got through college on one suit a year. I had been interested in his theory that young folks are all the better for being made to work. He thinks the feeling of weight on their shoulders steadies them. I would not be surprised if he has a sentiment for the old-fashioned gad. Fact is "Bill" Jardine is an old-fashioned man. He has been up-to-dated but not jazzed.

Just a moment here. I call him "Bill" because he is Bill. Most cabinet members called Bill would be privately unhappy about it. "Bill" would be a mahogany veneer on a pine base. The nickname would have been invented by a press agent. It would be, in seven cases out of ten, a clear indication of insincerity and office-hunger. Jardine has always been called Bill. I am as sure of that as I am that he knows as little about how the game of professional politics is played as any man in Washington. The combination of "Bill" and an instinct to tell the truth—if need be with a club—may take him a long way. You never can tell. Seems to me we're right tired of professional politicians.

And a moment about Bill Jardine the cowpuncher, before we go back to Lyons, France, and Paisley, Scotland, to trace the elements that make up this member of the President's Cabinet. It is perfectly true that he did punch cows. He wrestled calves and wrangled horses and drove the chuck-wagon and during a period as cook invited the other hands to "come and get it" while it was still dark and the grassblades were yet stiffened with frost silver. Back in those days there were still cowpunchers by

[*Continued on page 156*]

William Marion Jardine, Secretary of Agriculture, was the best rider in the neighborhood of his father's ranch in Idaho. He is an ex-cowpuncher and bronco buster who still dons chaps and spurs occasionally. He has been a cow-hand, dairyman and farm laborer, specialized in scientific agriculture, and knows very little about professional politics.

Sylvester Z. Poli, today on
most prominent figures in th
ville world, was born in Luc
in 1859. He came to the
States at the age of twenty-o
of a group of artists and skille
men recruited in Europe to m
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Eden Musée in New York.
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Many present headliners of
started in a modest way i
his theaters. He now own
erates a chain of twenty

You've Got to Have Nerve

Thirty-odd years ago Sylvester Poli modeled wax figures for the Chamber of Horrors in the Eden Musée. His talents for art and trade pointed toward the show business. Now he owns twenty million dollars' worth of theaters

by Nina Purdy

SYLVESTER POLI learned the first principles of pleasing the public when he sold his mother's cakes and candies at fiestas in the little villages outside of Lucca, his birthplace in Italy. Later, when he had learned the craft of wax modeling, a promising opportunity opened up in America. Unexpected reverses drove him to street vending. Then followed a dime-museum venture, freak and variety shows, a motion-picture theater, and a successful vaudeville house that grew into a chain of twenty theaters in Eastern States.

THERE was a riot in New Haven. Not a race riot or a religious riot; just a student riot. The Yale class of umpty-steen was celebrating its independence of the world in general and its superiority to the Sophomore class in particular. Having burned a bridge over the railroad tracks and torn down several back fences it headed for the center of town intending to "crash the gate" at "Poli's." There was a sharp struggle at the various entrances to the vaudeville theater and then the steady weight of the crowd began to bore its way on through.

At this juncture there appeared on the roof of the ticket seller's booth a stalwart man with iron gray hair and piercing black eyes. Something unusual in the Tuscan gesture with which he waved the crowd back attracted their childlike attention, and they hesitated for a second. While they hesitated he talked to them with sweeping gestures and a broad grin on his face. Few probably could actually hear what he said, but in a minute they were shouting enthusiastically "What's the matter with Poli!" It was only a step from that to carrying the vaudeville proprietor down the street on their shoulders, while the theater guards and ushers heaved sighs of relief. Not very many people have just the right combination of tact, determination, good humor and friendliness to handle that sort of crowd, even though it is a friendly crowd. Apparently Sylvester Poli did. The next day he appeared in court and bailed out the smaller students on the outskirts of the crowd whom it had usually been the custom of the police to arrest on such occasions. That was some years ago. Since then Poli's has never been mobbed by students, and it probably never will. It is the magnetic friendly personality of Sylvester Poli that protects it.

A long time before I came to know Sylvester Z. Poli personally, I heard stories about him.

One I have always remembered was told by George M. Cohan.

About thirty years ago, when Cohan was just a young boy, Mr. Poli engaged the "Four Cohans"—Mr. and Mrs. Cohan, George and his sister—for his "Wonderland" theater in New Haven, Connecticut. The family wanted one price. Mr. Poli offered them less. They demurred. Mr. Poli refused to pay more. Finally they accepted his figure and played the date.

During the engagement Mr. and Mrs. Cohan celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary. Mr. Poli presented them with a costly silver serving set. Young George was puzzled.

"I don't understand," he said. "You wouldn't give us our figure, yet you give my father and mother an expensive present."

"The salary is business, the present is friendship," answered Mr. Poli.

This story illustrates two of the most salient characteristics of Sylvester Poli—business sagacity and large-heartedness.

These two qualities of the man, more than any other factors, account for his most extraordinary career.

Today he is one of the prominent figures of the theatrical world. His name is known throughout the East. He owns and operates a chain of twenty theaters which extend through the southern New England States. His pay roll runs from one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand dollars a week. His holdings are worth upward of twenty millions.

He was one of the pioneers in promoting and producing vaudeville. Many of the present headliners started modestly in his theaters.

Mr. Poli was one of the first vaudeville men to book Nora Bayes. He booked her for New Haven for forty dollars a week. She was a great favorite with Yale students, and in those early days it was important to please them. Her price went up to sixty dollars. Mr. Poli booked her. It went to seventy. Again he booked her. It jumped to eighty dollars. Here he put his foot down. He couldn't afford to pay it, students or no students.

Several years ago Jolson, Palmer and Jolson played a singing and dancing act in his New Haven theater for ninety dollars a week. As you have surmised, one of these boys was Al Jolson. Mr. Poli made the remark that Al Jolson should put on black top; he had just the face for it. Some one told Al of the suggestion. He acted on it. That was the beginning of his fame. Several years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Poli heard two sisters singing in a restaurant in New Haven. Mrs. Poli took an interest in them, especially in the younger one whose name was Rosa Ponselle. In a short time Mr. Poli had booked the sisters for his theaters. This was practically Miss Ponselle's first step toward the Metropolitan Opera House where today she is a prima donna.

An Artist in Wax Potatoes

When he's not traveling about the world you will find Sylvester Poli in a spacious office in his Bijou theater in New Haven. He makes New Haven his headquarters—his beautiful home is just outside the city. He is a big man, tall and robust. His deep-set dark eyes look upon the world keenly and humorously. They corroborate the facts his career tells, that he meets life sagely and with unfailing joviality.

"From candy to wax, from wax to showman, from showman to financier," is the way they tell off the steps of his climb.

He was born in Lucca, Italy, in 1859.

His father was a poor church organist. His mother made cakes and candy to sell. She had built up a prosperous wholesale business. Thus the boy had both an artistic and a business heritage. Oddly, perhaps, he was not all father-side, or all mother-side. He developed early that rare combination, a definite talent for art, and a definite talent for business.

When he was thirteen years old a noted French sculptor, who had modeled Napoleon and other historic characters for the city of Paris, came to Lucca to bring home his family who had taken refuge with the Polis during the Franco-Prussian war. He took Sylvester along to his Paris studio as a chore boy.

"I had not swept out the studio for many weeks before I begged Monsieur Dablex to let me try my hand at modeling," Mr. Poli told me. "He gave me a large potato to do. The first time my ball of clay came out more like a ball of clay than a potato. The second trial was better. Then he put me to work on an apple. Later I modeled from classic statuary and from life. Finally when I had learned enough anatomy, my master taught me the art of wax modeling.

"This involves very difficult and intricate processes. First the person is modeled in clay. From the clay a plaster mold is made. When this has hardened, hot, melted beeswax, tinted flesh color, is poured inside this mold and left to harden. When the wax is cast the pieces of the plaster mold are cut away. The result is a lifelike wax model of the person. Nothing makes a figure so lifelike as does the medium of wax. Then come the processes of cleaning, costuming and putting on the hair. I learned all of them.

"Putting on the hair is very difficult. First you break off the end of the eye of a sewing needle. Now, on the end of your needle you have a tiny prong. You take a hair between the thumb and middle finger of your left hand, take the needle in your right hand, and with its tiny prong press the hair deep into the wax of the head."

The eager boy had just nicely perfected this art when he had to go back to Italy to serve in the army. Unlike many boys called for compulsory military service, he did not resent it. He made the most of it. It was to him an education. He learned the value of discipline; he learned human nature. Sylvester Poli looks upon his army training as the school that taught him to know men. He worked hard and reached the rank of sergeant months before his period of service was up. He could go no higher unless he signed an agreement to stay in the army for five years. That he would not do. He wanted to get back to modeling.

"I went back to Paris, after I left the army," he told me. "I was lucky. It wasn't long before the director of the Museum Cravan saw some of my work and took me on as a modeler.

"The Museum Cravan exhibited life-size, wax work representations of historical incidents. I had worked there about a year when the director asked me if I didn't want to go to America. Of course, I wanted to go. I had wanted to go since I was a little boy.

"On the twenty-first day of September, 1881, I sailed for New York. There were eighteen of us, all from the Museum Cravan, modelers, costumers, bodymakers and dressmakers. The Museum had formed a French syndicate with the purpose of opening a branch museum in

New York where similar groups of wax works would be exhibited. We were sent over to make them.

"The building was still under construction when we landed. For months we worked in a loft over Proctor's theater on Twenty-third Street."

THIS branch of the French museum was none other than the famous Eden Musée on Twenty-third Street which thrilled sightseers in New York for over twenty years.

Mr. Poli modeled several groups for its Chamber of Horrors. He also modeled all the kings and queens exhibited at the Eden Musée, Sarah Bernhardt, Adelina Patti, all the Presidents of the United States, and the group, Fulton's Invention of the Steamboat.

"It must have been difficult to get likenesses," I suggested.

Mr. Poli replied with a modest shrug. "It's like everything else," he said. "You practice a long time and you become skilled. A man specializing in wax works models a head, a head, all the time a head, and getting a likeness becomes quite simple. I had had much experience in modeling both from life and photographs during my years of study, and of work at the Museum Cravan. By the time I came to New York I could model a head in two days. A complete group took longer, of course. I worked thirty days on 'Fulton's Invention of the Steamboat.'

Photo from Albert Davis Collection

Al Jolson, the celebrated black face comedian and monolog artist, was once a member of a singing and dancing act comprising three bright boys whose total salary was ninety dollars a week. It was at the suggestion of Mr. Poli that Jolson blackened his face.

"I stayed with the Eden Musée for over three years. Then I went to Philadelphia to superintend the modeling of wax works for the Egyptian Museum in that city. George Brotherton, the manager of the Temple Theater in Philadelphia, was back of this. He had a scheme to make the new museum another Eden Musée on a larger scale. To the historical subjects we added a life of Christ. We worked a year and a half and filled a five-story building with wax works.

"The Egyptian Museum opened on Christmas Day, 1886. The next day was Sunday. On Monday, the twenty-seventh, at ten o'clock in the morning, a fire started in the basement. I was working on the fifth floor. I managed to get down the stairway through a thick smoke. The fire spread steadily. The firemen were unable to suppress it. Several scrubwomen had to be carried out. Soon the roof caved in.

"An entire block, consisting of the museum and two large theaters, one of which was the Temple Theater, was destroyed. It was the hottest fire I ever saw. Even the iron of the machinery used for generating the electricity for the lights melted.

"All of my work lay in ashes. Naturally I felt very miserable. I say all my work. The next morning I walked around to look at the ruins. A piece of wall facing Chestnut Street was left standing. And inside that enclosure of wall, what do you think I saw? My group of Christ on Calvary, absolutely untouched. The figure of Christ on the Cross, and the kneeling figures of the Virgin Mary, and Mary Magdalene. Absolutely unscarred!

"That group was exhibited individually for months.

"It was just a little after this that the Haymarket riots in Chicago broke out. In the latter part of 1886 the Eden Musée sent me to Chicago to model the seven condemned anarchists who were afterward hanged. I was allowed to go to the penitentiary where I modeled four of these men from life. The other three, I modeled from photographs. Clothes belonging to the men were given to me by their families. These were used for costuming the group which was put on exhibition at the Eden Musée in 1887. It was titled 'The Seven Chicago Anarchists.'

"In addition to the group I modeled for the Eden Musée, I modeled a group of the anarchists for myself."

With his "Seven Chicago Anarchists" and with "The Story of a Crime," which he duplicated from one of his groups on exhibition in the Chamber of Horrors of the Eden Musée, Sylvester Poli took that most venturesome step in a young man's career. He gave up a good salary and went into business for himself. The step was the more venturesome because he was already married and had a growing family to support.

However, Mr. Poli spoke of it as casually as one speaks of crossing a street. When I suggested that it must have taken courage, he smiled.

"It did take some nerve," he admitted, "but you've got to have daring if you want to get ahead. I was tired of working for other people. Besides, I had faith in my scheme. It might take some time, but I was sure that it would work out all right.

"During my years with the Eden Musée, my showman's instinct had developed. I had noticed that people would go out of their way to get a thrill. Well, I decided that my 'Seven Chicago Anarchists' would give them the thrill they wanted.

"I started out with a store show. I rented a box-like room on one of Chicago's busy streets. Here I exhibited 'The Seven Chicago Anarchists' and my group 'The Story of a Crime.' I charged ten cents admission.

"I got along pretty well even if I had taken a big chance. I took care of my family."

After a moderate success in Chicago with his store show, he took it on the road.

"I wandered about with store shows learning what people wanted and learning the trick of making money until 1889," says Mr. Poli. "By this time I felt that I had had enough experience to open a dime museum of my own. I ran across a Mr. Robinson in Toronto, and we organized the Robinson and Company dime museum.

"We rented a three-story building, exhibited wax works on the third floor, had curios, a menagerie and freaks on the second, and a variety show on the first.

"Among the curios we had a model of an airplane. Then the airplane was thought to be the greatest humbug in the world. Also we exhibited one of the first models of the incubator, which obtained its heat from a kerosene lamp and which showed the egg in its various stages of development.

When the Airplane was a Curio

"We charged ten cents admission to the museum; this included the vaudeville, which consisted of at least eight shows a day. Everything else was extra."

This partnership lasted two years. During its existence Robinson and Company opened a dime museum in Buffalo, N. Y., an Eden Musée at Charlotte, a summer place outside of Rochester, N. Y. and another summer place on Staten Island, N. Y. After the partnership was dissolved, these places closed. Mr. Poli then opened a dime museum of his own at Troy, N. Y. He had been there only a short time when the property he had leased was sold. Then he went to New England.

"Why New England?" I asked him.

"One Sunday when I was working for the Eden Musée, I took a steamboat ride up Long Island Sound," he said. "I visited New Haven and Bridgeport and I thought to myself that these cities should be good locations for dime museums. They had no amusement of that sort. You see, I was already carrying dime museums about in my head. I still thought of these towns after I had gone into partnership with Robinson. When the theater property I leased in Troy was sold, and I had to get out, I went to Springfield, Massachusetts, Hartford and New Haven, Connecticut, to look over the ground.

"At that time New Haven seemed to present the best opportunities for me. Anyway I thought it did. John Hoadley, a friend of mine there, thought differently. I wanted to lease a hall in his building which was known as the Hoadley Building. He warned me. He had been a showman, and he knew the game. That hall had been let for show purposes before and had never made any money. He predicted that I would fail.

"I wanted the place. I was convinced that the dime museum in New Haven had a future no matter what John said. I made him this proposition: 'I'll tell you, John, in order to secure you, I'll deposit a year's rent in the bank subject to your order. And I'll forfeit all of it, if at any time I can't pay a month's rent.'

"My faith won him over. 'If you're that confident,' he answered, 'I'm confident too. I don't want your money.'

"So I leased the second-story hall of the Hoadley Building and opened with Poli's Eden Musée in 1892. And I was right. It was successful. Four months later I took another floor of the building, built a stage, and put on vaudeville shows.

"After I had run this dime show for about a year, I decided that I wanted to expand. I wanted a theater, one in which I could hold continuous performances. I was tired of dime museums. They were profitable, but I wanted to have a theater in which the people could be seated. I felt that it would be healthier to have the audience seated before an active show on the stage, than to have a jostling, pushing crowd craning their necks off to look at side-shows.

"I took a lease on a building that had formerly been a church and had been made over into halls where fairs and other public functions were held. I remodeled it into a theater.

"I sold my Eden Musée and opened Poli's Wonderland Theater with vaudeville in 1893.

Photo [illegible] Collection

When the now famous George M. Cohan (the boy at the right) was an inconspicuous member of the "Four Cohans," his mother and father celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary at a Poli theater. Mr. Poli presented them with a silver service and incidentally opened little George's eyes to the difference between business and friendship.

The price of admission was ten, twenty and thirty cents.

"Then my troubles began. Just before I had taken over this building a part of it had been used as a dance hall. This hall had had a rough name. The women of New Haven knew this, and because my theater was in *that* building, they wouldn't come to see my show. You may not know it, but a showman depends upon women for his success. Where they go, men will go. And where they do not go, men do not go. This is true even of burlesque today. The burlesque show has been cleaned up so that women will attend it. No show pays unless it draws an audience of women. The women of New Haven would not give me a chance.

"At first I did not know what to do. Finally I got the idea of putting in freaks. It worked. I put them on for two weeks along with the vaudeville. People flocked to see them. They also saw that I ran clean shows. Poli's Wonderland was made. The prejudice was overcome.

"Among the freaks we had the Siamese twins, the dog-faced man, and a women seven feet tall who walked through the audience carrying a dollar in her outstretched hand. Whoever could reach the dollar could have it. Many people have told me that they feel sorry for the freaks of dime museums and circuses. They think they must be unhappy because they are different from normal people. On the contrary I have found them to be a happy lot. They seem to enjoy themselves and to enjoy the fact that they are a curiosity to people.

"About three years after I had opened Poli's Wonderland, I decided that I would build a brand new theater of two thousand seats in New Haven. It was the biggest chance I had ever taken," said Mr. Poli with an infectious chuckle which gave more surely than anything he had said, a hint of the enjoyment and enthusiasm and vigor he had put into that chance.

"If I lost, I stood to lose hard. I gave out a contract for sixty thousand dollars. I had four thousand dollars in the bank."

"What did you do?" I asked him.

"I sweated and I worked," he answered. Then with that characteristic twinkle lighting his eyes, "I made a few thousand dollars more. My profits from Poli's Wonderland for that year were twenty-five thousand dollars, more than they had ever been before. I needed the money, therefore I worked harder and made it."

Confidence! Daring! He had had the faith that he could make good in store shows. And he had dared to leave a good position as a modeler of wax figures to try out his ideas.

He had had confidence that he could make a success of a dime museum in New Haven. He had dared to go ahead in spite of the warning of a more experienced showman.

And—he dared to undertake building his first theater, a project involving thousand of dollars, which he did not have, because of his confidence that he would be able to meet his obligations.

CONFIDENCE is the spur to Sylvester Poli's daring. He does not leap blindly. He has faith in himself and in his judgment. He weighs the situation as wisely as he can. Then he takes a chance.

One of his men said of him, "The boss is a smart man. He can see farther ahead than any one I ever knew. Give him a problem, I don't care what it is, and he'll tell you how it's going to work out. And he's almost always right."

"How did you feel when you saw that first theater completed?" I asked Mr. Poli.

He grinned. "Like a millionaire, a hundred times," he answered.

Mr. Poli christenedt his house "The Palace."

He was not satisfied to stop with one big theater. He kept on taking chances. In 1897 he opened a Poli theater in Waterbury, Connecticut. Here, for the first time he put on legitimate dramas. On the opening night Francis Wilson played in "Half a King."

"By this time the idea for a chain of Poli theaters had taken hold of me," said Mr. Poli. "In 1900 I leased the Hawes Opera House, the oldest theater in Bridgeport. Next in 1902 and '03 respectively I went into Hartford and Springfield. Then came Worcester.

"I'll always remember Worcester. That was the town that set a leading vaudeville circuit and myself playing chess. At least that artist called it chess."

Mr. Poli pointed to a large cartoon which hangs on the wall of his office in the Bijou theater. This cartoon shows the founder of this circuit and Mr. Poli sitting over a chess table, using theaters for chessmen.

"I bought a building in Worcester, remodeled it and opened it as the Plaza theater. One of the greatest vaudeville managers and owners was backing the Park theater there, but I didn't know this when I went into the town. After I had opened the Plaza, a bill came before the Board of Aldermen. This bill proposed to pass a street through my theater. The first time the bill came up the chairman of the Board was absent. The second time, the vote was three to five against it. I was greatly relieved, I can tell you. The theater is still there and is still running.

Early Business Battles

"But that wasn't the end of my troubles with it. I had bought an office building, intending to use a downstairs store as an entrance. The American Express company had an office in the store. I was led to suppose that their lease expired on a certain date. When I was ready to make a demand on them to vacate, they sprang a five-year lease on me, which the previous owners had given them. That entirely spoiled my plans for a front entrance. Luckily there was a driveway between the theater and another building. I made this into an open-air lobby.

"I soon saw that it would become a question of the survival of the fittest in Worcester. The place wasn't big enough for two vaudeville men. I took up the challenge. It was a strenuous battle. I bought a tract of land in Jersey City where my opponent already had a theater. Also I bought an option on property in Boston, and in Providence, Rhode Island, both his towns.

"Evidently he decided not to buck me too hard. He made overtures to me with the result that we entered into a mutual booking agreement. He withdrew from Worcester. I did not follow up my options. We each agreed not to encroach upon the territory of the other. Today those vaudeville interests and I are very friendly. I get all my acts through their booking exchange."

Mr. Poli's theater chain has grown steadily since he opened Poli's Wonderland in New Haven thirty-three years ago.

Today he has three theaters in New Haven. Of these the Bijou stands upon the site of Poli's Wonderland which burned down some years ago.

He has six theaters in Bridgeport, three in Worcester, three in Waterbury, two in Hartford, one in Springfield, Massachusetts; one in Washington, D. C., and one in Norwich, Connecticut, which he owns but does not operate. He practically controls the theater situation in the Connecticut towns in which his theaters are located.

"How is it that no one can buck you in those towns?" I asked him.

He laughed. "They can try if they want to. There's nothing to stop them from coming in. But they'll have a hard time. I give the people what they want—the best stuff, for which I have exclusive booking privileges, at popular prices. And the people sit in modern theaters.

"In this game you've got to be up to the minute. For instance, it's not enough to give a show in a fairly good building. The American public wants everything new, fresh, clean, shining, with the most up-to-date equipment. Tear down your fairly good theater. Give them their brand-new, shining house.

"After I had built the Palace theater in New Haven and had run it for some time, a prominent vaudeville man in New England came in and put up a more modern house. I didn't say anything, but not a great while after his theater had opened I tore down the Palace and put up a theater that completely took the shine off his place. It taught him a lesson. He has never again attempted to come into a town in which I have theaters.

"Protect your territory. In time of peace prepare for war. If your competitors know you've got a lot of guns they won't come around. For twenty years I've owned a hole in the ground in Jersey City. Every year I pay taxes on it. I keep it because it's proof of my financial strength. I have options in various cities on which I pay premiums every year. If any competitor comes into my territory, I have ammunition with which to come back."

"What kind of shows do people want?"

Photo from Albert Davis Collection

This auction sale of celebrities at the Eden Musée marked the passing of a famous institution that thrilled sightseers in New York for over twenty-five years. Mr. Poli modeled in wax several life-size groups for its Chamber of Horrors. He also modeled all the kings and queens, all the Presidents of the United States and made studies from life for his group of the Chicago Anarchists.

"Something that moves. Humor, and singing and dancing acts. The demand today is for vaudeville and pictures. Of course there's always a certain number of people who sit on your neck and cry that they want Maude Adams. When circumstances warrant it, we break into our policy now and then and put on an occasional dramatic attraction. But in the comparatively small town, legitimate drama doesn't pay.

"I do put on road shows in one of my Bridgeport theaters, but at a loss. When you have six theaters in a town, you can't run them all on the same policy. We run a legitimate theater in Bridgeport along with the others, and everybody is satisfied.

"You see, with traveling dramatic attractions, the small town theater manager is no more than a janitor. All he gets is fifteen or twenty cents on every dollar. Suppose he plays to a three thousand-dollar house. He gets four hundred and fifty dollars of it. He can't exist on that.

"Who goes to see a road show? The courting crowd, the newly-weds, and a sprinkling of the older folks who really like plays. Take your courting crowd. The fellow earns about thirty-five dollars a week. It spoils fifteen dollars for him to take his girl to a play—the tickets, a supper, flowers or candy—and he thinks he has to wear a dress suit. That means we do not get him for two or three nights before he takes his girl out, and that we do not get him for two or three nights afterward. He can't afford it.

"On the other hand, the boy can take his girl to vaudeville for a dollar. He doesn't have to buy candy; he doesn't have to put on a dress suit. He can be with his girl every evening. The next night he can take her to a picture house, and the next to a stock company.

"Stock is more profitable than road attractions. It pays for part of the year. The greatest problem in stock is to get good plays. If we put it on for forty or fifty weeks in a town, at the last end we find that we have run out of good plays that have been released for stock. Then we have to fall back on trash. In Hartford, at one of our theaters, we run stock from May to September, and run pictures the rest of the year. I have found this to be a good arrangement, for we can just do the best of the available plays in that time. In New Haven and in Worcester we put on stock for one season and burlesque for the next. This policy also works out well. Stock and burlesque do not draw the same audiences. By the time a season of one is finished, its audience is glad of a rest.

"We organize our own stock companies. I have a man in New York who attends entirely to that, and to the selection of plays. It is a satisfaction to see some of our stock actors develop. One girl whom we took on as an ingénue five years ago, is now a leading lady with our companies. When we close stock in one town we send her to another of our theaters.

"The revival of plays is interesting. We had never dared to put on "Little Old New York." It was a back number. Marion Davies did it in pictures. Then we took the

[*Continued on page 150*]

He stopped his restless walk and turned on Livingston: "I do not criticise thos

Beginning a new Robert W. Chambers novel

A story of the days when

Illustrated by

THIS Sancia, when I first laid eyes on her, was no more than a child. Nor was I much older.

They were hanging Leisler and Milburne that morning. Yet, it is not with the hanging of these two unhappy gentlemen that this history is chiefly concerned, alas!

I noticed Sancia on the outer fringe of the throng in the dark of the falling rain. A northeast wind whipped her wet curls and skirts where she stood tip-toe in her clogs to see across the turbulent rabble surging around the gallows.

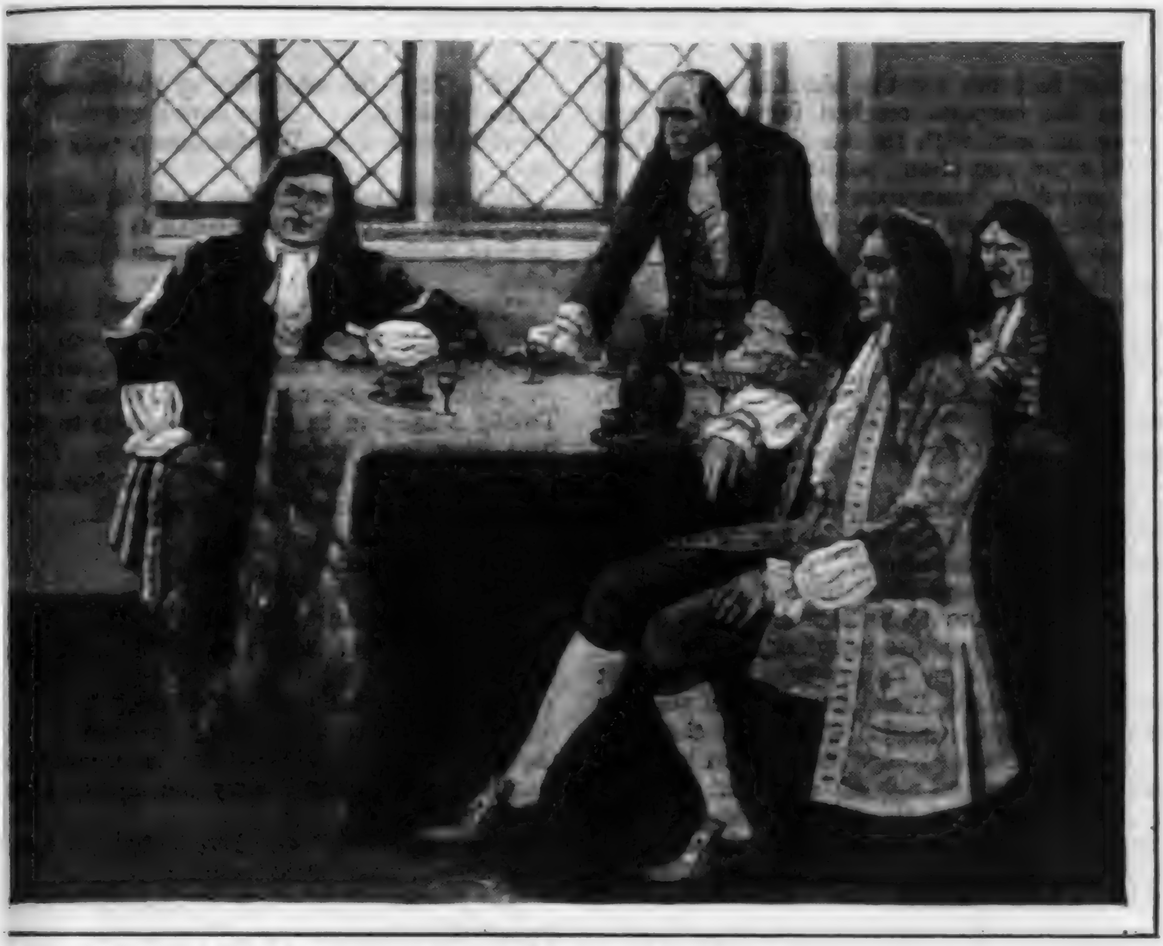
Wishing to see, also, I pressed forward, but presently noticed the blades of halberds in front of me and was soon forced backward again before the soldiers.

Suddenly somebody gave me a push from behind and, looking around in the gloom of the storm, I saw it was this Sancia.

"Have you no manners," she said, "to back into me and tread my foot like a horse? You clumsy boy!"

"Nor have you any either," I retorted, as the crush forced us almost into each other's arms, "you, who loiter here among this wolfish rabble to see two honest gentlemen turned off—"

At that the press of people forced her against



who care to embark on such an enterprise. But for me, no; I will not!"

The Man They Hanged

New York was young

Gayle Hoskins

my breast, and she caught me by the shoulder, and thrust her face and cloud o' wet curls close to mine: "Hold your tongue!" she whispered fiercely. "There are plenty here around you to tear you to pieces if you speak kindly of Leisler!"

But already I was aware of my rashness, because a man in front of me had twisted his bull neck to look at me, and others, also, were turning to see who had spoke.

Near me a brawny fellow in blacksmith's leather, struggling to heave his shoulders free, growled out an oath; and, "What have we here," said he, "a Jacobite?"

" 'Twas that young man," said another, "who tells us we are a wolf rabble at the hanging of an honest man!"

I strove to push the child, Sancia, away from me, but she held to my shoulder-belt, begging me to remain silent lest they tear me to pieces.

A corporal in a buff coat, and carrying a halberd, forced his way to us, and an officer who wore body-armor over a dirty buff jacket followed him.

"What's this!" he bawled. "Who spoke approving this black dog Leisler?"

" 'Twas I spoke," said I, "and if my speech be not to your taste, sir, you may lick my sword point and see how that smacks."

But I could not find my sword, for the child

Sancia had me by the shoulder-belt. And when the corporal reached for me she beat away his arm with furious little fists. And, "What are you about, soldier!" she cried, "to lay your filthy hand upon a boy who is no more Jacobite or Papist than am I!"

"Are you neither Papist nor Jacobite?" demanded the officer.

"Neither," said I, "but shall entertain what sentiments I choose and voice them when it pleases me."

At that there was a growling in the mob, and one cried: "We'll leave no Jacobite alive in New York City when we're done hanging Leisler!"

Suddenly a trumpet sounded near the gallows. The officer scowled at me, then turned on the throng; and he and the halberdier began to push their way back toward the gallows, shouting, "Make room there! Clear away! We'll have no Jacobite brawling here!"

Sancia jerked me by my broad-belt: "Lift me high," said she, "for I have not yet seen the gallows though I stand tip-toe in my clogs."

I put both arms to her body, lifted her, and held her seated on my left shoulder. Then I looked coldly upon those around us who still were gaping at me. Some, now, shifted their hang-dog eyes, and others seemed satisfied that I was no Jacobite.

AND now, through the dark of the falling rain, I thought, far away, to hear the throbbing of wet and stringy drums; but all was noise and confusion and movement in front of us, the mob swaying forward and back, now giving before the halberds, now pressing on toward the place of execution.

The gallows stood beyond the Out-Ward of the city, on cleared land which was a rough sort of common.

Grass and bushes were green and trees had new leaves, for already it was the middle of May. And though spring came not so early to New York City in that year of 1691, yet there were many birds to be seen and white blossoms starring all the woodlands, and tulips in gardens since April.

Well, now, holding Sancia upon my shoulder, I looked up at her—but I did not then know her name was Sancia or who this child might be.

"Come," said I, "what do you see, little friend?"

"I see the black gallows and two noosed ropes," says she, "and wet halberds shining in the rain. . . . I see a vast and melancholy throng," says she, "all a-shoving and a-huddling. . . . And the city wall, beyond, and the two gates [the Land Gate and the Water Gate], and cannon in the little forts, and a trumpeter high on the wall."

"Do you hear drums?" said I.

"No. It is the trampling of the throng on the sod, I think. . . . How dark it grows. How the rain blows. . . . What a dismal day to die on. . . ."

She strained her childish neck in effort to see something of those beyond us where the soldiers barred an open space around the gallows.

"Yonder," she said, "stands Robert Livingston. . . . I can see Colonel Bayard, too. . . . And yonder comes Frederick Philipse, a-horse. . . . What a Saturday morn for men to die! To die a-hanging in the rain." And turned, bent over, and looked down at me. Then, closer, with her tangled curls near my face: "What is your name?" she whispered.

"Dirck Hazlett."

"*You? That* one?"

"None other. Why?"

"I had not heard that this Dirck Hazlett was a gentleman except by birth," said she bluntly.

"I care not what you hear of me," said I.

"Also, you are only a boy," she added. "I thought you a man. What age have you who stand so straight and carry me lightly upon your shoulder?"

"I am eighteen," said I scornfully, "—and what do you make of that, child?"

"Do I weary you—here seated upon your shoulder?"

"No. However, you shall descend, and then perch you upon the other side to ease my shoulder-belt."

"Let me down to earth," says she.

I lifted her down where she stood on her clogs again on the wet grass beside me.

"Who are you in your cap and curls and hooded cloak?" I asked in my turn.

"I am Sancia Caradac."

"Oh, she who lives with the Widow Oort—"

"You've heard of me?" She looked up out of deep sea-gray eyes deeply fringed with black lashes.

"Some talk concerning you I've heard," said I carelessly. "A matter of a troop of horse? Yes? So you are that same Sancia? I had not known you were but a child—"

"Fifteen," quoth she. "Or nearly. . . . I am no child, I'll have you know it, my saucy lad!"

I did not trouble to answer the impertinence, because I was now listening to something else.

"If fifteen be not womanhood," said she boldly, "then manhood is not attained in eighteen years either. You may think me what you choose; but, what *I* am, that also are *you!*"

"Be quiet," said I. "There are drums coming!"

We heard their beaten rhythms now, like a pulse throbbing its dull undertone through the fevered noise and trampling confusion.

"Lift me, Mr. Hazlett," she pleaded in a softer voice; and I took her up again and set her upon the other shoulder where she held on with one arm around my neck.

"They are coming out of the gate; I see horsemen," she cried.

From the rabble a fierce roar arose: "Black dogs! Black dogs! Hang them!" And, "Gralloch them!" came a harsh Scotch voice from somewhere near me.

The hollow vibration of wet drums beating a dead march through the rain, the swelling shouts, the wavering crowd, now surging forward, now sagging back before the halberds, and, over all, the deepening gloom of the rain—these things made a miserable and tragic scene which I never can forget.

"Sancia?"

"I hear you, Mr. Hazlett."

"What can you see?"

"Soldiers marching hither. And horsemen riding along their ranks."

"Can you see the Governor?"

"No. But Colonel Bayard is there a-horse, and Stephen Van Cortlandt. . . . And I see Nichols riding in his black cloak. . . . I see the drums, now. . . . I see the Mayor of New York, and the Recorder, and the Coroner, and they are walking with Chief Justice Dudley, all in their black cloaks. . . . Now more horsemen ride hither with their naked swords. . . . I see the Attorney General, and Captain Hicks, and Ingoldsby, and there come George Farewell and Isaac Arnold, and James Emott. . . . And yonder is Graham."

"Sancia?"

"I hear you, sir."

"Lean closer."

She bent her hooded face to my cheek, and I whispered in her ear: "Too many great folk to see two poor gentleman die. This smells of martyrdom to me."

Her damp curls against my cheek, she said under her breath: "*That* is my opinion. . . . Too many against two. . . . Have a care what you say and do. . . . Hear the people howling now—" She sat upright holding tightly around my neck.

"There they are," she said in a frightened voice. "Captain Leisler walks with Dominie Selyns. And Milburne on the other side. . . . I see them plainly through the moving wall of muskets. . . . Leisler bears himself nobly. . . . Milburne weeps. . . . Sir, I feel afraid—"

"What do you see now?"

"A mist in my eyes—and the rain darkens all. . . . Livingston draws near the scaffold. I see his lean, yellow face and the long nose of him and his bushy hair under the steeple-crown. . . . A gold chain shines on his doublet. . . . Leisler mounts the gallows; after him, Milburne; and now there is a masked man there. . . . Many people on the scaffold. . . . They are praying. . . . Leisler kneels. Milburne is on his knees, still weeping. . . . Mr. Hazlett?"

"What do you say?"

"Do you wish to see?"

"I see, now," said I. "Do you desire to observe how these poor gentlemen are turned off, Sancia?"

I looked up at her bright, frightened, yet hardy face turned towards the gallows, and the gray eyes of her, wide and intent upon the tragedy enacting here.

SHE made no answer to me, and I grasped her around the knees and held her firm, seated on my right shoulder.

I could see, now, what was passing on the gallows; and hear well enough, too, because the rabble had fallen strangely silent save that here and yonder some woman sobbed aloud.

I saw Captain Leisler rise from his knees. Milburne also got up and stood swaying on the arm of Dominie Selyns.

Leisler came forward to the edge of the scaffold, bearing himself manfully. I could hear every word he uttered.

He said that he was a great sinner and asked pardon of God and man.

Then his voice rang out a little, and he declared that all he had done was through loyalty to his King and Queen, and no thought of self or false pride or unworthy desire for power ever had lodging in his mind and heart.

For me, this doomed man's speech carried truth in every syllable. And he was a manly man and a soldier, and it hurt me to hear him, so that without thinking or counting cost I called out:

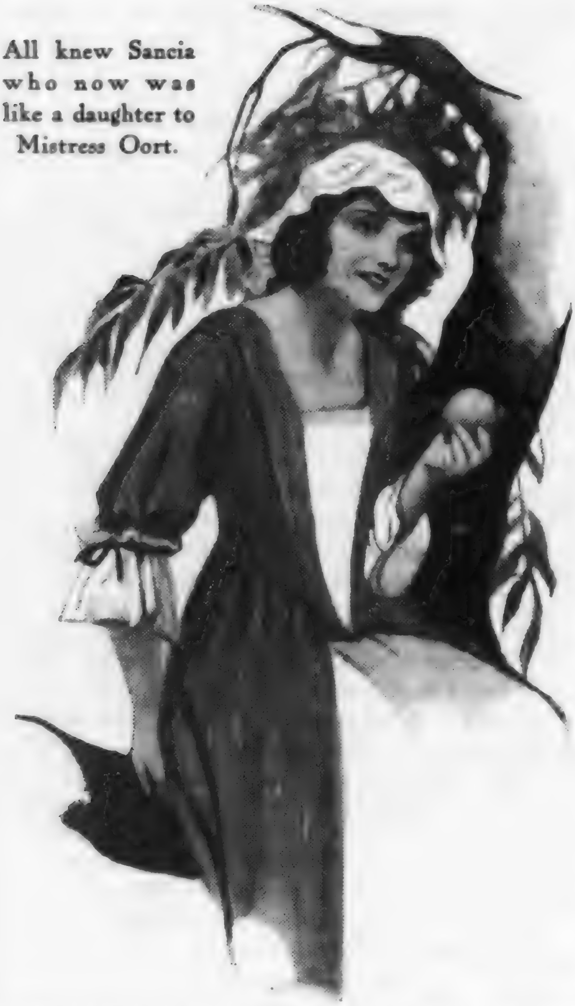
"Why do they hang such a man in New York when we need every true heart and sword to hold our own against the King of France!"

As I ended I looked to be torn to pieces in the sudden movement of those around me, and I saw horsemen with bared swords turn their heads in my direction. Yet no one struck me or called out an injury, but some cried: "Let them be pardoned!" and others: "Hang them for the black dogs they are!" Everywhere women were sobbing and calling on the governor for mercy. But he was not there; and likely as not lay drunk abed in Bayard's house at that awful moment.

A man near me shouted: "They can not be saved! The eleventh hour has passed! Bob Livingston hath willed it! We shall see them die at a rope's end!"

Another cried: "Milburne speaks! Silence and listen!"

Milburne, shaking on his thin shanks, was attempting to address the crowd. I heard him speak of his young wife; and he was making a most tearful and miserable appeal when, of a sudden, his sunken and distracted eyes caught sight of Livingston; and he shrieked at him:



All knew Sancia who now was like a daughter to Mistress Oort.

"*You* have sent me to my death! Before God's tribunal I will impeach you for this murder!"

That burst of passion seemed to spend him, for he sank back against the hangman.

I heard the sheriff say in a loud voice to Captain Leisler: "Sir, are you ready to die?"

Leisler replied: "I have no fear of death. Whatever I have done I have done for the King and Queen, the Protestant religion, and the good of my country."

The hangman, who was busy pinioning Milburne, left him and came to Leisler, who nodded and said in a clear, cool voice: "I am ready. Make an end!"

At that, Sancia bent low and pressed her wet face against me.

"I cannot endure," she gasped. "I am sick with fright—"

"Shall I set you down?"

"Yes."

I lifted her to the ground, and the poor child crept within the circle of my sword-arm and hid her face against my jerkin. I looked at the scaffold.

Suddenly the drop fell. There was a deathly silence, then a great cry of sorrow pierced the misty gloom. Women screamed; I heard shrieks, oaths, fierce yells of triumph, yells of anger and revolt.

The girl, Sancia, clung to me, shuddering.

As for me, knowing nothing of the right or wrong of it all, and being no politician, God be thanked, I held Sancia with one arm and adjusted my shoulder-belt with t'other hand so that my sword came into place and at quick service.

"Well, damn all hangmen," said I aloud to myself. "I would not send my worst enemy to the gallows; and that, Robert Livingston hath done this day. . . . He and our drunken Governor—"

"Dirck?"

"As for you," said I, turning ill-humoredly on Sancia and letting my arm fall from her body, "who gives you leave to call me Dirck? Mind your manners, my pert child, while I do you the service to take you home."

"You call me Sancia!" she retorted, reddening.

"Which is becoming because you are only a child!"

"I tell you I am fifteen, nearly—"

"And still have need of others to wipe your nose!"

"I *am* a woman!" she insisted, her eyes and voice so stormy that I began to laugh.

"Why do you laugh?" says she. "Men marry us at fifteen! Aye, there was Lysbet—Arent Van Dyck's daughter—at fourteen years, too—"

"What ails you," said I, "to fly into this temper? This ghastly business of the gallows has unnerved you. . . . You are all of a quiver, still—"

"It's all man's devilry," quoth she, trembling, "—all men are devils—yes, and boys are but younger devils—"

"Spit your fire, little kitten!" said I. "You are none the less a kitten. A wild one, too, I take it. And I tell you plainly, Mistress Sancia, had I the ruling of you I'd give you a birching for this morning's 'hooky'!"

"I am done with school! I go where I choose!" she replied angrily. "I tell you I am a woman grown and should be so used!"

"Does pretty Mistress Oort know you are here in the fields outside the city wall to observe the hanging of two unhappy men?" I demanded.

At that moment she seemed troubled and walked beside me through the wet and trampled grass with her head hanging.

Stumping along on her wooden clogs, she seemed very little and lonely in the falling rain, and I remembered her history, now—having heard of this child, but never before having noticed her in the city.

For truly this Sancia had been a child of misfortune. Her grandfather was that unhappy Captain who commanded the troop of horse at the execution of Charles the First. So it may well be understood that her family kept clear of Charles II and James. But in a Jacobite plot they killed her father and caught her mother, among others, and very brutally shipped these poor women out to the New World to be sold or indentured.

Some foreign sea captain, named Jacques Caradaque, or Caradac, took a fancy to her mother and married her honestly, and made two voyages to the Spanish Main. But on his last return, laden with indigo, he brought also the yellow death into port. And he and Sancia's mother and nearly the whole crew died aboard the snow in the lower bay. And they brought the child, Sancia, ashore—the last of the race of him who had commanded the horse at the execution of Charles I.

Mistress Oort took her out of pity; and, soon after widowed and having no child, made much of her in the fine house on Wall Street.

In New York all knew the story of Sancia, who now had become more like a daughter than a servant to the lovely Mistress Oort.

Thinking of these things as I walked along beside her in the rain, I looked sideways at her, to observe what manner of misfortune's child I so oddly had to do with.

She was only a little taller than my shoulder; of a slim but firm body under her clothing which was made full in the Dutch fashion, and short, revealing two slender ankles and narrow shoon between the leather straps of the clogs.

Yes, and her hand was well made and showed her blood in its smooth symmetery and pretty turn of finger and wrist.

For the rest, her damp curls clustered under a close cap which made a deep point over her forehead, and shadowed her rounded cheeks, too. Yet, it was a delicate face, with a short, straight nose, bright lips, and the two darkish gray eyes of her—

I listened attentively. Head hanging as she walked she was singing under her breath—and presently I could distinguish the faint murmur of that hymn they sing when there is a burial among us.

"Sancia?"

She looked up at me.

"Why are you singing?"

"For those two men dead. For their passing. . . Will Milburne's wife be given her husband's body?"

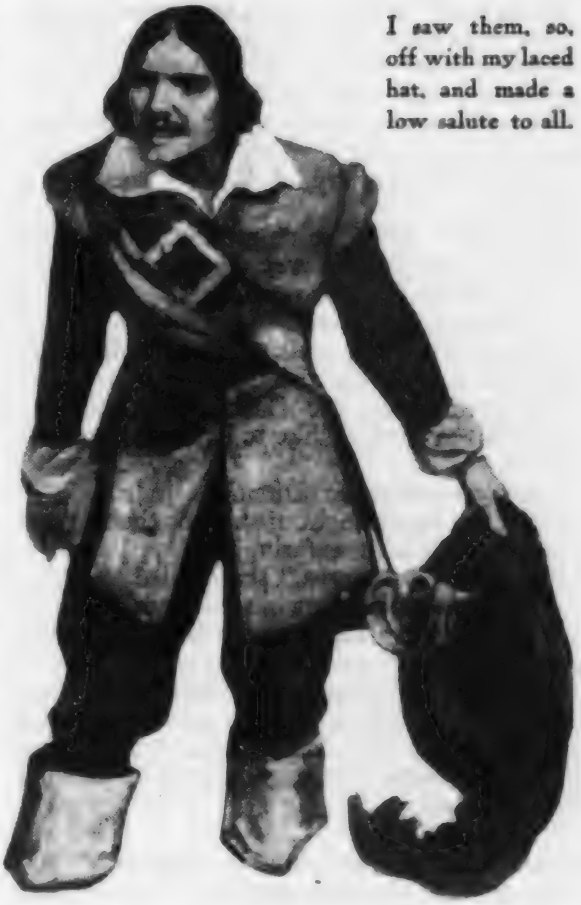
"I think so."

"And Captain Leisler's lady?"

"Surely."

"Then they will have hymns enough. I was not sure; I sang to myself—so there should be some service done them. . . . I am sorry I spoke boldly to you, Mr. Hazlett."

Her upturned face was so pale and sweet that I said: "You shall call me Dirck, child, though I be a man grown, too." And I touched the faint line above my upper lip which, God willing, would some day mark my manhood plain enough for all to see.



I saw them, so, off with my laced hat, and made a low salute to all.

New York was now in a condition most critical. A vast unease sat upon the city torn by internal strife and faction, and in ever restless dread of the French King and Frontenac. For France was certain to revenge herself on New York for what New York had lately done to Canada with her Iroquois. And no man knew when that blow would fall.

THE houses on Wall Street were mostly built of straw-colored brick in the Dutch manner, as were many of the houses throughout the city, although the English had erected, and were still building, handsome mansions after the English style. There were several of these on Wall Street, but the Widow Oort's was a Dutch house with stepped gables and iron-railed stoop.

Before it we stopped. After a moment Sancia looked up at me, still pale.

"I did not know it would be so cruel a spectacle," she said. "My heart is all a-tremble. Men are cruel."

"You should not have gone," said I.

"No; it was too piteous. . . . I am paid for my hooky, Dirck."

"Well," said I kindly, "you shall now go in to Mistress Oort and confess you. God knows she ought to birch you, but I think she will not. Then you shall get you a piece and eat, and so strive to forget this dismal Saturday in May. So God be with you, Sancia."

"God be with you, Dirck. . . . Shall I see you again some day?"

I was turning away, and now turned again to her.

"I think," said I, smiling, "that if ever you pass my way I shall be very sure to notice you."

"And where is your way, Dirck?"

"Not your way, I fear."

"But—when you walk abroad, whither do you walk to take the air?"

"Sometimes by the Half Moon near the Queen Street gate. I like to look out upon the water."

"Are you a mariner, Dirck?"

"No, nor know aught of ships or the sea; yet consort much with seafaring folk."

"Captains in taverns," she nodded.

"Yes, and with others in ale houses."

"Pirates?" she asked under her breath, her gray eyes starry.

I laughed: "They do not so name themselves, Sancia. . . . Well, I take the air of a pleasant evening by the water along Queen Street. And if ever you come that way, why then we shall walk and talk."

"Of—what, sir?"

"Of many things," said I, laughing. "Of Arab gold; of joes and half-joes; of doubloons; or of the new leaves on the trees and of birds that sing in May, if you choose, Sancia—"

"I shall walk, one day, on Queen Street," said she.

"What day?"

"On that day when first the sun shines warmly. I have a little dog called Fidelle. By him you shall observe and know me."

"I shall know your gray eyes, child."

"They shall be no child's eyes, my poor lad," she flashed out quickly; and I saw a little blaze in them and how they darkened and cleared.

"I would have you know," says she, "that I desire the consideration due to a woman grown. If I do you the politeness to treat you as man and no boy, then you shall do the like to me. Will you do so, Dirck?"

I was all laughter inside me, but I pulled a serious face and said I would. And with that I uncovered and took her hand and lifted it a little, and so, bending over, touched it with my lips.

With that she curtsied—the little minx—and far too low at that; and so we parted before her door with every politeness and circumstance. And I, still laughing within myself, dropped palm on hilt and walked away toward the end of the street where was gathered a crowd opposite to the land where the new English Church was to be a-building soon, and which was now a graveyard.

When, in these calm and after years, I think about our city of New York as it was in those days, I wonder how ever it did survive the civil strife within and the menace of enemies without.

Leisler was dead, God rest his soul! but the violent years of his governorship had disrupted the city and filled it with suspicions, antagonisms, treacheries, and feuds.

Albany ever had been against Leisler, and their people still distrusted us, though we had hanged our fiery, profane and turbulent governor.

Our miserable city, under a bastard government combined with that of Boston, was a source of disgust on the one side and a fishy, puritanical hatred on the other.

We of New York desired neither Puritan nor Papist among us or in alliance; and we had learned that New England's Puritan love for us and her aid in time of peril were but two shaky crutches for us to lean upon.

As for our city of New York, with a drunken, guzzling, lecherous governor, it lay already under the deepening shadows of coming storms.

For the late Revolution in England, which drove out our Papist King James and welcomed William of Orange, had disrupted New York.

LAWS, now, were openly violated; property was seized for taxes; neighbors wrangled and quarreled; suits for debts, for damages were multiplied daily; ships landed goods and captains refused to pay duty; and taverns and coffee houses swarmed with strange seafaring folk, merchants, privateers, and admitted pirates. Everywhere in men's hearts a great bitterness was growing, dark, harsh fruit of rumor and suspicion, and of that ever present fear of the French and of government abroad and plotters within the gates.

Always the threat of Count Frontenac against Albany and New York, and the memory of that snowy night of horror and of the woe he had wrought upon Schenectady, were ever in men's minds. The friendly Iroquois were our only barriers to invasion from Canada; and all men knew that the French meant to seduce and gain the Five Nations; indeed, were about it now with Jesuits and with gauds.

As for our Governor Sloughter, he did nothing, and was of a kidney to do nothing. He went to Albany with Livingston and a guard, a few days after he had signed Leisler's death warrant, but he could not or would not take the field with Schuyler against the French. No. All he did was to flatter the Mohawks with presents which, I think, Ingoldsby and Livingston paid for; and he let Schuyler march on Canada alone.

Back he came a-sailing in his sloop to his distracted city of New York to swill his fill and glut his belly.

I saw him land from his sloop at the Great Queen Street Water Gate where six companies of city militia were drawn up to greet him.

He had Bob Livingston with him. It was a fair day with blue sky and windy, and the river very pretty with the silvery crests of little waves. Flags flew; there was much bustle; cannon fired from the fort and from the *Half Moon;* and the regular troops manned the road to the fort.

Well, there was much talk and cursing and quarreling in taverns, ale-houses, and wine shops. Some said that the French would now cut Schuyler's gizzard and then make an end of us, others held that our King and Queen were mindful of us, and presently meant to send us warships and troops to take Canada and settle this bloody matter once and for all.

THAT was the talk on that June day; and it was the talk all through the early summer that our governor meant to call the regulars, the militia, the *coureurs-de-bois*, the Iroquois, and all true men to take the field and put an end to this same Frontenac and his White Coats and Praying Indians. But he did not stir out of the city. He did only one good and useful act; he died—very suddenly a-drinking coffee out of a blue delft bowl.

Lord, what a tumult! And some ran here, crying out that it was a plot and that his negro servant had poisoned him; and some ran there to give the lie to rumor. All the sourness and suspicion and latent animosities of the two factions flared up, crowds gathered along Wall Street to cheer the martyrdom of Leisler; others in Queen Street cried out upon him and what they called his treason.

However, the surgeons opened the governor's body and found no poison. Ingoldsby was named Commander-in-Chief. They appointed Abraham DePeyster Mayor of New York—for which God be thanked for such a mayor at such a time.

And then our king sends to us our new governor, one Colonel Benjamin Fletcher, another needy soldier of fortune. . . . "Though if he be needier than I," I thought, "God help him!" However, he began immediately to help himself—a big, red-faced hearty and very busy gentleman who loved good cheer and merriment, and found means to gratify his merry inclinations—

But my pen runs too fast; and I have first to tell you something of our city of New York as it was then; and, by your leave, something, also, of myself, so that you shall be acquainted with him who relates to you this history and who shall use you, I protest, with every utmost respect and true politeness.

Therefore, firstly, the City of New York, which at that time was not as you know it now, and had no more than a thousand houses and no more than five thousand inhabitants.

The water, then, washed the bulkheads which shored up Great Queen Street—which now is called Pearl Street—and Wall Street was the northern limit where the city's wall ran, its two gates flanked by small forts.

Within the fort, which was called William Henry, was the church, governor's mansion, barracks, and other necessary structures. There was a French Huguenot church northeast of the fort; the *Stadt Huis*, or City Hall, with its guard-house and jail, stood opposite to Coenties Slip, and in front of it were the whipping post, cage and ducking stool for scolds.

The streets were much as they now are save in name; as for example, what we call Maiden Lane was Virgin's Path and lay outside the walls; and other changes have come since; other streets and lanes have been opened; and now the wall is pulled down and the Outward is becoming a city in itself, and everywhere are bouweries and handsome country seats to be seen.

Well, in those days there were handsome houses, too, both Dutch and English, such as the mansion in Whitehall, and Dongan's house and the fine new DePuyster mansion on Great Queen Street, and many another, also.

There were six Wards—the North, South, East, West, Dock and Out-Wards; and the city was as it now is, a shady, sweetly-scented place of trees and gardens and green lawns and paved footways—where the winds from two great rivers and the bay freshened the air. It was as it is now, a place of sprightly activity; of much coming and going; of busy waterways and marts and docks; of pleasant streets and ways and lanes made lively by folk abroad on business and pleasure; a place of many shops and taverns and ale-houses; a place of brave fashions and gay dressing.

In all, New York was something different to any other New World city; something gayer; more human; universal. There was, somehow, that in it of latent imperial promise; and naught of the dull and dour New England atmosphere nor of the smug, narrow pride and selfishness of Albany.

Well, I have striven to show you the brick, hewn stone, and wood houses of New York of my youth, with their tiled or slated or shingled roofs; and the gilded or painted weather-cocks on the steeples, and the flag on the fort blowing in a freshening breeze from the Narrows—these and the ten-foot, palisaded and sodded wall with its arched gates and forts and *Half-Moon*—and the basin and docks and new Battery flanking the fort with its long row of guns. And now, of myself.

I was eighteen; a poor kinsman of the Derringdale Lord who, if ever he had heard of me, paid no more heed to my existence than if I were the clod his horse trod on when he rode to hounds.

My grandfather, a widower, was employed by King Charles in some capacity that had to do with his Majesty's household; and was killed in a brawl between the king's men and some people of a foreign ambassador.

My father was Master of Arms to the Duke of York, a mean and low-lived Prince. For my mother, whom my father had married in Holland, being young and handsome, this same prince pursued her with his usual effrontery and was given a slap across the mustached mouth of him with the steel hilt of my father's rapier—which they say split it an inch wider and left his eyes crossed for a month.

So my father had to run for it, and he and my mother gained the coast and got them into France. From whence to Holland, and from there came to West Indies in the *Lovely Laura*, brig, four months out, and landed in Curaçao. From thence, a year later, they sailed to New York where my father hoped for employment as sword-master to the garrison but was obliged to enlist, and served as a sergeant at the fort, where Colonel Dick Nichols pretended not to know him and was otherwise kind.

There, in barracks, was I born upon the very day that the Dutch fleet under Colve sailed into the bay and trained their broadsides on the fort.

Down came the British flag and up went the Dutch. And for that cowardly surrender our commander, Manning, was court-martialed; and his sword broken in front of the *Stadt Huis;* and the Duke of York confiscated the entire estate of our Governor, Colonel Lovelace—poor devil—who was absent when the Dutch sailed up, and knew no more about it than did I in my cradle of soft white pine.

Well, as all know, the Dutch remained but a few months before ousted, in their turn again, by treaty; and the tyrant, Major Edmund Andros, assumed the governorship of New York.

Thus, in the fifteen years that ensued between two deeds of violence—the seizure of power by Captain Leisler in 1689—I cut my baby teeth, grew up, went to school and was birched, and played with my school fellows at alley taws by the waterside behind Whitehall.

MY FATHER was a handsome, careless man who knew only the art of handling arms; and being a notorious man for having cuffed the Duke of York, could hope for no advance of preferment in the Army or Government service; and my Lord Derringdale made no effort to help him.

So at last my father dropped his halberd and quitted the army; and built him a little house on Great Queen Street; and there set up as sword-master; and gave lessons to any who desired to learn that art.

He was, as I say, a gay, handsome, careless, but honorable gentleman, and he loved my mother and was very kind to me.

He it was who taught me all I know of swordsmanship—and I admit I know a little.

I was ten years old when my mother died. She was young, very fair with blue eyes and yellow hair. She died in her sleep, but, of what, I knew not save that she had often fainting spells from her heart ever since that fatal day when my father struck the Duke of York and they fled by night a-horse to the coast, and horsemen scouring all England to take them.

So, in *my* heart, I laid up foul memory of the Stuarts and hoped for a day when I could prick my crest on the hide of one o' them with a sword's point. God hasten that day and amen.

After my mother died my father lost his gaiety. He had made some trifle of money in his profession, and my mother had laid it by in prudent investment against old age which neither she nor he was destined to see.

For my father, who did nothing these days but sit a-sunning on the settle which was built outside our door on a kind of low stoop, was accustomed to go o'moonlight nights in summer to sit by my mother's tomb in the graveyard where Wall Street ends, to the westward above the water.

And there, one morning, he lay dead with flowers in his hand and his handsome face in the grass of my mother's grave mound.

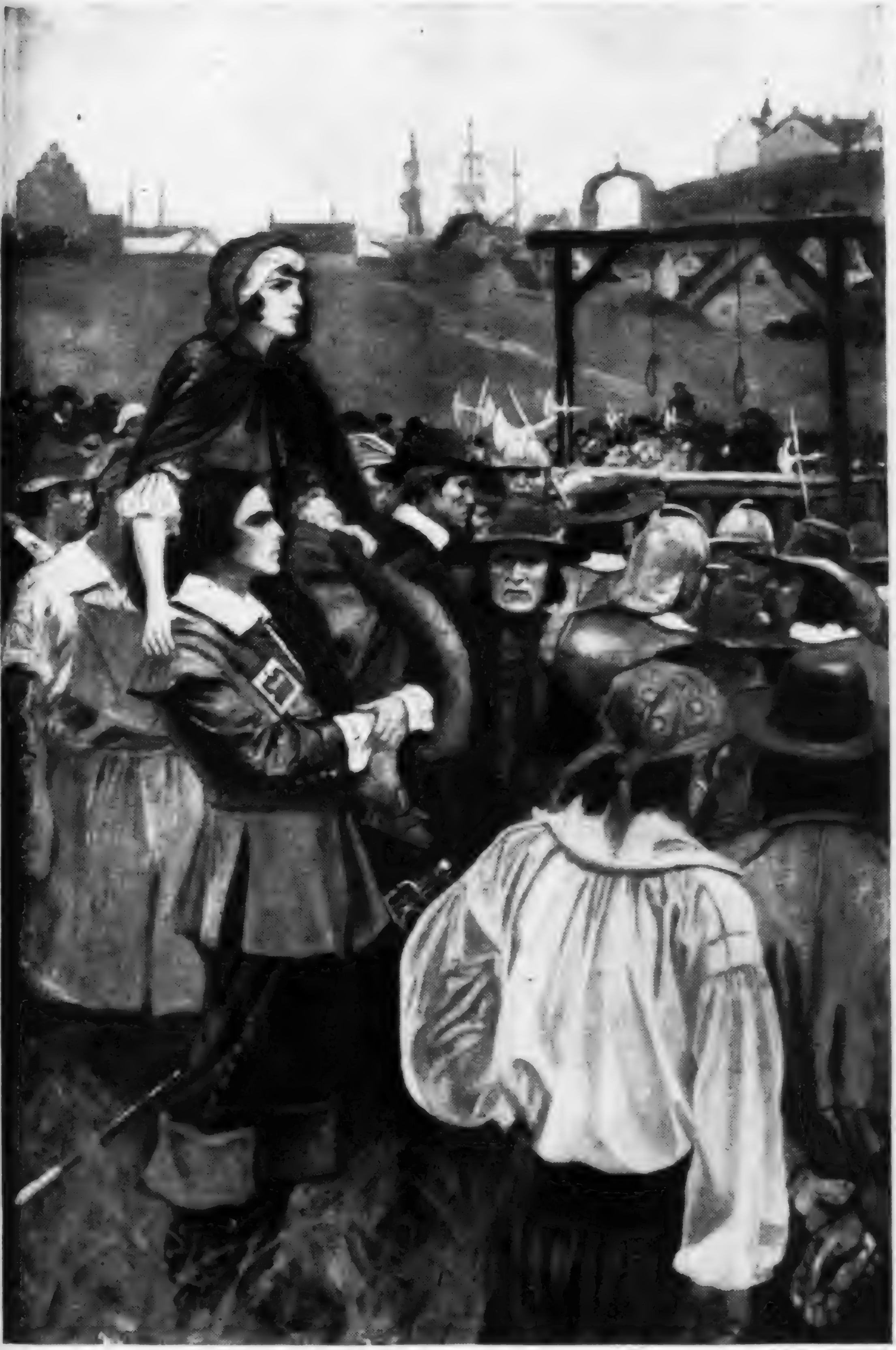
Well, afterward I had the little house, and the income from a little money; and knew not what to do with myself. And so fell into idle ways in taverns and coffee houses, amid odd company. And, I fear, did sometimes empty too many jacks and bottles; and become somewhat of a brawler, not quarrelsome nor seeking quarrels, perhaps, but shunning none, either.

So, presently, tongues wagged in town, and heads, too; and there was talk of ne'er-do-wells who shamed the Derringdale name, and of unbirched cubs who had sooner play at sword-point than eat an honest dinner.

It was said of me that I idled and drank and loitered in pirate-haunted wineshops along the waterfront. All of which I did. But I was no wencher; and if I sometimes used fist and sometimes sword, never yet have I used dagger on any man. Nor even betrayed an enemy to the law; but, if I could not deal with him, let him go for God to punish.

Thus was I at eighteen; and had no purpose in life other than to see what life I might, and curiously explore what I saw, and learn about men and their motives, and something of why God made us and placed us within this strange and wayward world.

So, now that you are acquainted somewhat with me and with my brief history which is in noways remarkable, I shall take leave to



I put both arms to her body, lifted her, and held her seated on my left shoulder. Then I looked coldly upon those around us who were still gaping at me.

4

continue that same history, not because of any vanity or belief that it, in itself, is worthy of your attention, but because my life, presently, became allied with the lives of those whose history is well worth the telling.

And I hope to God to make it plain to all honest minds and hearts that my chiefest friend was a man among men; that no finer, braver, simpler, kinder, or more honest gentleman ever lived.

I saw him first on Queen Street on a late July afternoon, a-walking by the waterside. And he had Sancia by the hand; and on his arm walked the lovely Widow Oort.

WHEN Sancia saw me she plucked the hand of him who led her, so that he turned his head; and the pretty widow also looked upon me.

So, off with my laced hat, and a low salute to all; and would have passed on but Sancia called out in a piteous way: "Oh, Dirck! Will you not speak to me?" And suddenly, vexed, "Now, hang the man, will he not notice me at all?"

"Willingly," said I, laughing, "but first by this gentleman's leave—and if it also be the pleasure of my lady—"

Sancia held out her eager little hand, and I perceived she wished me to use her as grand lady once more and kiss her fingers—the subtle minx!—and so I did with every circumstance and politeness, and then bowed again to the gentleman and the charming widow.

Sancia's face was now flushed with gratified vanity; and, displaying much self-possession and some affectation, she named me to her companions, and them to me, and again we exchanged bows and curtseys, and the gentleman gave me his large, firm hand.

"Mr. Hazlett," said he, "we have heard something of your acquaintance with our little Sancia, and are happy to find an opportunity to thank you for the protection you afforded her on that tragic day in the fields."

"Sancia is too kind," said I, smiling, "for she is not beholden to me, but I am more so to her—"

"Nevertheless," said the Widow Oort, laughingly, "the child does naught but chatter of her friend Dirck Hazlett, and how he defied the rabble—"

"Oh!" cried Sancia, reddening, "that I do not, mother!" And gave me a flushed and distressed look which made the Captain laugh in his frank, hearty way.

"Well, then," said he, "what harm lies in a friendship that is nothing ashamed, but honest and undisguised! We are glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Hazlett"—he hesitated and looked at me more gravely—then seeming to discover in my face something to win his confidence—"It will afford us a real pleasure to know you better, sir; and of that I am very sure now that I have met with one of whom I often have heard some report."

"Captain Kidd," said I, feeling a slight heat in my face, "I am vastly honored by your complacency, and, with your leave, shall hope to prove, perhaps, somewhat better than those same reports concerning myself and conduct which no doubt you have heard."

The widow dimpled and smiled upon me, with the kindly, reproving air of one who is inclined to pardon and ignore what she does not approve.

"To me," said Captain Kidd in his hearty Scottish way, "a man is what he proves himself to be. Sir, will you take the air with us and stroll with Sancia who, I am persuaded, is dying to hold converse with you—"

"I am *not!*" cried Sancia, "—or, if I am, I do not desire to have you say so to confuse and shame me—"

"Why do you always plague her, William?" remonstrated the widow, striving herself not to laugh. But the captain laughed the louder and said in his bluff voice:

"Let Sancia stroll with her gallant and be not shy that she finds pleasure in a youth whose eyes recommend him very eloquently to me!"

"Sir," said I, "you are far too kind, I protest—"

"Mr. Hazlett," said Captain Kidd, "I have sailed the seas, and I know a true man when I lay eyes on him, whatever may be report regarding him. . . . By your leave, sir, I entertain no doubts concerning you."

"Nor I, you, sir," said I, feeling the warmth mount to my cheeks.

"Why, then," said he, and his clear, pleasant eyes of Scottish blue all a-crinkle, "sir, we should become friends, all four of us, Mr. Hazlett—and that ought to be pleasant, because I know nothing pleasanter than friendship—" he hesitated, looked mischievously at the charming widow—"unless, Sarah, it be that gentle passion—"

"A fiddlestick!" she cried, swift coloring yet smiling too in that lovely, veiled way that her violet eyes knew so well.

And I saw how it was between this sturdy, frank and finely made mariner and the fresh, young widow on his arm.

Well, I looked politely and smilingly upon them both, and then upon Sancia, who instantly gave herself the air of a grand lady and requested my arm.

"DIRCK," she said, "I have so vast a budget of news to share with you that I cannot think of a single item . . . . Have you thought on me, sometimes?"

"Every day," said I with easy assurance.

"And I of you every *hour!* I know I should not admit it—"

"Why not, Sancia?"

"Lord! A woman of sense and discretion should not confess her affection to any man—"

I had to turn my head in fear of laughing, so quaint and droll and sweet this child.

"Then we are well met and rightly paired," said I, "because I desired to be your gallant, Sancia, yet had no hardihood to seek you out, not being acquainted with your guardian—"

"I call her Mother."

"—Your mother, then—"

"Truly, Dirck, have you thought on me the while?"

"Truly and constantly."

"And—desired to be my gallant?"

"And nothing less," I protested.

"Oh, Lord," says she, "for there is young Mr. Dudley who brings me nosegays, and Sir Robert Robinson's nephew, George, who holds my yarn for me, and—"

"I tolerate no rival!" said I as sternly as I dared and yet keep a sober face. Which temper delighted the child.

But she was a very kitten, and played with it to her heart's content; and, "Oh," said she, "would you brook no rival, Dirck? Could you not endure to see me walk abroad with Harry Dudley? Would it pain you? Tell me, Dirck, I beg you—"

"Sancia," said I very gravely, "this is like to be a matter too serious for jesting. Either you are mine or another's. Which?"

At that her face altered and flushed; and I was sorry I had carried a pleasantry so far when I saw the deep look she gave me—I cannot describe it—but, suddenly, what was lovely and childish seemed gone in her face; and two gray eyes regarded me as a woman, sometimes, regards a lover.

"I did not know you meant it," she said. "Do you, Dirck?"

What was left, now, but to say yes—for a laugh would have hurt her mortally. I knew I had gone too far.

She gave me a bashful smile, tremulous, almost painful.

"Now, I know it is no jest," she said, "and that you truly are become my gallant. I—am seriously inclined to you. . . . And am content. . . . Are you?"

"Yes."

Suddenly she pressed my arm and her happy laugh rang in the sunset sir: "Oh, Dirck," she said, "who would have thought it, at our second meeting! What wondrous chance guided our steps together? What happy augury when I espied you? You *are* my gallant, aren't you? Mine alone? Aren't you, Dirck?"

"None other, Sancia."

"And I your mistress, yours alone! You won't neglect me, will you? For I shall grow very swiftly and hasten me to ripen, and shall presently overtake your years. And you shall see how in the twinkling of an eye I shall put on womanhood! You shall behold it, Dirck, and be amazed that it hath come so swiftly to transfigure me. Are you impatient?"

"Well, yes," said I, "in a manner—or so to speak—" for I was now so deep in, and so badgered by her ardent and impulsive courtship that I knew not what to say and was afeared to hurt her if I took it all less solemnly—"yet, Sancia, I am most tender to childhood, too, and—if I may so express my sentiments—I dread to see—or, so to speak—the rosebud open into—or what I may perhaps describe—a more mature and perfect loveliness—"

"Oh, Dirck, you do not desire me to hasten my years?"

"Yes, I do—but you also suit me marvelously as you are—"

"Fifteen is a pitiful age," she remarked contemptuously, "—and all treat me as a child, save only you. *You* know I am a woman, don't you, Dirck?"

"Surely."

"And that I am capable of the most ardent sentiments?"

"Oh, certainly, but—"

"And of truest and most passionate love?" she insisted.

"Well, I scarcely—"

"*Am* I?" she demanded, hotly.

"Oh certainly. But I think that at fifteen, comradeship is pleasant. Indeed," I cried, "what is more admirable than companionship that hath no other thought than to please and be pleased. And what could be more delightful than to nourish between us so innocent a friendship, Sancia."

"Truly. But you are in love with me, too, are you not?"

"Wildly," said I, "but—"

"But what, Dirck?"

"There are some few years that must first pass—"

"Two!"

"Do you not think—"

"No, I do *not!* At seventeen I desire to be yours, Dirck. I so promise. Do you?"

"Certainly," said I, provoked, yet laughing inwardly to be so beaten and cuffed about by this chit of a maid of fifteen. "Well, Lord!" said I, drawing a long breath, "here we be in the water-gate with its painted weather-cock sight of the wall and atop. . . . But what is the captain about who enters yonder handsome house with his lady?"

" 'Tis his own house," said Sancia, laughing, "and soon to be my mother's, also."

"Oh," said I, smiling, for I had already noticed how the land lay between those two, and that it was plain they were betrothed and very much in love.

As Sancia and I came up slowly, Captain Kidd and his lady, who had mounted the stoop, leaned on the iron rail to watch us.

"Will you sup with us, Mr. Hazlett?" called out the captain.

I thanked him politely for his kindness.

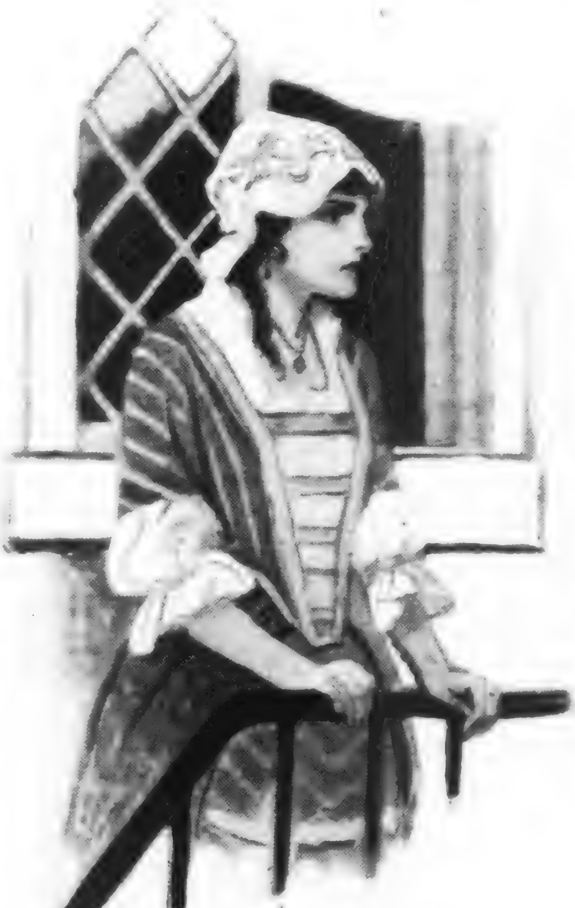
"Well, then," says he, "the door is open, and you and Sancia shall come in if you choose, or await a summons to supper."

Sancia laid her little hand in mine with a heavenly smile, and took mincing steps like a grand lady as I led her across the runnel by the alleyway and up the stoop; where it was her pleasure to seat herself and to draw me to a place beside her.

THIS house of Captain William Kidd was a fine one, built in the Dutch manner, and of three stories and cellar and a garret.

It had a handsome porch and two pair of windows flanking the doorway; five windows in a row on the second floor; and three ornamental dormers.

On the gable ends were windows in pairs on every floor. Two fluted chimneys rose from either end of the house. Cellar grills gave on either side of the stoop.



Mistress Oort, who had mounted the stoop, leaned on the rail to watch us.

It was a handsome, substantial house of cream colored brick, the roof slated, the footway paved, and a little walled garden behind it bordering the alley which we now call Hanover Street.

Where I sat on the lintel beside Sancia, I turned my head to look into the house, and saw how pleasant it seemed in the light of the setting sun which fell on carved mahogany chairs, on polished tables, and across a gay Turkey carpet.

"When do they marry?" I inquired.

"In August," said Sancia.

"Are they to live here?"

"Yes. Mother hath two other houses which she means to lease. . . . It is a happy marriage and a true love match," she added with a slight sigh. "Oh, Dirck," she lisped, "how admirable is true love, is it not?"

She was sitting with elbows planted on her knees and her determined chin on both fists, and a-looking out into the fiery sunset across the water.

All the shore and the bulkheads and the street and the houses burned red in the glow, and every window glittered like a live coal.

In her silk bodice, slashed sleeves, and short silken skirt, and with the curly hair clouding her fair cheeks under the close-set Dutch cap, she was a pretty thing to see, this young English orphan girl in the rose glow of sky and water.

Off shore a snow of some ninety ton beat slowly to windward. A hag-boat had anchored near to Coenties Slip to unload. Beyond, a tall ship was moored; and skiffs and canoes were in motion between us and the Jersey shore.

Sancia leaned lightly against my shoulder, her gray eyes resting on the water where it crimsoned between our late Governor Dongan's Island and the forested Jersey heights.

"Like the gates of glory," she murmured, "—and if a heavenly fleet manned by winged angels should come a-sailing through I would scarcely marvel. . . . How wondrous sweet hath God made His world, Dirck."

We sat watching the swallows skimming the water above the moored shallops and row-boats drawn up on the shore, and listening to the loud chirping of robins and the soft caroling of bluebirds.

"A fine ship," said I, looking at the vessel at anchor in the stream.

"*The Princess of Orange*, merchant," said Sancia. "She belongs to him who is to be my step-father."

"To Captain Kidd?"

"Surely. Also, he owns two more great ships, a brig and a sloop. They are in the India trade. After my mother marries him he sails again."

I knew little of

Captain William Kidd save that he was a substantial citizen and a man of consideration and wealth in the City of New York.

I knew that he mixed not in factional disputes but always had minded his own affairs which were to gain money by fair trading and live, when ashore, an honored and respected life.

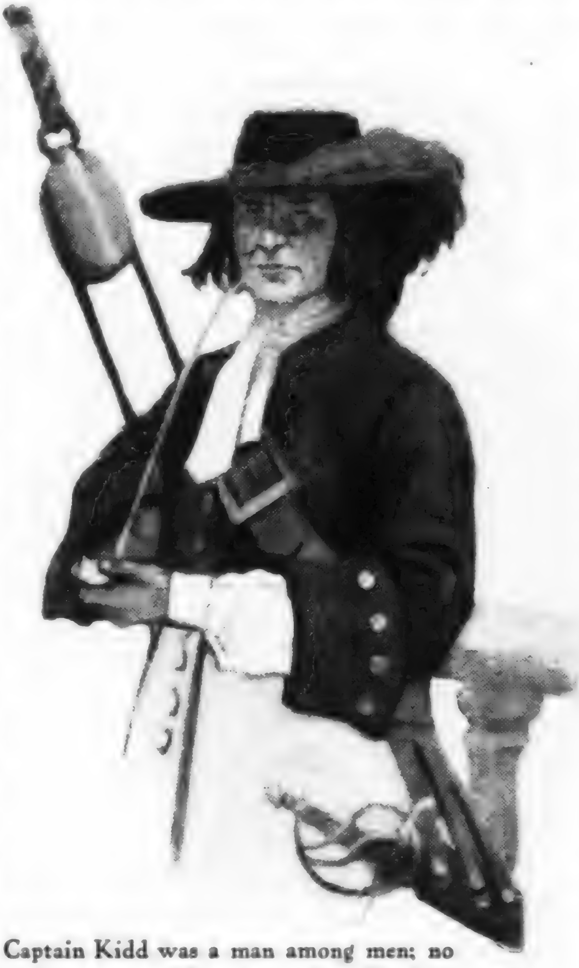
That he, also, was a gentleman and a man of education and cultivation had been plain to me when we exchanged first compliments. With the directness and even, perhaps, bluntness of a sea-captain, his manners and dress and carriage, and speech, showed him to be gentle bred and cultivated. And there was a clear honesty in his eye that spoke eloquently of kindness and firmness, and in his strong features there seemed nothing hinting of any secrecy of character or of suspicions or meanness. His face was smooth shaven, his crisp hair, worn somewhat short, was of a sandy hue; his eyes clear blue; his mouth strong yet tranquil. He was a man who invited friendship. And, in his face was that generosity which trusts—and which, perhaps, was this man's visible sign of weakness—a confidence almost childlike in his fellowmen.

This was my first impression of Captain William Kidd, the unluckiest man ever born.

A black servant came to the doorway where we sat, to summon us to supper. I rose and gave my hand to Sancia, and lifted her to her light feet.

When I led in Sancia, the captain cried in his hearty way: "Now, this is a handsome sight for a lonely bachelor to gaze upon friends at salt under his proper roof!" And he gave his hand to Sarah Oort and handed her a chair whilst I accomplished the like ceremony for Sancia; and, for her airs and affectations, I thought to hand a princess to her throne.

The captain was a frank soul, and ingenuous, and, because, apparently, he had nothing to conceal from the world, seemed to believe that nobody else had either.



Captain Kidd was a man among men; no finer or more honest man ever lived.

With a childlike bluntness he asked me about myself, and where and how I lived, and I was a little ashamed to admit that I did nothing and lived in my small house, scantily, on the little money invested long ago by my mother.

"Well," said he in his simple way, "if you have no means of livelihood, Mr. Hazlett, we must find some likely opportunity for you. Do you know the sea and ships, sir?"

"Not a tide, not a rope or spar, sir. I am very ignorant save only concerning weapons and the swordsmanship my father taught me."

"They say you give lessons in the art," said the widow, politely.

"Yes, madam; but pupils are few. The art passes as musketry improves. However, I understand firearms, too, and am an indifferent good armorer, and so, by fashioning and repairing, add something to a slender income."

Sancia tossed her head and said: "As a sea-captain disdains aught save what concerns the sea and ships, so a swordsmaster considers only his profession and what pertains to it. If you are poor, yet idle, Dirck, then you are nobly so, and the fault lies with others!"

"There's for you, Mr. Hazlett!" cried the captain with his hearty laugh, "and we all think as Sancia thinks."

Madam Oort said in her charming way: "You are very young, Mr. Hazlett, and are right to pause ere you pick and choose."

"Aye, industry is senseless," added the captain, "unless mind and aptitude direct. An ant is industrious, but 'tis a senseless activity. Come, Mr. Hazlett, would you like to ship with me and learn the sea and the ways of men and how to gain honest fortune in honest trade?"

"Sir," said I, surprised and touched at such blunt kindness from this man I scarcely knew, "I am deeply sensible of your politeness and very greatly beholden. . . . Would you really consent to take me, Captain Kidd?"

"You shall come aboard the *Sara* sloop along o' me when next I sail—if you will, Mr. Hazlett."

I felt, under the table, Sancia's little foot a-pressing mine; and, "Oh, Lord," she exclaimed, "am I to be bereft as soon as I discover my first gallant?"

"Your first *what!*" cried the captain, and roared with laughter. "Well, now, what have you to say to that, Mr. Hazlett?"—for I own I was taken aback and felt the heat in my face, and scarce knew what countenance to put upon it.

But when I looked into the forlorn gray eyes of Sancia I knew I must have a care lest I hurt her pride and bruise her; for it was plain that the child had taken my playfulness in deadly earnest.

Something of this, too, was apparent to Madam Oort, for she looked upon Sancia with an odd smile of understanding, and said to me: "To part with pleasant friends is always a grief; but that is life, Mr. Hazlett, and our little Sancia must learn, as all are obliged to learn, that nothing lasts on earth."

"You are wrong, Sarah," said the captain, "for you know one thing that shall last as long as I last."

The widow blushed and laughed, and gave him a pretty look, yet admonishing.

SERVANTS brought the silver bowl full of cherries and napkins and basins for all, and we ate the plump ripe fruit and sipped a rich liqueur from Curaçao out of tiny crystal glasses, and ate little crisp cakes.

"Well," said the captain to me, "all men know what your father did to a certain profligate Prince, and all true men approve; and for that, and because I like you, your father's son is welcome in this house—and I would lend him a friendly hand if he cares to take it."

"Sir," I said warmly, "I am deeply conscious of the courtesy and kindness with which I have been received by all under this roof. I never shall forget it, and my poor services are ever at your disposal, together with friendship as steady as the unchanging star you steer by. . . . With your permission, sir, I fill my glass, with all respect and every ardent desire to merit your approval—and I offer you my warmest wishes for that approaching happiness which I cannot choose but perceive is one day to be yours, sir, and to be shared by your lovely and gentle lady."

Madame Oort leaned impulsively toward me in her graceful way and thanked me; and we all drank her happiness, and the captain's. I ventured a glance at Sancia and found her gray eyes on me; and we smiled a separate toast to each other across the candlelight.

Now, from the pipe-rack the captain took his pipe, and a new one; but I did not smoke; so Madame Oort lighted his pipe from a candle; he gave her his arm to the door which led into the garden in the rear; and there they slowly walked away, arm in arm, along a path of white sea-gravel bordered by hollyhocks, carnations, lilies, and roses.

Overhead, large calm stars had come out. It was very still—scarcely a sound in all the city—silence over land and water, and the scent of blossoms tincturing the dark.

Under a cherry tree was a settle; and thither Sancia led me and seated herself, and made me sit beside her.

For a while we were silent, and I watched the faint glow of Captain Kidd's pipe beyond us in the dark where he and his lady were seated in a kind of bower under a thick foliage of grapevine.

At last Sancia said in a woeful voice: "Are you going away to sail the seas, Dirck?"

"I shall have to turn my hand to something, Sancia."

"Why?"

"Because I live but ill on what I have and what I earn."

"But, Dirck, you always can sup with Mother and me and so practice thrift until we marry."

In the dark I felt my face redden.

"Sancia," said I, "when you are of an age to consider such matters you shall have long forgotten me."

"Dirck!" she exclaimed in a piteous voice.

"But, child—"

"Have I not told you I am no child, but know my mind and heart!" she cried. "Dirck, do you not love me?"

"Yes," said I, hastily, "and to distraction; but—"

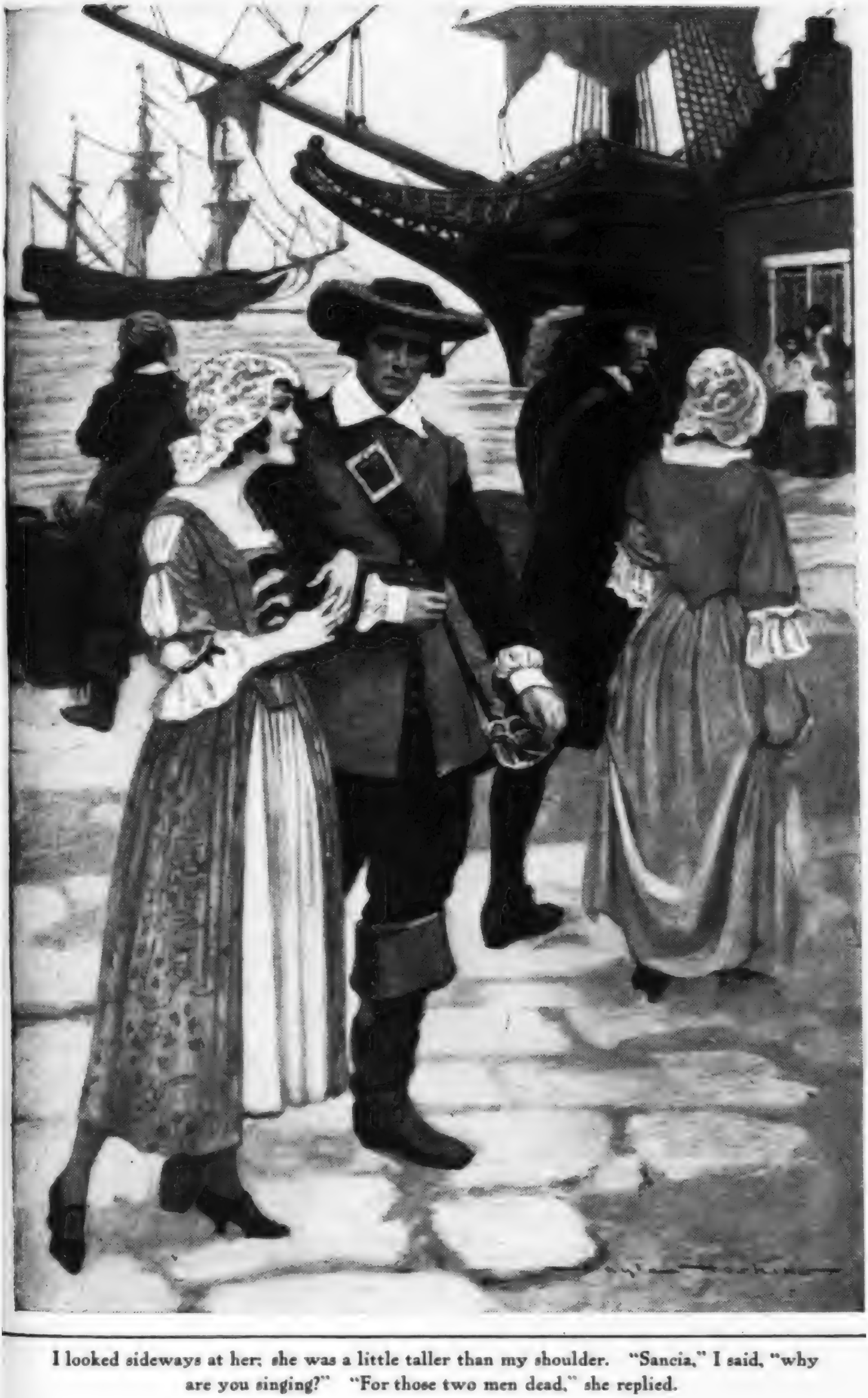
"If I were yet in my cradle I would love you, and know I loved you!" she interrupted hotly. "Today I feel as I shall feel tomorrow! The years that add to my age but increase the flame. It is not only in my heart but in my mind and spirit that I am in love with you. Nothing can change me save only yourself. And if you learn to love me no more, then you may go to the devil!"

So ardent her voice, so fierce and determined her manner, that I durst not make light of it, and was afeared even to smile there in the dusk. Lord! What a fury of childish passion had I awakened with my playful humoring of this little fiery maid! What had crammed her curly pate full of notions that should properly ripen and more occupy her some two years hence?

Well, there was naught for it but to humor her or wound her. That was far more evident than the hair on my upper lip. And time would dissolve such matters with its never failing chemistry.

"Do you love me?" demanded Sancia. "Yes or no. . . . Very well. Will you please to say so, Dirck?"

"Dear chi—dear mistress of my affections," said I, "I do esteem you and am happily in love.



I looked sideways at her; she was a little taller than my shoulder. "Sancia," I said, "why are you singing?" "For those two men dead," she replied.

But I myself am not very old, and I have no wealth and so must mend my fortunes—"

"Dirck!"

"It pleases you?"

"Mother will give me her other house on Broad Street, and a dowry of one hundred half-joes, one hundred doubloons, and three hundred pieces of eight. I have already sixteen petticoats of silk—" she began to count on her slender fingers—"and I have six doublets in velvet and silk, and ten pairs o' hanging sleeves in gold gauze, in gris-de-lin, in puce silk, in feuille-mort and in Bristol. I have six cloaks—one long and scarlet—and three love-hoods. Green stockings I have, and blue and rose, and quilted caps and three close caps of lawn and lace, and three lace stomachers. Shoon I have of fine silk and flowered russet and of white callimanco, and black velvet, white damask, green silk and embroidered. Of fine shifts I have five—"

I could no longer control my laughter; and, "Sancia," said I, "I own one new doublet, one jerkin and another very ragged; and the buff-coat I wear, and shirt and breeches, and a pair o' boots! And what do you make of that for a fashionable sweetheart!"

"Is that truly all?" she asked in an awed voice.

"I forgot my shoulder-belt and sword. . . . And is this the gallant you would wed?"

FOR a full minute, I think, she sat silent in the dark. And of a sudden, then, I felt her arms on my shoulder and her warm sweet cheek and hair against my cheek.

It was her silent answer.

"Well," said I, so surprised and moved that I spoke with difficulty, "—whether you be child or woman, Sancia, you have won from me loyalty and devotion. I have nothing else to offer—"

"Love," she said. "I ask no more."

I would not kiss her on the mouth; I could not, somehow, or even on the cheek or brow. But I lifted her little hands and laid my lips to them very gently.

"You shall think me better and finer than I am if it please you, Sancia. What service I have to give you may count on as upon a brother's—"

"A lover's, you mean; do you not, Dirck?"

"Yes—if it please you—"

"Does it please you, also, to be my lover?"

"I am on my knees to you—"

"Oh! That is well," she said faintly. "That is a most heavenly sentiment for a maid to lean on in days of absence. . . . Dirck?"

"What do you say?"

"Shall your warmth increase with my years?"

"Why—I think so—"

"—Because you have not kissed my lips. . . . I would have you do so—if it please you, also—"

So chaste and still that pure and passionless kiss that the touch of her rose mouth seemed to cleanse me of what sin and evil I had contrived to shoulder at eighteen years.

Very slowly we fell silent, and I with that odd, restful sense of peace that comes with meditation in some calm security after violence and peril. . . . God knows what sweet quiet stole into my mind and heart and soothed my thoughts.

But Sancia was resolving herself into another mood, and she sat upright, now, and bade me look upon her attentively.

"It is midsummer," said she, "and too late for maying; but you shall take me abroad by the Kissing Bridge and we shall eat cherries and early peaches at some pretty bouwerie. Will you do so, Dirck?"

"Will you ride pillion?"

"That I will gladly!" she cried, delighted. "We will journey up over the hills toward the Spuyten Duyvil where we shall stand upon a breezy mound and observe two rivers, the ocean, and the sound—"

"And," said the voice of Captain Kidd from the darkness, "you shall take a glass and make out my great ship, *The Princess of Orange*, merchant, and presently see her weigh anchor and stand for the Empire of the Great Mogul!—that is, if you journey a-horse tomorrow."

He had come up in the starlight with his sweet lady on his arm, and we all stood together there in the garden.

"Bed time," said he, pinching Sancia's cheek. And to me—"You and I will take our pretty convoys back to Wall Street. But—" he gave me a straight look—"Dirck," said he in his frank, blunt way, "a word aside with you—"

When he had led a few paces: "I understand," said he, "that you are well schooled and a scholar. Is it true?"

"I have had instruction beyond mere schooling."

"Dirck," said he, "I offer you a fair wage to become secretary to my affianced wife."

"Sir," said I, astonished.

"You wonder? You need not. The woman I am to marry is lovely, good, accomplished in many arts and graces save only one. Dirck, she has never been taught to write, and must have another's aid to set down household figures or to indite a letter.

"Now, to be at pains to hire some penman is tedious and inconvenient. Before I marry I must needs make another voyage. I do not desire that a hired clerk read the letters that I should receive from my affianced wife. But, Dirck, you are our friend and Sancia's. . . . And as you seem to have some little requirement for funds whilst you are deciding upon a career to embrace, we ventured to hope—Sarah and I—that perhaps you might be so complacent—"

"I will serve her with pleasure, sir—but *for* pleasure only, and shall accept no wage."

"Sir," said he bluntly, "that is gallant but not the path of thrift—"

"No, sir; I shall be happy to use my poor ability to aid your charming lady, but cannot accept a farthing for the honor she does me."

"Well," said Captain Kidd, laughing, "have it your own way. But how ever you are to make a fortune in this world of trade I cannot see. . . . Come, Dirck, you are a most gallant lad and fair. So I yield; but you shall not berate me if I bring you from India a bale or two of trifles! Is it a bargain?"

"I like not those same bales—"

"Ah! Wait till you see them opened!" he cried, still laughing. And, to the widow: "Sarah, you shall have Dirck's services when you will, and he hath said it who tells no lies—and I lie like a nigger if ever he has told a single one in all his life! . . . So; shall we stroll to Wall Street then?"

I bowed and gave my arm to Sancia. It seemed natural and nothing strange that already I was one of this pleasant household.

The captain filled his pipe first, set his tinder a-glow, puffed twice and deeply, then snapping the lid of his silver tinder-box, he gave his hand to his lady and went out through the side door into the flowery lane.

And I, with Sancia close clasping my arm, and feeling her warm cheek against my shoulder, followed through the calm luster of the stars.

MY SMALL house of hewn stone, with its tall and pointed roof of red tiles, its single chimney, and its one story and loft, stood near the corner of Queen Street and Great Queen Street just beyond the city wall. On the corner of these streets was my peach orchard, walled in.

From my doorstep settle I could see the Burghers' Battery of ten guns through the high arched Water-Gate with its weather vane atop. I could see even as far as the *Stadt Huis*, Battery and the slip at the foot of King Street, and part of the Wet Docks beyond, where Dock Street closes Broad Street.

When I looked north I saw a few houses on Great Queen Street, and fields, gardens and wooded hills and water. And many windmills.

New York was a city of windmills in my youth; and these were more plenty then than they are today. On hill, in dale, and vale, by the brookside, by the river, everywhere one saw the four arms of windmills against the sky. And to me it is always a pleasant sight to see, on a fair and breezy day, the sails turning in the sun.

I had no servant. My father had bought a black of Frederick Philipse—or rather of Margaret—who drove a pinch-penny bargain as she always did, and sold my father a runaway. Who, presently, was gone—stolen, or pressed by Phipps, or run off to the Panis—we never knew.

So, now, having no servant, Maddaleen, daughter of Anetje Wyck, who kept a shop on Stone Street, came every morning to clean and make my bed.

And I wished I were rid of her but knew not how to accomplish her dismissal—but, of the girl Maddaleen, later.

Now, this was my mode of life. At the Dark Ship Inn I had for breakfast soup and read a book.

Then, if I had a sword or musket or a pistol to mend, I went home where, in my peach orchard, I had made me a little wooden hut with a forge and tools.

Or, if some young gallant of the city, such as John Livingstone, or Alexander Graham, desired a lesson with rapier—or if some officer of the garrison, or some sea captain, wished to learn a little more than he already knew of thrusts and cuts and parries—then, in my loft, I gave instruction. Which costs a British half-guinea the hour if with broadsword; and a chequin for the same with rapiers.

Sailor men and soldiers with cutlass or hangar could pay in trade-goods if they choose. But of gentlemen I required gold, minted or in grains. And God knows I had some strange gold pieces from seafaring gentlemen in the Red Sea Trade and *On the Account*—privateersmen—as they assured all—with letters of marque and reprisal. But all knew them for what they were when they brought in their prizes of their strange bales o' goods smelling of the Grand Mogul and of Spain and Madagascar and Hispanola.

Every week and oftener these brigantines and ships and snows and galleys and sloops came in to New York port, and often with French, Spanish, Portuguese, or Moorish prizes; and always with strange cargo aboard and strange gold in bags, whether England was at war or not.

Always these seafaring folk were to be seen on the water front along Dock and Great Queen Streets, and by the Wet Docks and Whitehall Battery, along the Postern Gate from the North-west Block House to Leisler's Battery.

They were strange folk for the most, in their plumed hats or scarlet caps, their doublets, jackets, bright sashes and short white breeches over boots of every description.

Now, it was not always so simple to tell at a glance whether a man, by his dress and deportment, might be an honest merchant, a licensed privateer, a man-o'-war's man, or some gentleman in the Red Sea Trade, lately out o' Madagascar, and *On the Account*—or so to speak.

No, one could not always be sure save in

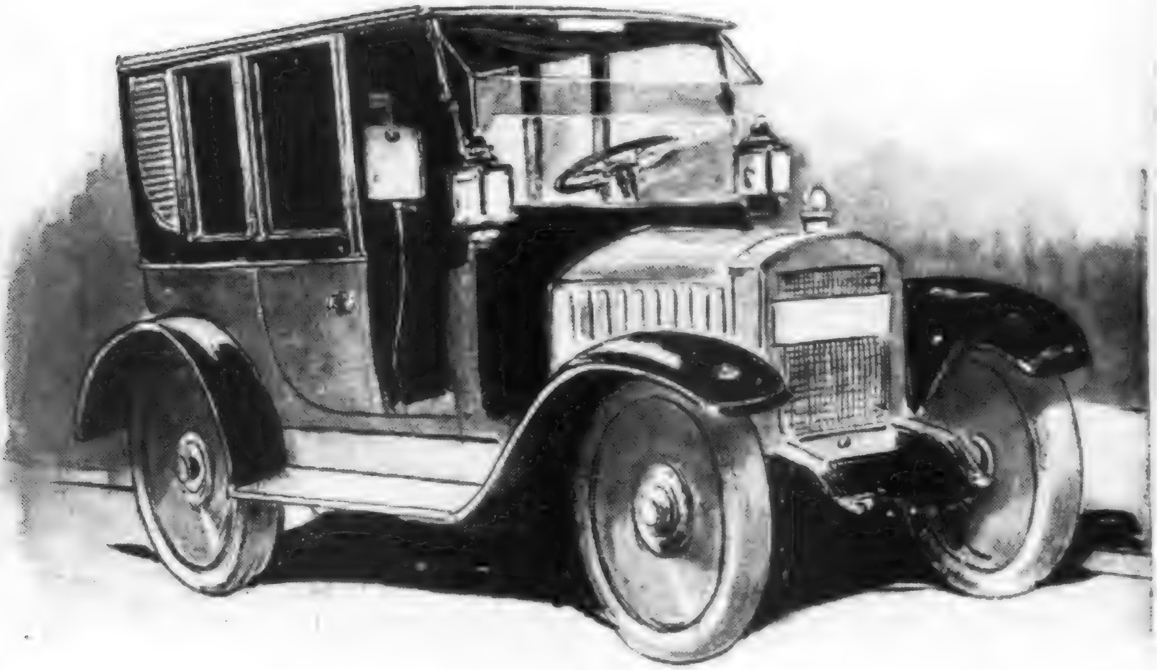
[*Continued on page 140*]

by
Edwin Palmer

Taxi

Illustrated
by Tony Sarg

A Broadway cab-driver takes a
and becomes enmeshed



"What! What's this?" he sputters. "Pipe down, simp," I says, "an' welcome

"SAY Buddy," explodes silent Red Murphy to me one mornin'. The air is pretty frosty an' we're leavin' the garage about three bells. I'm just finished tellin' him the details about a stick-up I seen pulled off down on Third Ave.

"Say it, Chatterbox," I kids. You know Red only opens his mouth to eat an' smoke.

"I don't want you to get sore when I tell you somethin'," he goes on. "But if I knowed as much as you an' could spread it the same way, I'd spread it on paper an' take it to one o' these true-story books. You might get some jack."

"Yeah," I says, "meanin' that most of what I been tellin' you is the bunk, hey?"

"Nix, kid," he comes back, "nuttin' of the kind. Le's go in the Greek's for coffee where I can talk some more."

"You must be fergettin' I got a reg'lar wife waitin' for me that can give the Greek aces and beat him makin' coffee. Some day I'm gonna bring you up to the house an' blow you to a real feed."

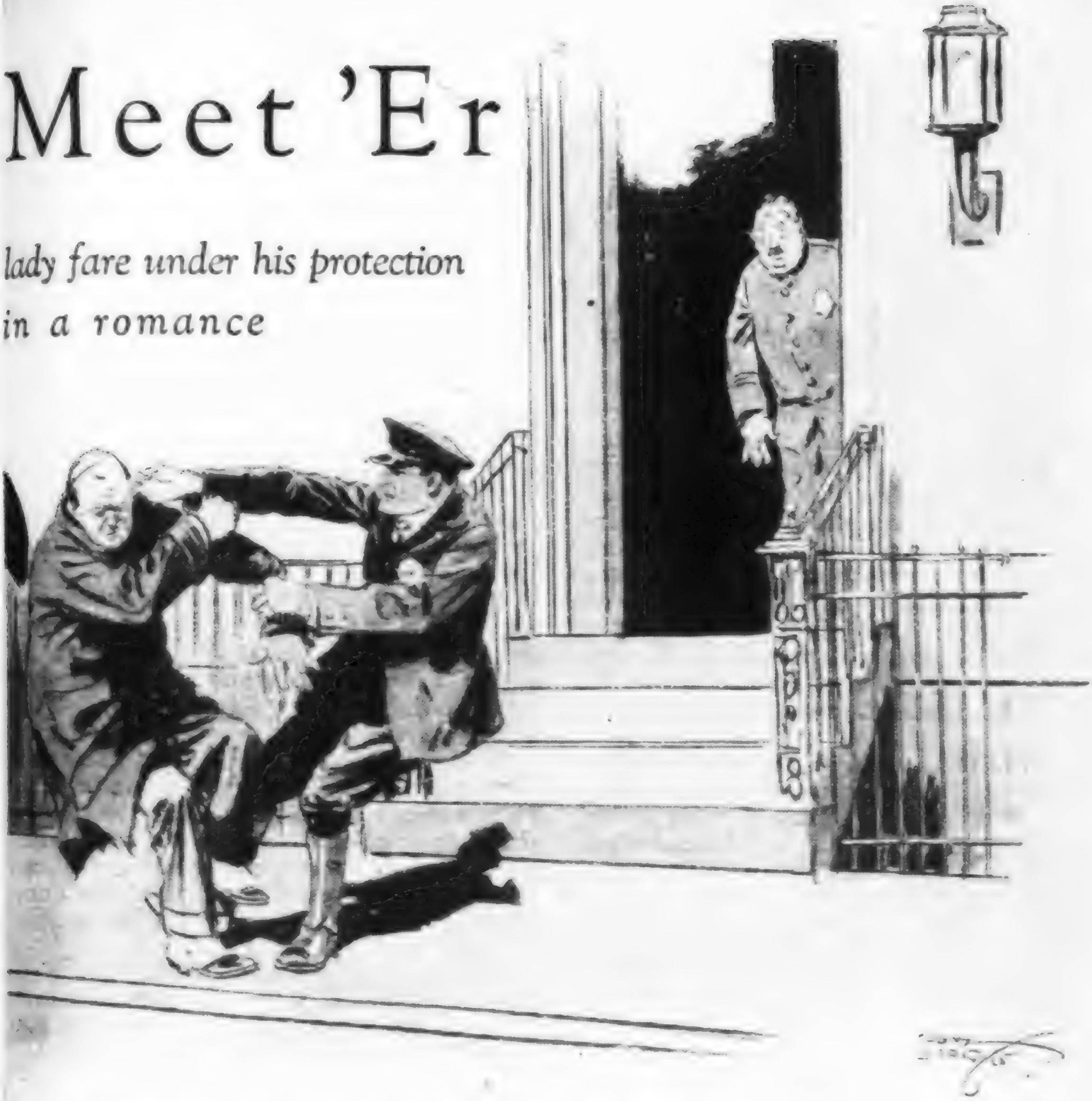
"O. K. by me," says Red, "well, s'long."

"Over the river!" I yells an' grabs a crosstown that takes me to where I spend all I got includin' my spare time. An' right here I figure I better give you the low down on how I happen to have a flat an' a police dog to keep the wolves from stealin' a mean frau.

Course you know by this time what I am. It ain't often you can say you read somethin' by a bandit, escaped convict, gunman, thug an' confidence men rolled in one. So right away you say this is gonna be good. I must be all of these aforementioned crooks because the best people in this little village says so. They repeat quite frequent that Jesse James was a piker compared with us cab-drivers. And when nobody is around to hear 'em repeat it

Meet 'Er

lady fare under his protection
in a romance



home." With that I drag 'im in by the ear like he's got jam all over 'im.

they sits down an' sends it in the mail to their favorite publication, the Daily Blues. Oh no, they don't say it to our face. When they say anythin' at all to me its only a simple request that I shoot 'em from Bronx Park to the Aquarium in seventeen minutes. An' the apple sauce spilled at 'em times is "my good man," or words to the same effects. An' even when I know it can't be done all I gotta do is try which means that Pete the Penman fills out a nice little Annie Oakley. 'Course I don't mind that as the passenger invariably goes up to court in my place an' pays the fine. Yes he does! A word meanin' laff in twelve letters. But now I gotta hit the line again an' tell you about the wife.

You see, I got my own cab an' I'm bookin' good. Reg'lar club-stand at 57th an' Fifth Avenoo. I'm alone see, an' I'm doin' a fourteen hour trick for a while which means about six pounds a day if I don't go over sixty miles "on the nut." Well, I'm after the first call the day I makes the last payment on the new boiler an' I'm feelin' K. O. as I'm rollin' north past Penn Station. The traffic is heavy an' seein' calls picked up ahead I "crashes in" watchin' close. I gotta work fast pickin' a fare in this line or I get a ticket. The next minute, I got the door open an' as sweet-lookin' a frill as I wanta see throws in a bag, hops in herself an' I'm askin'—"Where to, Miss?"

"The Hotel St. George," she tells me an' we're off.

This is the best call I could pick up. I'm headin' for the stand anyway and here I get a fare that's goin' just half a block from there. An' most times when I get the breaks like this I open right up with a song but today I'm actin' funny and I even notice it myself. I had only one peep at this jane in the cab but I'm drivin' the bus so careful it makes me feel queer. I can't believe that one look at any dame I never lamped before can make me a candidate in the "Who's Loony Now" contest. Well, I sets her down at the hotel safe and sound. It couldn't be otherwise and she slips me a tip that is worth all I'll get in a week. The tip is a smile and it's such a winner that I still think the boiler's hittin' all six after I know I took my foot off the gas. Which you might say is kinda peculiar when I'm supposed to be as hard-boiled as they make 'em in the hackin' business. Well, they say lightnin' hits some strange guys.

I pretends to fuss around the bus like I got a star off the wheel or somethin' just to see this queen with the natural complexion an' on-the-level look push her way in the St. George.

Y'know I gotta see plenty of these women, both plain an' fancy, while I'm runnin' a cab an' I see 'em, what I mean. All kinds an' colors an' I'll say they can pull some funny stuff. So it ain't very often I gives one of 'em a second tumble. But this one! I'm forgettin' to eat reg'lar on accounta watchin' for her. An' it's three nights after droppin' her at the hotel that I collects the reward.

I'M PULLIN' away from the stand to cruise Broadway for an hour an' right in the middle of the block I get a signal. I pulls up an' opens the door.. Who is it takin' the ride but my jane an' a bloke about fifty. 'Course with her present an' lookin' like a million bucks I can't see him, but just one fast peek an' I can't say I got a crush on him. He's got a bum pair of lamps an' they're set too close together to make a hit with me. Get me right. I ain't jealous but forgettin' his nifty soup an' fish he looks to me like a shifty that spends other peoples' money an' lots of time layin' low.

"Gaghetti's," he says, "West Fourth Street."

I slams the door, kick the button an' we travel. All the way to the village I'm tryin' to figure out if it's a hunch I got on this bird or is my memory kiddin'. But we arrive an' I don't make any headway decidin' yes or no. I don't think much of this Gaghetti joint either. It's nothin' but a high-priced gin-mill.

"Here, my man," he says, handin' me a pound, "keep the change and you may call here at twelve o'clock. We will be returning at that time."

Somethin' tells me I don't want his dough but business is business an' he might turn me in for refusin' a tip.

So eight bells finds me waitin' outside burnin' up a lot of smokes an' tryin' to keep warm. About an hour late they exit and it looks to me like they been havin' a pretty stiff argument. She's pale but her lamps is bright and the bozo acts like he's half barreled. He tries to smooth things over, takes her arm an' talks in her ear, which she cuts him off quick. When she sees me, an' I ain't kiddin', her face lights up like a church. After that one false move an' this flat tire goes right into the state of coma.

So I shoots 'em back to the St. George an' he does fairly good on the way mindin' his own business. Y'see I got a little private mirror that tells me what's doin' in the rear an' it come in handy lots o' times. I don't mean to satisfy curiosity but to save my own personal skull. Anyway the lady gets out an' says good-night to the bozo. She gives me another smile an' goes in. I slides open a window.

"Where to?" I growls.

"East to First Avenue and north till I tell you to stop."

An' I stare at 'im popeyed. He's sober as a judge; not pickled a-tall.

"Ha! Ha!" I says to myself like the comedian, "Ma-unkey business!" An' I reaches behind me to make sure the jack-handle is in the right place.

Well, where does he call for the brakes but almost in front of one of the worst easy-speakin' dives on the East Side. Then he asks me how much an' comes across but makes the tip on the first trip go for the evenin'. With that he starts away but turns on me again.

"One minute," he says, "I don't know who you are or anything about you but to be frank I kind of like your looks and I think we may be able to make a deal together. You seem to me like a reliable man and right now my business calls for the services of just that, a man I can trust. Would you like to make some good money?"

"Who wouldn't?" I comes back, "but it all depends. I ain't totin' any booze in this bus."

"If you do, why don't let me catch you at it," he sorta sneers "because my business is legitimate plus. And if I see you're the man I want after a trial I can offer you a flat rate of fifty dollars for two hours' use of you and your car on three or four evenings of each week." He stops long enough to let this much sink in, then he says: "So if you think you'll be interested give me your name and 'phone but understand the man I want must be strictly on the level."

With that he throws back his lapel to let me lamp a gold shield an' this stunt gets me good.

"Call Plaza 0166," I snaps, "any time. Leave your call for Van Riper; that's me. I'm always on the job an' what I start I finish."

"Good," he winds up, "you'll hear from me."

An' nothin' 'll suit this baby better than that, I says to myself as I'm rollin' home. I'm satisfied, havin' got what I wanted; a good square look at old Bozo Sly-Face as I calls him. An' it's enough to get me out the next mornin' in time to go down for a slant at last week's files of the *Courier*. Now if I do say so myself it takes a lot to discourage me when I'm hot on anythin'. But I'm just about willin' to pass up this hunt for a bad job when I spot somethin'. It's a picture of a guy that's convicted about a month ago of usin' up the mail with a bum scheme for stealin' jack from the poor. An' on the way to the cooler this guy gets away. He's wanted, what I mean, a real A. W. O. L. an' that stands for lots of things. But what sorta fazes me, the bird in the picture flaunts an awnin' over his restaurant an' wears a sharp pointed goatee. Old Sly-Face that I been ridin' is without foliage. So then I decide to make one more play. I looks up Ed. McManus. He's an inside man on the *Courier* an' I know him for years.

"What's up, Bill?" he says. "Get it off the chest, old man."

A reg'lar feller, Ed is an' I shows 'im the picture.

"Ed," I says, "is they any way you can help me get an idea how this bird'd look with a clean shave? I'm playin' a hunch."

"BILL," he grins, takin' the picture, "you got Sherlock Holmes backed into a neutral corner." He looks it over careful meanwhile passin' me a smoke. "Tell you what," he says, "I'll have a good job done on it and see you on my way home. If you're out on a call I'll leave it with Danny. How's that; O. K.? I mean is it time enough?"

"It's the darb, Ed," I says, "an' you know, any time I can—"

"Beat it, you sap," laffs Ed, "can't you see I'm busy?"

With that I blows back uptown an' gets the bus. I do a coupla calls before it gets dark an' when I pulls in from the last one I finds the picture plus alterations waitin' for me. Well if it ain't a close-up of old Sly-Face I'll do a nose-dive off the Statue o' Liberty. An' with me it's a safe bet that whatever he's tryin' to pull off is somethin' shady an' also he likes nothin' better than to make monkeys out of all loose saps which he thinks includes me an' the lady in the St. George. Then I hafta grin when I thinks what a mess somebody'll be obliged to clean up when I get this bird with the goods. So I keep my lamps peeled on account I might see the queen come out of the hotel an' if I do it's up to me to try an' negotiate a conference, that is, if I can get away with it. But I'm outa luck an' I'm still watchin' from the stand the next night when Danny, the starter, whistles for me at the corner.

"Van Riper up!" he yells out, an' I beat it.

"A call?" I asks 'im an' he hands me a slip.

"One-twenty-one an' Third Avenue," he tells me, "eight o'clock. You'll just about make it easy."

I hop in, kick the starter an' slide for the corner.

"Danny," I calls out over my shoulder, "if you don't see me by eight bells an' I don't ring, give the cops my number an' tell 'em to watch out for the cab."

In twenty minutes I'm keepin' the date an' right on the dot up comes old Sly-Face himself. If I had any doubts before, they're gone now. This is the bozo that's wanted, all right all right.

"Glad to see you're as good as your word," he says to me, gettin' in. "Proceed west to Madison then north to a Hundred and Thirtieth. Stop at the south-east corner."

It takes about four minutes to do this much. I pulls up at the curb an' a pair of sly dogs climb in without a mutter, makin' three of a kind.

"Where to?" I growls, startin' up again. Old Sly-Face leans toward me.

"Just roll along anywhere, my man," he says, "but keep track of the time. We must be near Boston Road and One hundred sixty-eighth Street at nine o'clock."

This don't listen so good to me but I'm a good waiter if I'm gettin' paid for it. So I dawdles the bus up into the Bronx takin' my time an' thinkin' hard between streets. The time flies an' when I slow up at the corner of Boston Road an' One-Sixty-fourth I got ten minutes to go. Bozo himself gets out an' beckonin' to me shoves a twenty into my hand.

"You drive around and park halfway in the next block, that's One Sixty-fifth. Park halfway on the north side, that's facing west. Wait there 'till we come and don't forget this. *Keep the motor running.* Get me?"

"Yeah," I says, like it's the usual request. "A fast start, huh?"

"Correct," he answers. "We're Federal officers and we've four different raids scheduled for tonight. That's the main reason we have to travel fast from one place to the next. After our first one the word is passed on and if we don't make it snappy they close up before we get there. Understand? So keep your engine running."

I tries to look like I'm fond of his company, but it's a tough job.

"Always on the job, that's me."

"Right," he says, an' they stroll away leavin' me to wait for 'em. It's a good chance for me to dope out how I can pull off my own little stunt, but I don't know how things is goin' to work out so I can only hold everythin' for a while till the opportunity breezes along. However they's one thing sure, I decides as I mosey around the block. I'm goin' to shanghai this bird somehow or lose a leg before I hit the hay.

Well, about fifteen minutes passes an' here they come, but they're walkin' along careless like which is what I can't figure out. I had 'em pictured fightin' for first place in the stretch. They pile in.

"Downtown," says Sly-Face, "Ninety-first. Stop half a block west of Lexington." An' he slips me ten more. All the way I can hear this sterlin' trio confabbin' under their breaths, but

I can't translate. Once more I pulls up as per instructions an' they all exit.

"I guess you know what to do this time," says one of the other birds. I nods an' they head east. About ten seconds after they turn the corner I'm squintin' around it an' I just spot the three of 'em goin' into a gin-mill, Sly-Face in the rear. I crosses over to where I can take it all in an' still reach the bus first when they show. Well, I'm watchin' that door close about two cigarets when I hear somethin' that tells me the fun began. Two shots quick an' what sounds like lots of glassware goin' bad. Then out comes Sly-Face like a streak an' alone. I beats him to the bus by a nose.

"Go!" he snorts, wavin' his arms, "go like hell, anywhere!" An' I went, what I mean!

BUT what hits old Sly-Face in a tenderspot is that I don't head for a place that'll please him the most. He don't realize that he gets five diff'rent opportunities in the same number of blocks to keep from reachin' a ripe old age. An' when kinda groggy myself I jams down the brakes, the bus stops dead at Harlem Headquarters.

"All out!" I yells.

"What! What's this?" he sputters.

"Pipe down, simp," I says, "an' welcome home." With that I drag 'im in by the ear like he's got jam all over 'im.

An hour later I'm crashin' the line for a theater call an' still chucklin' at the look on the poor goop's face when them Harlem bulls gather round an' start askin' 'im questions. Altogether it ain't a bad night an' just one peek at the lady in the St. George'd finish it up proper. But that's askin' too much, so after inhalin' a few orders of apple pie an' milk at the Greek's, I hit the well known hay.

Now usually I sleep late but somethin' whispers to me that I'm missin' a trick if I do the next mornin' so nine o'clock finds me passin' the St. George just in time to spot the one I'm hopin' to see step out bright an' shiny an' hop into a cab. I guess it must be the fact that she's totin' a grip that gives me a start. Looks to me somehow like she's packin' in. Then I'm glad I climbed into the best scenery I own because it gives me extra courage an' I flop into the next hack tellin' the driver to keep his eye on the one ahead. About ten blocks south her cab stops an' gettin' out she pays off. While I'm doin' the same, she disappears inside an office buildin', so they's nothin' left for me except play sentry till she comes out. I got my mind made up to slip her the info I think she might be lookin' for. She's only inside about five minutes when out she comes an' lookin' pretty hopeless. It's my play an' I doff the Kelly but I ain't ever takin' a chance. She spots me at the same time.

"Why, good mornin," she says, an' droppin' the bag holds out the fin I love to touch.

"The same to you, Miss," I gulps, "an' I hope you'll excuse me for hornin' in where I got no business; but I seen somethin' last night I figured you might want to know about."

"I'm sure I can't imagine what it was," she comes back, still smilin'. "I don't know a soul in New York except Mr. Merry and—and you."

"Thanks," I grin back. "By Mr. Merry you don't mean the bird you was ridin' with in my cab the other night?"

"Yes," she murmurs, "that's him. His office is in this building and I've been here now for three mornings, but he is still away. He must be out of town, I guess."

"Well," I says, "I can't help speakin' right out knowin' what I do. That tramp's name isn't Merry any more, it's Mud. I mean, that's the one he's entitled to most. An' last night I has the extreme pleasure of puttin' him where the dogs can't bark at 'im. Out of town, is right."

"You don't mean he's arrested," she queries.

"That's what they call it sometimes," I tells her, "an' I might as well tell you he's an escaped crook of the worst kind an' I have to laff when I think of a song I heard once that fits him good. It's about the diff'rent things a guy did an' the chorus goes:—'he's in the jail-house now.'"

She looks at me steady but her mouth trembles an' her voice is kinda shaky when she says: "I don't know that I feel much like breaking out in song but I can't very well cry here, can I? So I guess I'll—" an' blamed if she don't hum—"follow the swallow back home."

"Beg your pardon, Miss," I says, "there's one thing more."

"Yes," she agrees, "one thing left. That is, I can still walk to Grand Central and send a telegram."

Which is exactly what she does with me polin' along totin' the grip. At the station she hustles over to send a wire an' I squat on a bench thinkin' things over. In a few minutes she's back an' we find two seats in the waitin' room. I guess I act kinda fidgety on account I got somethin' to say but don't know how to say it.

"Well," I finally blurts out, "my name's Van Riper. They call me Bill an' I'm sorry to see you get such a tough break. I don't know as it'll interest you but I been kinda lookin' out for you ever since you got in my cab at Penn Station."

Then I glance at her like I'm gettin' a good start an' forget where the brake is.

"It was very kind of you, I'm sure," she says, "but things are bound to happen of course, that none of us can figure out beforehand. I'm known in Dubuque, Iowa as Fanny Wilmot."

"That's a long walk," I suggest. "Might I ask how come you're sightseein' in New Yokr all by your lonesome, Miss Wilmot?"

"That's easy," she explains. "They went and handed me the first prize in a contest back home so I simply had to spend the money. Of course everybody likes to come to New York sometime and there you are."

"H-m," I says, "a local beauty contest, I s'pose."

She stares at me hard an' then starts a laff that sounds like music to me.

"Oh! Mr. Van Riper, that's too funny for anything. Me win a beauty contest."

"Why not?" I butts in. "You can enter one for my money any time."

"No it couldn't be," she says. "They lied to me and said I made the best bread and pies in Iowa."

I guess I look kinda sheepish at that one.

"WELL, Miss Wilmot," I says, decidin' to take the bull by the horns, "pie is one of my failin's, but right now I'm goin' to ask a personal question. In one way it's none of my business so you don't need to answer it if you don't want to."

"Shoot if you must," she responds.

"Well, how much did this bird Merry nick you for?"

"I admit I can't keep a secret," she says, her eyes kinda misty, "so I'll tell you. I paid him two hundred in advance for the course he advertised. 'Stage dancing taught in six lessons,'" she quotes sarcastic, "and I—I loaned him a hundred more."

"Oh boy!" I says, "can you 'magine? An' they shoot men like Lincoln. Well, never mind I got some real news for you now."

"Good news is all I can stand right now," she says, an' I guess she means it.

"That's what this is," I announce. "They is only a select few that gets even in Sucker Town but I'm glad to say that you're one."

"Gets even," she repeats, wide-eyed. "You mean I'll get it back?"

"Y'see its like this," I explain, "I'm gettin' one large juicy grand, a thousan' smackers for bringin' this Merry to the jail-house an'—"

"But Mr. Van Riper, I—"

"One moment, Madam," I says, "I know you don't want any part of it, but when this Mutt is pinched they find about ten grand in his kick. Now to save you from any embarrassments, I'll give you a check for three hundred providin' you make out an alfred david that this bird has the same amount belongs to you, see. Then I go down, collect an' we're both all set. Easy, ain't it? Fact is, I'm the only one can lose."

"You?"

"Sure. You'll prob'ly grab a sleeper back to Iowa. Then where do I get off?"

"Bill Van Riper," she says, "you're a peach. And if there weren't so many people around I'd —I'd kiss you."

"Well," I grins, "I'm used to crowds, but if you wanta make that a promise, it don't make me mad."

"Then under the circumstances," she says, "I guess I'll have to stay here a few weeks longer."

"You got my permission," I says, "an' any time you want any strong arm work done you know who to ask. It'll be a pleasure. An' hadn't you better send another wire sayin' you don't need the jack after all?"

She chuckled.

"Is there anything you don't think of?" she asks me. "I didn't send any wire yet. I only pretended to, I was still hoping."

Can you touch that one?

"Well, I'll be goin'," I says, "you know where to find me any time an' as long as I gotta think of everythin', in case you wanta leave the St. George I can show you a number-one place to board near where I'm livin' an' you hafta know somebody to get in."

She stares at me hard for about a minute.

"I must attend to this at once," she says, "kindly take me there immediately."

Well, the followin' Sunday I happens in to Mother Higgins's for dinner then I goes to a movie in the evenin'. Y'know I never go to a movie alone so that explains why I go to this one. The next Sunday we take the excursion to Philly. A week later we try the one to Washington. Then I suggest we take in Atlantic City for a week. When I spring it, her eyes look as big as them peace dollars.

"William Van Riper," she says, "do you mean it?"

"Surest thing you know," I says. "We can beat it down to the City Hall an' get all set early enough Saturday mornin' to make a train that'll get us there for dinner."

The next minute I know I'm goin' to see Atlantic City all right an' I don't expect to be lonesome. So I guess you can't blame me right now for braggin' that I get the best "coffee and" east of the Mississippi.

An' what's more she's always springin' somethin' new on me when I breeze in kinda fagged about three G. M. like this mornin'. Bum, the pup almost knocks me for a loop an' then I gets one of these hugs you read about.

"Bill Van Riper!" she says, while I smother.

"That's me, old dear," I says. "Shoot!"

"Don't be cross will you, when I tell you I squandered twenty-five whole dollars today for a bassinet?"

"You did, huh?" I pretends to growl. "Well, what of it. Twenty-five bucks ain't so much. But what in—what the—what's a bassinet? A new kind of a lid?"

"Why, you big prune, you," she says, glarin' at me. "A bassinet is a small-sized taxi."

Holy Hannah! Squandered?

A Skyscraper Schoolmaster

Doctor John G. Bowman, Chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh, adds the world's first skyscraper university to a series of astonishing accomplishments in and out of educational fields

by Elizabeth Gertrude Stern

BIG jobs are nothing new to Doctor Bowman, who is still in his forties. Twenty-five years ago he advocated a radical change in college entrance examinations, now widely adopted. Later he classified all the colleges in the United States for the Carnegie Foundation. He is the man who created the American College of Surgeons, changed the hospital standards of America and, after a long and bitter fight, scotched the practise of fee splitting among doctors. A man who "keeps his feet on the ground while he looks at the rainbow," he is now administrator of a university that will strive to raise boys and girls to their highest level of happiness and usefulness. Dr. Bowman is its inspiration.

FROM the bridge overlooking the Monongahela, black and satiny at night, still as a mirror, one sees the magic of Pittsburgh, the city of steel. On the water lies reflected a lane of fire and flame, burning from furnaces in mills and factories where steel and glass for the whole world are melted, where all the wealth of some ancient city is created here as part of one day's work. It is a lane of fire never darkened, by night or day.

Two groups of people are the artisans of this magnificence: one the workingmen, thousands upon thousands of them, Hungarians and Slavs, and the other, the descendants of that stock which built the city, plowed its fields long ago, erected its schools, put up its churches, laid out the winding hilly streets, created the wealth pouring now to all parts of the earth—the Scotch-Irish. Canny and hard-headed are these folks—sobriety, industry, caution, saving, their characteristics.

Yet it is in this city, and through the captured imagination of its Scotch-Irish businessmen and manufacturers, and because of the ardent faith of its immigrant citizens, that the amazing conception already famous as the "Cathedral of Learning" has found being. It is a group of men of this caliber that has been persuaded to carry out, in stone and in steel, the dream of a young man still in his forties, John Gabbert Bowman, Chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh. This autumn they are breaking ground in Pittsburgh for a college structure that may change the whole concept of educational architecture. This structure will be fifty-two stories high; the students will reach their classes by elevators; its formation will be of steel and its walls of stone. It is to cost ten million dollars. The men who are sponsoring this extraordinarily new idea in college building are not easy men to influence or to win. On the Board of Trustees are Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, his brother R. B. Mellon, Governor Gifford Pinchot, Senator David A. Reed, Benjamin Thaw, Howard Heinz, Hamilton Stewart, and Homer D. Williams, head of the Carnegie Steel Company. It is to be another of the astonishing series of accomplishments John Bowman's dreams have achieved.

Here is another one of the young chancellors and presidents who are of late becoming such a vital influence in the American colleges. His particular qualities are three: a vivid enthusiasm and the gift to express and impart it—personality, the ability to see big issues—the gift of large vision, and the power to direct men and events—the gift of organizing and administering. As a matter of fact, he brings to the field of education those gifts hitherto regarded as the characteristics of the "big man" in business.

He is a tall man, slight, with a narrow

[*Continued on page 168*]

Dr. John E. Bowman began life on an Iowa farm forty-eight years ago. At seventeen he realized an early ambition by becoming the teacher of a little prairie school. At thirty-four he was president of a university. As Chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh he is the moving spirit behind a fifty-two story cathedral of learning, a structure "with more power, spirit of achievement and reverence than has ever before been attempted in the world."

"Blood will tell" might be displayed over the rules for handling Hamburg Place thoroughbreds. The slogan underlies all John E. Madden's success.

FOR THE GUIDANCE OF EMPLOYES OF HAMBURG PLACE

John E. Madden was born Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, began his working life a athletic trainer. When possibilities in horse breed first attracted him, he switch his activities to the blue-g region of Kentucky and been identified with that mous thoroughbred nursery over thirty years. There has gradually built up the tw thousand - eight - hundred - a estate, Hamburg Place, kno wherever horses are know Mr. Madden's unsurpassed r ord with racing horses is exceptional that winning classic Kentucky Derby fi times is merely a detail in career. Millions have b spent by men whose ambit was to win it once in a lifeti

He's Won 6,000 Horse Races

John E. Madden, with a matchless record for producing winning thoroughbreds, tells how race horses are bred, what makes them run, and why blood will tell—in human beings as well as horses

by Walter S. Hiatt

DO YOU know that all modern thoroughbreds are descended from three famous horses? That of the two parents, the quality of the sire is much the more important in determining the character of the offspring? That our knowledge of the inheritance of human characteristics may be modified by the results of experiments in horse breeding? That Mendel's law of inheritance is subject to change when applied to certain mammals? These are some of the questions discussed publicly for the first time by an unsurpassed master in a school where quick oblivion is the fate of those who are unsuccessful.

EVERYBODY loves a winner. Thousands of race fans go wild as the winning horse goes flashing past the judges' stand. One race may bring fame. Once, back in 1780, there was a speedy thoroughbred called Diomed. His name is immortal as the winner of one race alone, the first English Derby. Here in this country right now is a man whose horses have in the last eight years won two thousand six hundred and ninety-eight races! His name is John E. Madden, super-maker of winners. And boiled down to one sentence his secret is just this: "Blood will tell."

The whole fascinating story of just how blood tells is hard to get from Mr. Madden. He doesn't like to talk. He hasn't time. And besides he has to dodge people so much, it has become almost a habit. It is easy to see why this is so. Wherever the horse is known, John E. Madden is known. And whenever they talk about winners, they talk about him, and try to remember things he has said. This makes for silence on the part of Mr. Madden. But once, at any rate, he did talk fascinatingly on the subject nearest his heart.

He was shoeing a horse when I finally found him. You may not know that he is one of the most expert horse-shoers in the country. This fact helped me to get him to talk about horses. It had been a long, hard chase to find him. I hadn't seen Mr. Madden since I was a boy in Kentucky and he was laying the foundation of his astonishing career. I had written him without answer. I had tried to find him at his hotel. Although known by sight to every bell-hop in the country, it was denied that he stopped there.

I went to the track. At the club house they said: "Why, he was here just a little while ago. He's gone now." Madden is inevitably, incurably "just gone." I went to the paddock. "Why, he ought to be around here, he just went by not long ago," they said. I went to his stables.

There he was shoeing a horse called Blue Ridge. He looked over his glasses a moment, shook hands and turned back to his work. It was fascinating to see the fine points of horseshoeing as he illustrated them. You must shoe a race horse so that the thin metal of the fine racing shoe cannot hurt the tender parts of the foot and will still hold fast under the terrific speed. He toyed with the horse's foot, fitting and refitting the shoe. Then he told the darky groom to lead the horse in. He would refit the shoe just before the race next morning.

That was the beginning of many talks with Mr. Madden about horses and about their performances at Saratoga, Belmont and other tracks all over the country. Just remember that last year horses he owned or bred won three hundred and eighteen races. It means a lot to win that many races on the big tracks.

Man-o'-War won only eighteen big ones—Domino but nineteen. The Stanleys, the family of the thirteenth Lord Derby who founded the famous Derby Stakes in 1780 at Epsom in

Hamburg Place, with its two thousand eight hundred acres of blue-grass, is the largest place in Kentucky, if not anywhere, devoted to the thoroughbred. Star Shoot (in the circle) is one of the unsolved mysteries of horse breeding. He was America's leading sire for five years. His daughters are wonderful brood mares and no thoroughbred nursery is complete without one. Yet so far all his sons have been failures. No one knows why.

England and won the event in 1787 with a horse named Sir Peter Teazle, tried vainly for a hundred and thirty-six years to win again. Another Lord Derby, the seventeenth, did it last year with Sansovino. Lord Rosebery, the English statesman and scholar, was said to have achieved his three great ambitions when he married the richest heiress in England, became prime minister, and won the "Darby" once.

The life ambition of many an American millionaire with big stables has been to win but one race which, with all his wealth, he could not do. One such man has tried in vain for fifteen years to win the Kentucky Derby. John E. Madden has won the Kentucky Derby four times and it is merely one detail in his racing career.

For eight years he has stood at the head of all Americans who breed and race horses. *Racing Form* puts it this way: "During the past eight years horses bred by John E. Madden have won a total of 2,698 races, a record probably unsurpassed anywhere." And behind it stands the greater total, from first to last during his career, of some six thousand races won, with about ten thousand seconds and ten thousand thirds. With it, moreover, goes an equally notable record with trotting horses. Is it any wonder that when this man talks about horses he speaks with authority? He might well be called King of the "Sport of Kings."

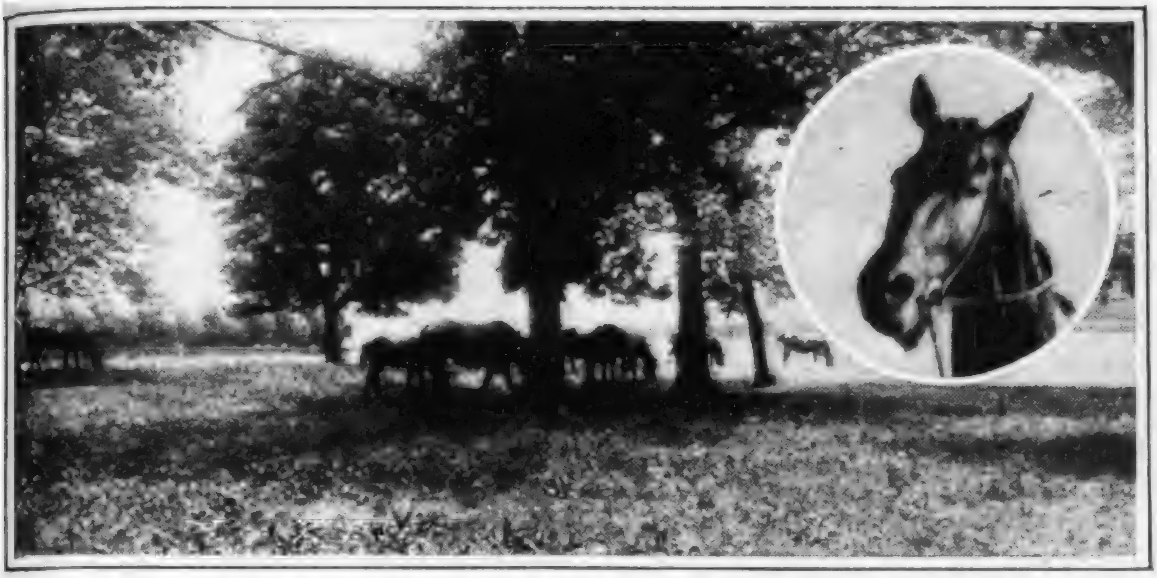
He Never Forgets a Horse

John E. Madden is remarkable in little things. Probably he realizes they are not as little as they seem. Besides being a master horse-shoer he is an expert at all the other arts and crafts a man who takes care of horses must practice. In his mind he carries constantly the individual condition of anywhere from four to five hundred valuable horses. Is it any wonder that the notices sent out about the Madden horses at Hamburg Place, Kentucky, state that "correspondence will not be entertained?"

Fortunately Mr. Madden is of powerful physique, or he could not do what he does. He is the most active man I have ever known. Every morning he is up around four o'clock and by daylight he is in the stable or in the pasture or at the track, watching his horses. This continues all day. By nine o'clock in the evening he has gone to bed, still thinking about horses just as he got up thinking about them.

For thirty-four years he has been doing this, watching, studying horses. Once this veteran sees a horse, whether his own or another man's, he has mentally photographed it for keeps. He never forgets a horse; he can't. Mr. Madden must carry in his eye an accurate picture of thousands and thousands of blooded horses.

Think of some of the thoroughbreds this man has bred or owned or handled. Zev, the famous, winner of the international race of 1923, was bred by him. Zev's winnings as a three-year-old aggregated two hundred and ninety-six thousand six hundred and seventy-three dollars. Gray Lag, winner of the Metropolitan, Brooklyn, Suburban, Excelsior and many other big stake races, is another of Mr. Madden's horses. So were Hamburg, The Finn, Sir Martin, Sir Barton, Oceanic, Paul Jones. So was Irish Lad, winner of ninety-nine thousand two hundred and fifty dollars in stakes and the sire of many winners in Europe. King James, winner of over one hundred thousand dollars, was yet another, and on it goes through a long list of thoroughbreds. Just as carefully he has built up his



This is the heart of the district in Kentucky that has produced the most perfect speed machine among domestic animals through breeding methods that have changed the type noticeably in relatively few years. The Madden farm is the home of an all-star list of blue blooded horse families that have made racing history here and abroad. Irish Lad, for instance (in the circle), founded a line of sensational European winners.

trotting strains. In the fall of 1907 this builder of blooded families purchased the world famous Nancy Hanks, named for the mother of Abraham Lincoln, and sent her to join the brood mare ranks at Hamburg Place. Among the greatest Madden trotters have been Soprano, Tanagra, Periscope and Hamburg Belle.

How does he do it? Is it the shape of the package, food, water, care? What is this mystery of horse speed that John Madden works with like a magician? Ten Broeck, at Louisville, Kentucky, in 1877, electrified the world by running the mile in 1 minute, 39¾ seconds or at the rate of thirty-six miles an hour. That was express train speed for those days. Today the speed of horses reaches at times forty miles an hour or better. What makes horses run faster? Fast tracks of course make fast horses. But is the modern horse really better than Diomed, Eclipse, Flying Childers, Waxy, Blink Bonny, Eleanor and the other champions of old? During my talks with Mr. Madden, his thoughts were always running back to the family.

To follow his reasoning, we must first have a peep down that shadowy road whence came the horse. In the plains and dells of millions of years ago, there romped a tiny creature, smaller than a fox, short of legs, four-toed in its front feet and three-toed on its hind ones. It had a horse-like head. Often its contemporaries, if not its companions and its playmates, were the huge dinosaurs, living in the fetid lush of the swamps. As the world passed from age to age, perhaps man met this little creature, a cosmopolitan, roaming in the forest or plain, from the Eocene age up to the top of the age of mammals. As time went on this little creature lost its several toes, became larger and stronger, saw the arrival, then the departure, of the Sloth, the giant toxodunt.

During these millions of years the horse acquired speed structure. This speed structure has thin, agile, long legs as its basis. Following the law of natural selection, then the breeding process applied by man, the race horse has come to be the most perfect speed machine among living animals. This race or thoroughbred horse is ages removed from the draft horse or the huge, extinct type of war horse used to carry armored knights in the Middle Ages. The thoroughbred is different, too, from the Arabian and the Libyan, from which it sprung. For instance, the pelvic bone is no longer vertical to the ground, but horizontal, thereby drawing in the body and giving it litheness. The speed horse of today has changed within the memory of living man from Cremorne to Man-o'-War. He is very different from European wonder horses like Ormonde and Robert the Devil of a few generations ago. He is different from Lexington, the greatest racer and sire America has ever known, or from Domino, in some respects the equal of Lexington.

Why Blood Will Tell

Part of Mr. Madden's answer is found in the dictum, "blood will tell," illustrated in the tragedy of Lexington—the horse, not the battle. Diomed, the winner of the first English Derby in 1780, was sold in the United States for only fifty pounds sterling. He came at a period when six Derby winners were imported to this country. His blood was carried in direct line to Boston, sire in 1850 of Lexington. This Kentucky horse was the dominant force in American racers during the Civil War period. In an unfavorable period 361 horses of his blood won 969 races, or a total in stakes of $970,212. Then came darkness. Lexington died in 1875, and, due to neglect of breeders, this male line with his last and undefeated son, El Rio Rey, perished from the face of the earth a few years later.

So when we speak of weather, climate, training, jockeys, good tracks and bad tracks, we are not telling any of the fundamentals of why horses run fast, and faster. These are details that explain why the Zevs, the Sarazens, the Epinards, the Black Golds beat each other, but not why we have such horses. Behind it all there is another and a *greater truth*, thinks Mr. Madden. And all his life he has been proving it.

Once He Trained Athletes

Some ten years beyond the half century was born in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, a lad of Irish parents, well-to-do as things went. When that slim, strong-boned lad grew up, he turned to making a living at the thing he was most interested in, athletics, training young fellows to run well, and to box well, for their health's sake. Madden, having gotten some ideas about training people, later began to have them about horses. His instinct took him to the blue-grass region of Kentucky. It was the hey-day period, when the American people were beginning to recover from the Civil War, reaping economic profits and comforts after long years of trial, toil and danger. One of these new comforts and luxuries was the owning of fine horses.

The United States had not then been intersected with railroads, cross-country electric railways and bus lines. The frontiers were only in a measure conquered, and the horse was still man's right hand in this task. Then, as now, Kentucky was a world center for trotters, saddle horses and thoroughbreds. But not to the degree of this day of prosperity, with nine thousand races a year, with stakes and purses for thoroughbreds alone, on the hundred and odd tracks of the country, totaling more than ten million dollars.

It was in this background I first saw Mr. Madden, very active as now, wearing a determined expression and recognized by horsemen as a coming leader among them. He had horse judgment, and without that no man may meddle with the infinitely painstaking business of handling horses.

Mr. Madden didn't leap into this horse world as a full-fledged trainer at once. He is not the meteor brand of star. He began with hard schooling, learning the endless and multiple secrets of handling horses. He learned how a horse could be today a priceless pearl and tomorrow a bit of shattered flesh and nerves that the owner turns out to pasture.

Then came the panic of '93 and the horse went on the bargain counter. Wheat sold in Chicago for twelve cents a bushel, and rotted on the ground in Kansas. Mr. Madden somehow weathered the storm, all the time using every penny he could scrape up to buy horses from the bargain counter. "My friends told me it would break me, but when a man is already broke what difference does it make?" he chuckled. Then he turned to the business of selling to rich sportsmen of the East superb, unmatched Kentucky-bred saddle horses and hunters. His faith in horses was slowly rewarded. He had a dream—a vision about horses to which he clung. He would persuade discouraged or indifferent breeders and farmers to breed on shares with him, later developing and selling their foals. Slowly he forged ahead.

A neighbor of his also had faith in horses. This was the late James B. Haggin, a real California "forty-niner," and many times a millionaire. There was something in his Turkish blood that made him love the horses of his ancestors. He had always been a lover of thoroughbreds. When he returned from California he brought his stables to Kentucky. He took a Kentucky bride. He bought the big place of Elmendorf, and there erected a marble palace. Here he began to breed thoroughbreds on a wholesale scale never before attempted. He had forty sires in an immense circular stable. There, annually, nearly half a thousand foals saw the light of day. Yet with all this, he was not an outstanding success.

It is not so easy to turn victorious horses out by wholesale like Ford cars.

"It is only by our failures that success comes," said Mr. Madden. "Ask any successful man, and he will say he succeeded by his failures. A lot more good could be gotten out of recitals of success if the tellers explained their failures. I have failed many more times than I have succeeded."

So this careful horse-shoer and veterinarian, this man to whom success has come out of failure, began to prepare a bulwark against failure. He studied books on breeding; he began a system of records, of the results of breeding among his friends and neighbors; and above all he kept careful records of his own horses. From the experiences of the great Haggin stables and from his own, he slowly began to learn.

I have spoken of Mr. Madden's observant eye that won't let him forget the good and bad points of any horse he ever sees. Here is just how quick he is. One morning I was visiting him at Belmont track, Long Island, New York. A young woman—a stranger to him—jocularly said, "How would I do for a jockey?" Mr. Madden glanced at her, she was wearing a cloak, and answered: "Well your weight is in your favor. You would weigh in as you stand at one hundred and nineteen pounds." He had called her weight to a pound.

Going his busy, hard-working way, breeding,

No detail of track, paddock or stall is beneath the notice of John E. Madden, who has equipped himself as a master breeder of race horses by becoming expert at all the arts and crafts a man who takes care of horses must know. He takes pride in being a skilful horse-shoer and personally fits the delicately shod thoroughbreds at Hamburg Place.

racing and selling horses, swinging back and forth, up and down the continent, across the years Mr. Madden gradually built up Hamburg Place, two thousand eight hundred acres of bluegrass, the largest place in Kentucky, if not anywhere, devoted to the thoroughbred. Keen, shrewd, often hard, a master in a school where the witless go broke, realizing his dream of better, faster horses, he began to succeed just as he would have succeeded in any undertaking.

"It all goes back to the family," says he. "The fundamental secret of getting great horses is to breed a healthy mare to a good horse, the ancestry of which you have studied *long* and *well*."

You who bet your money on looks, beauty, tips, luck, and then go wild at the finish, listen to this veteran who never gets excited except when he is elucidating theories which he converts into quivering flesh and blood: "The public sees a horse run, thinks rather loosely that horse just happened, can run fast perhaps just because of its good blood. Well, there's no such thing on the average as breeding on the off chance that one good horse will produce another. There are horses of blood that look fast, that should be fast, and are not fast.

"The work of the maker of racers is to discover if possible just why that horse is not fast, try perhaps to get swiftness from his blood in another generation, or else turn altogether from his strain. Sometimes we must stop and search pedigrees a century old to find just why a hopefully bred horse has failed us.

"Right off, let me say, accidents, fast horses of common blood, have no meaning in a reproductive sense, no past, no future. The great struggle, the battle, is to find the fit, preserve the fit, eliminate the unfit." Here is his key to the problem of heredity; the result of a lifetime of experience: "A family is stronger than the individual."

Fast Horses Are Not Accidents

This statement has the strength of a scientific law. He has formulated two other statements: "Dominant traits come through the sire strain, not from the dam," and, "exact mathematics cannot be applied as a system to heredity when there is only one offspring at a time." This statement refers to and modifies Mendel's law of heredity, now widely used to improve plant life.

Mr. Madden doesn't believe in families just because they are old. "There are fast families that die, fading families I call them, the last of the Mohican . There are certain old stocks it is fatal to reproduce."

Here is another fundamental of his practice.

He does not use the vast breeding machinery of which he is now the possessor to protect the weak or the unfit, no matter what immortal spark of speed or blood may be concerned.

"When a foal is evidently unfit, we cannot let it live to perpetuate its faults," he says. "Many families inherit bad traits and all the care and kindness in the world can't wipe out this stain of blood."

He finds each year exceptions that baffle him. "Take the great Hamburg—an instance of an individual being stronger than his family. He was gentle, of wonder speed. His brothers and sisters were failures in the stud. Was he an accident? He has carried on through his daughters.

"There's another striking example in the mystery of breeding. Star Shoot was America's leading sire for five years. His daughters are wonderful brood mares, and no nursery is complete without them. And yet so far his sons have been failures. Why?"

Brushing aside such puzzles which are still to be solved, Mr. Madden sticks to the law he has recognized. "I do not mean one should confine breeding to great sires only," he explains. "I would prefer to breed to a moderate stallion of a first-class family than to a first-class horse of a black-sheep family." The family may be compared to a great highway with many branches. Here and there the branches meet and turn into the main road, here and there they run parallel to it and form a new road of equal importance.

"Say you want to travel by road from New York to Memphis. You take the road you know, and then by traveling over it you find a better one in spots. So in breeding I study the road, and when I find a bad section, that is to say, an unsound branch of family, I avoid it in the future. If I discover a good branch, I look about for the healthy members of this branch and breed from them.

American Horses Superior

"Let us start with a piece of common sense anybody will recognize. The most important element is health. I avoid bad health, another name for unsoundness, as I would a precipice. If sire and dam are unsound, the offspring takes the defects of both.

"Let us not confuse temporary ill-health or acquired traits with inherited ones. If a man loses his leg, he develops habits. If a horse has bad temper, we must be patient to find if this is not due to bad breaking. On the other hand, if he has bad eyesight, that may be heredity, and this you can overcome only by elimination, by suppressing the breed."

While he believes the American horse has come to be the equal or superior of any, he pointed out that that stock must always be from one of the three notable sires from which all others have come. The Darley Arabian, the Byerly Turk, and the Godolphin Barb are the progenitors of all the great thoroughbred families.

Each of these three stallions produced a line of breed. Incidentally it is interesting to know that the thoroughbred, as a separate breed of horse just as distinct from its Arabian ancestry as it is from a Clydesdale or a Percheron, was practically created in England, during the space of one hundred years by careful breeding and a system of great race meetings, practically continuous throughout the year, which rigorously weeded out the unfit. A thoroughbred is a horse or mare whose pedigree is registered in the Stud Book started in 1791 by Messrs. Weatherby, the official agents of the English Jockey Club. In it ancestries are traced back as far as 1689.

The Byerly Turk, a magnificent charger ridden in the Irish Wars of King William III in 1689 by a Captain Byerly, after whom he was named, was the ancestor, among others, of a famous race horse named Herod, founder of a line of thoroughbreds. The Darley Arabian, a genuine Arab, was a bay stallion imported from Aleppo by a Mr. Darley of Yorkshire about ten years later. He was the sire of Flying Childers, an unbeaten race horse, and also the ancestor of Eclipse, one of the greatest race horses of all time—"Eclipse first and the rest nowhere." Eclipse, a tall chestnut, never beaten in eighteen great races, had an enormous number of descendants, many of them Derby winners, and his line is now scattered all over the racing world still bearing occasionally the distinctive black markings of their ancestor.

The third of these founders of the thoroughbred was the Godolphin Barb, a brown bay of fifteen hands with an unnaturally high crest, whom a breeder discovered dragging a cart in the streets of Paris and sold to Lord Godolphin. He had been foaled on the Barbary Coast about 1724 and was another ancestor of Eclipse as well as of Matchem, the founder of another line of thoroughbreds.

All race horses on the turf today trace their ancestry in the direct male line to the Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian or the Godolphin Barb. In the female line through interfusion of blood it is impossible to find a thoroughbred which does not combine the blood of all three. At the same time horses like Eclipse and Herod traced their blood to dozens of mares whose pedigrees were unknown. They were probably native English horses of a large breed from the Yorkshire moors known as the Cleveland Bay. It was from them the thoroughbreds derived the size and length of stride which they transmitted to their descendants and which differentiated them so quickly from their Arabian ancestors. These native English horses had already been weeded out for two hundred years

(*Continued on page 151*)

Money Is Useful

Love isn't altogether blind in the case of one young malefactor of great wealth

by William Almon Wolff

Illustrated by O. J. Gatter

PHILIP TREADWELL'S fiancée, Margaret North, was having a quarrel with him. The phrase is used advisedly; he had no part, except a passive one, in the performance. His not to reason why, as he speedily discovered when he tried! His just to listen, and try to figure out what was going on.

Now, there are times, no doubt, when the strong, passive part is the one to play. But not, oh, by no means not, when a young woman is putting you over the jumps, as it were. Modern civilization, with all its advantages, has lamentably failed to improve upon Stone Age technique in such cases. The thing to do, as men realize, always too late, is to take the lady, gently, if possible, but always firmly, by so much hair as her particular form of bob has left her, and reduce her, if not to submission, at least to silence. The idea is to make it impossible for her to say something which, no matter how much she may come, later, to regret it, the peculiar and relentless logic of the feminine mind compels her to stand by.

Philip had started this quarrel, right enough—the man usually does. He hadn't meant to start it, and that, of course, is also in line with the conventions. He'd just said, casually, that he was slightly fed up with the way Ralph Foster was always hanging around, and didn't Margaret think she'd better give him the air?

She didn't. But did she confine her answer to the categorical negative? She did not! Philip had started something, all right.

"Am I supposed never to see another man, just because I'm engaged to you?" Margaret asked. "I never heard of such a thing! If you're like this now, what would you be if we were married?"

And on she went, along that line. Everything he said, or tried to say, just made things worse. He didn't care how many other men she saw. It was just a sort of recurrence of one man, and that one man this chap Foster, that he'd spoken about.

"He's pretty poor stuff, you know," he said. "I mean—well—a bad egg, if you get me—"

"He's one of my best friends!" she said, hotly. And proceeded to grow, in her mind, and, to some extent, in her speech, sentimental about him. Girls are like that. They turn a man down, and take the other fellow, and at once they grow doubtful, and begin seeing the lad they've passed up through a pink and glamourous haze, while the bird whose ring they're wearing looms up as the personification of all the husbands in all the plays they've ever seen.

Well, so it went, with one thing leading to another. Until, all at once, she was tugging at her ring, and thrusting it at Philip, and bidding him go. Just go—she didn't care where. And the plot seemed to be that Philip had managed to accomplish for the absent Ralph what he'd never quite been able to put over for himself. So he went, with a badly fogged intellect and one slightly used and practically as good as new platinum and diamond engagement ring. Which seemed to be that.

Only it wasn't; not quite. Philip had been pretty dumb, so far. But, as some of his friends and some others who didn't fall into that classification could have testified, he was one of those bozos who never really begin to fight until they've been practically counted out; slow to anger, but terrible when aroused, and all that sort of thing. Also, his mind, while it didn't always start working very quickly, was singularly agile when it once got going; no good in the sprints, perhaps, but very useful at all distances over the half mile. And—there was the Treadwell fortune.

Philip Treadwell was so rich that when they published the income tax figures his name was in the first ten. He was richer than that. He was so rich that people just took it for granted that wholly incredible figures would be opposite his name, and didn't bother to look him up particularly, preferring to scan the list further down for interesting dirt about friends and neighbors.

THIS sounds ostentatious; even, perhaps, a bit vulgar. But when a young man has as much money as inheritance and the continuing operation of economic laws had thrust upon Philip, his wealth is the dominant thing about him. You may not like that, but it's true. Such a man may be as handsome as Paris, as wise as Aristotle, the possessor of a score of distinguished traits—still, his wealth is what an imperfect humanity is pretty sure to think about first when his name comes up. So, too, if his traits chance to be unpleasant ones. Grant him the face of a sheep, the mind of a moron, the manners of a wild boar, the morals of—well, let that pass. Very rich men do manage to get along very well with reputations that would mean social ostracism for most people.

Philip himself, naturally, gave much less thought to money than did the rest of the world. He was used to it, and took it for granted. He made pretty good use of it, too, on the whole; gave a reasonable amount of it away; knew how to order a dinner; dressed well; knew, too, when to let other people pay for things, which some rich men never seem to be able to learn. One liked having him around; Margaret had, certainly, until they'd had that silly row, which had gone further than she'd meant to let it!

Practically everyone had been sincerely pleased about that engagement, and genuinely hopeful about the marriage. Margaret's father, to be sure, wasn't in Philip's class, financially, but very few men were, and Mr. North wasn't a pauper, by any means. He ran a Park Avenue apartment, and a place on Long Island, and a couple of cars, and Margaret had to be pretty reckless before there was much of a moan when the monthly bills came in. At that, though, there was enough disparity between the Margaret North that was and the Margaret Treadwell that was to be to give certain catty tongues something to wag about.

You know the sort of thing some of Margaret's friends were bound to say. That she'd been pretty lucky, all right, the way she'd hooked Phil—or, perhaps, audibly, how poor Ralph Foster would feel. Still—what could he expect, with his ordinary job, and his cheap little car, when he had to compete with Phil?

It was silly talk, and there really wasn't much of it. But it was mischievous talk, too, and there was enough of it for some of it to get back to Margaret. That was bad, because she had a wide streak of romanticism, and what she heard set her to questioning her own motives. No girl likes to know that people are saying she threw over a poor man for a rich one—and, if she's at all like Margaret, she does ask herself if, perhaps, there isn't something in that idea. Margaret was frightfully upset; she thought quite seriously of going to a psycho-analyst about her subconscious motives until she found out how much they charged by the hour.

Naturally, the Foster person took up the running when he heard about the broken engagement. And, just as naturally, Margaret encouraged him. She fairly paraded around town with him, in fact, and there was talk, then, with a vengeance!

Phil didn't like it. Leaving out altogether the fact that he wanted to—and meant to—marry Margaret himself, he couldn't see Foster as any nice girl's husband. As to this the Norths felt the same way. It wasn't his lack of money that bothered them, so far as that went. Foster wasn't so badly off; he'd have lined up pretty well, except against some Croesus like Phil. But one heard things about him; not so good—that was about the size of the general verdict on Ralph.

Phil didn't do anything, at first, about a reconciliation. He didn't, for one thing, think it would do any good; for another, he wanted to line up his own ideas. And, when he'd done that, he didn't make the mistake of asking Margaret to see him. He gave her no chance to refuse; he just saw her, by the simple expedient of following her around town for two or three days, until chance left her without an engagement for lunch, and he calmly followed her into a restaurant and slid into the seat beside her on the divan behind her table.

"Hello!" he said, brightly.

"Phil! Really—I"

"Oh, I know! Sorry, and all that. But I wanted to talk to you. And—I've got that coming, don't you think?"

"Well—" She hesitated; then she smiled. She couldn't help it.

"Thanks!" He had the menu, "I don't see anything you like on the card—oh, yes—this is the place where they do that scuffle you're so fond of. All right?" She nodded, helplessly, and he ordered lunch, with particular emphasis about the salad dressing. Then, until they were having their coffee, he just talked—about a new play, and some pictures he'd seen, and a letter he'd had from a chap in Paris. But with the coffee he turned toward her, soberly.

"I was awfully dumb the other day," he said. "I didn't get you at all, at first, you see. But—well—I thought I ought to tell you I'm not giving up. Not yet."

"Oh, Phil—don't!" she said. "I know I was horrid that day but—I meant it. About us. It was a mistake, Phil."

"Why?"

"What's the use of going into that? Lots of reasons. . . ."

"For instance? Foster, for one? . . ."

"You haven't any right to ask me that—"

"Oh, yes I have! You don't have to answer. But I've got the right to ask, it seems to me."

"Well—if I needn't answer . . ." She tried to meet his steady look with one just as steady—and didn't quite succeed. "Phil—I don't want to hurt you. But I *will* tell you one of the reasons. I—you've got so much money—it's awfully hard to put it into words—but it—it makes me feel—"

He nodded.

"I know what you mean. You're all wrong, though. It's all right about the money. Darned good thing to have. I don't intend to be hypocritical about it. I'm glad I've got it. It gives one—well, an edge—"

"Phil! That—why, that's a perfectly disgusting thing for you to say—to feel! I didn't dream . . ."

"TRY being realistic for five minutes! I'll go as far as you like in the abstract. It may be all wrong to let anyone have as much money as I've got. But, so long as things are as they are, I'm glad I've got what I have. You'd feel the same way, if we were married."

"That shows how much you know about me! That's the reason I—"

"If that's true it was silly—as well as unfair. Oh, I know the line I ought to take—that I hate my money, and it's a crushing burden, unsought and unwelcome, and just a public trust. Piffle! If there are going to be any millionaires I want to be one of them—and so do ninety-nine people out of a hundred, unless they're kidding themselves!"

At first she looked outraged. Then she smiled upon him.

"I'm awfully grateful, really," she said. "You see, my conscience did trouble me, a little. But now that I know the way you really feel about it . . ."

"That's all right," he said, steadily. "You think it over, and you'll see! Can I take you anywhere? I've got a car outside? Perhaps a little spin somewhere?"

"No!" she said, coldly. "I have an engagement with Ralph Foster—we're going to a matinée."

That was his dismissal. But he didn't, as he watched her go off, look particularly downcast, nor was he.

Phil understood Margaret a good deal better, by that time, than she understood herself. The quarrel was no longer the profoundly mysterious and bewildering thing it had been at first. He knew, now, something of the talk that Margaret had heard. And—and this is really a tribute to him—he was able to understand, in some degree the process of reaction that had made her turn toward Foster.

It wasn't a natural and healthy jealousy that made him dislike Foster—although that entered into his feelings, too. The chap really was a bad egg, and Phil knew it; knew enough about him too, to be afraid of him. Foster was no fool; whether he was in love with Margaret or not, and it was quite in the cards that he was, he certainly wanted to marry her, and he wasn't at all likely to fail to grasp this opportunity. He had sense enough to know, Phil thought, that it was now or never for him; that if he let Margaret have too much time, the tide that was setting so strongly for him now would begin again to ebb, as it had before.

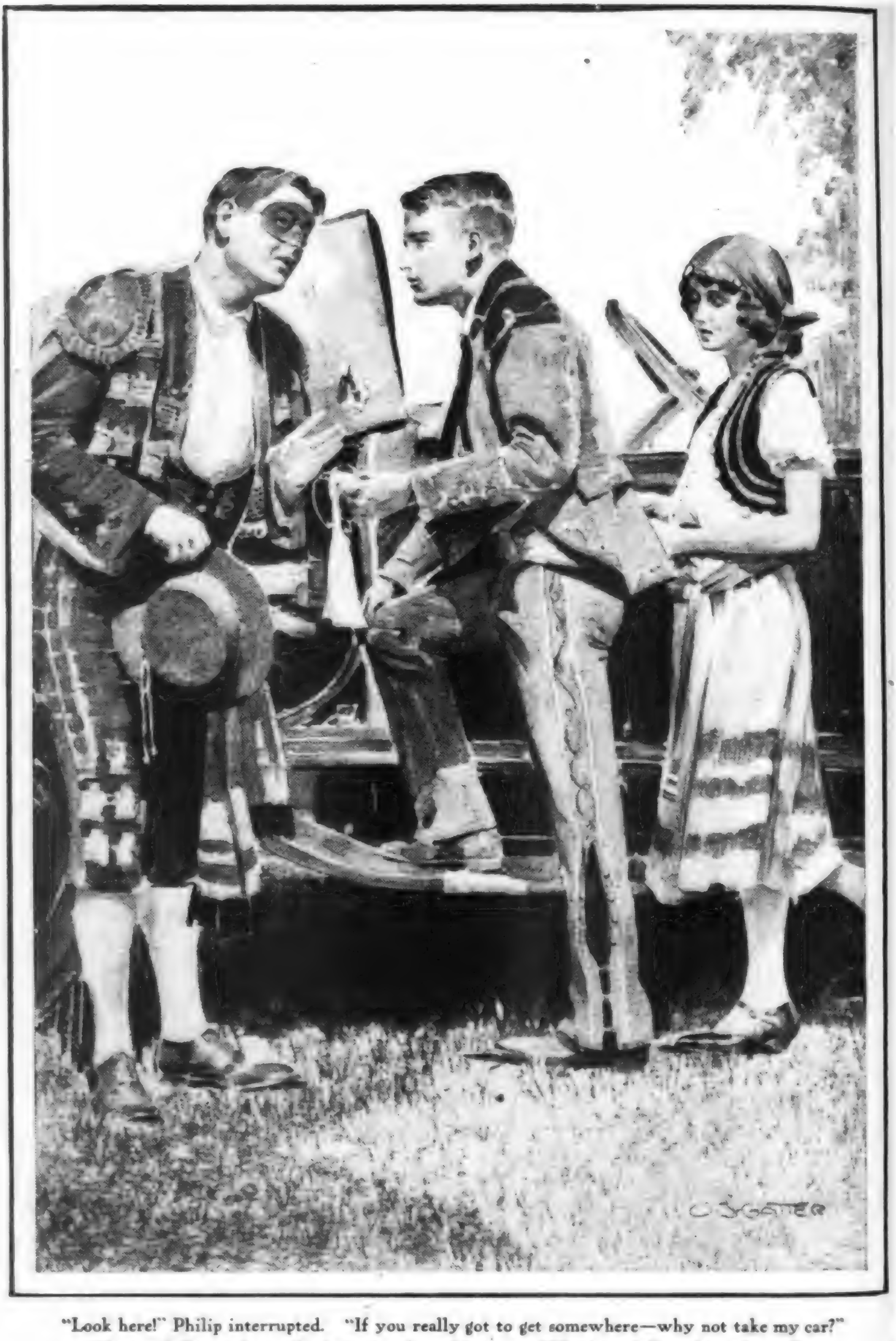
Phil forced himself to face facts and probabilities. It made him writhe, but he did it. Foster's one chance was an elopement; a genuine, old fashioned elopement. He'd never get even a parody of an approval of his marriage to Margaret from the Norths; he wouldn't, Phil was sure, warn them by seeking such approval.

Very quietly and deliberately, Phil reckoned up just what he had to offset the advantage Foster undoubtedly had now. The result was discouraging. If he had time—but that was just what he could be sure of not having. He had, really, just the one thing—money. Money, and what money could do. About that Phil was wholly and coldy realistic. Margaret would have called his mental processes by a harsher name. He didn't care. He had told her he was glad he was rich, and if his money gave him a chance to put a spoke in Foster's wheel that a poor man couldn't have put there, he was going to be gladder still.

The first thing he had to have, obviously, was accurate and early information about what Foster and Margaret meant to do. His way of getting it was not, perhaps, a pretty way, and it was appallingly expensive. But it was, also, the only way open to him. There came to him, each morning, after he gave certain orders, a detailed report, covering quite literally everything either Foster or Margaret had done the day before.

To say he didn't enjoy reading those reports is to put the case mildly. He loathed them! But he set his teeth and saw the thing through. And, just about a week after they had begun to come to him, he caught his breath. Margaret, the day before, had gone shopping—and she had not, as was her custom, used the family car. Neither had she charged her purchases. She had bought a bag; a hat; a suit; shoes, stockings, lingerie; everything she needed for day wear. And she had not had these things sent home; she had taken them with her, in a taxi—to the house of one of her friends, Molly Bartlett.

That same day Foster had spent some time at the garage where he kept his car. He had tested the engine with some care; had had new



"Look here!" Philip interrupted. "If you really got to get somewhere—why not take my car?"
"I say—" Foster drove the irritation from his tone. "That's awfully white of you."

tires substituted for two worn shoes; had ordered the battery to be recharged and new spark plugs supplied, and had bought, and brought to the garage, a new robe.

"So!" said Phil, to himself—oh, strictly to himself! And proceeded to put two and two together, and add other twos as they were called for.

He read those reports at breakfast on a certain Friday morning. In his closet, at that moment, there hung the costume he was to wear that night at the Prentice dance—which, if the society reporters were to be believed, and there was, for once, no reason why they shouldn't be, was to be the biggest masquerade and one of the most brilliant functions of the winter. He knew, naturally, what he was to wear—the garb of an Indian potentate. He had not, precisely, chosen it; he was to wear it because he was to take part in a tableau, during the dance.

HE KNEW also what Margaret and Foster were to wear—which, presumably, most people did not, since this was to be a masked dance of the good old sort, with identities hidden, supposedly at least, until the small hours. But he had been supplied with precise information—information, incidentally, which Mr. and Mrs. North did not possess concerning Margaret's costume, since she was to start from home for dinner with Molly Bartlett as a Pierette—while there had been sent to Mrs. Bartlett's at her order, the disguise of Carmen, Foster was to be Don José—the ruffling soldier of the opera's first act.

"So!" said Phil, once more—again to himself. "They haven't seen that opera lately!"

And he, too, changed his costume for that night—ordering forthwith the suit of a toreador. Carmen and Don José—eh? Well—he would be Escamillo! But he meant to take some liberties with the libretto. He chuckled as he planned his revision of the book. And he didn't sound as feeble as he wanted Mrs. Prentice to think he was when he telephoned his excuses for that night. He was sorry—terribly sorry. But he was in bed, with a bad cold; he couldn't possibly come. Couldn't some one else assume his part in the tableau? His costume was quite at his understudy's disposal. A convincing touch, that, he thought. Later, after he had sent for the most private of his private secretaries, the legend of that cold of his became more convincing still. The afternoon papers heard of it, and made much of the report, and three or four of his stocks sold off a few points. But as his brokers had had certain orders—an idea of the secretary's, that was—the net result was really profitable—to Phil.

"I don't think," Phil said, later still, and still, decidedly, to himself, "that anyone will be looking for me at that dance tonight! If you've got to be a malefactor—be one of great wealth!"

He spent a very pleasant afternoon indeed, observing the general reaction to the report of his illness. If there hadn't been one extra special telephone, of which no one at all knew the number, in his house, no outgoing messages could have been transmitted after the first evening paper was on the street.

"It's all very gratifying," he said to the most private private secretary, whose name was Graham. "A most successful coryza, if I do say so myself! You're sure you understand about tonight?"

"I'm sure I don't!" said Graham, who was, at times, literal. "But I know what you want me to do, if that's what you mean. You won't forget about bail, if I'm pinched?"

"No, no," said Phil, soothingly. "And if you're convicted I'll double your salary every week of your term."

"Fair enough! I think I'll leave lots of fingerprints."

Phil dined, in very solitary state, about eight. A selection of the choicer flowers that had come with cards of sympathy had been, by his order, put in the room; they cheered him greatly.

He went to the dance about eleven. That was early, of course, but he wanted to be on hand, and to be reasonably familiar with the geography of the place. Early as it was, he wasn't the first arrival, by any means, and he spotted Margaret and Foster, dancing together, soon after he arrived. It amused him to cut in; he wasn't worried about his voice, because he had certain parlor tricks along that line. Margaret was nervous—not unnaturally, he thought.

"You want to look out for that soldier feller," he said, darkly. "I've got my eye on him. Remember—I get you in the last act. And if he tries any monkey business with a knife . . ."

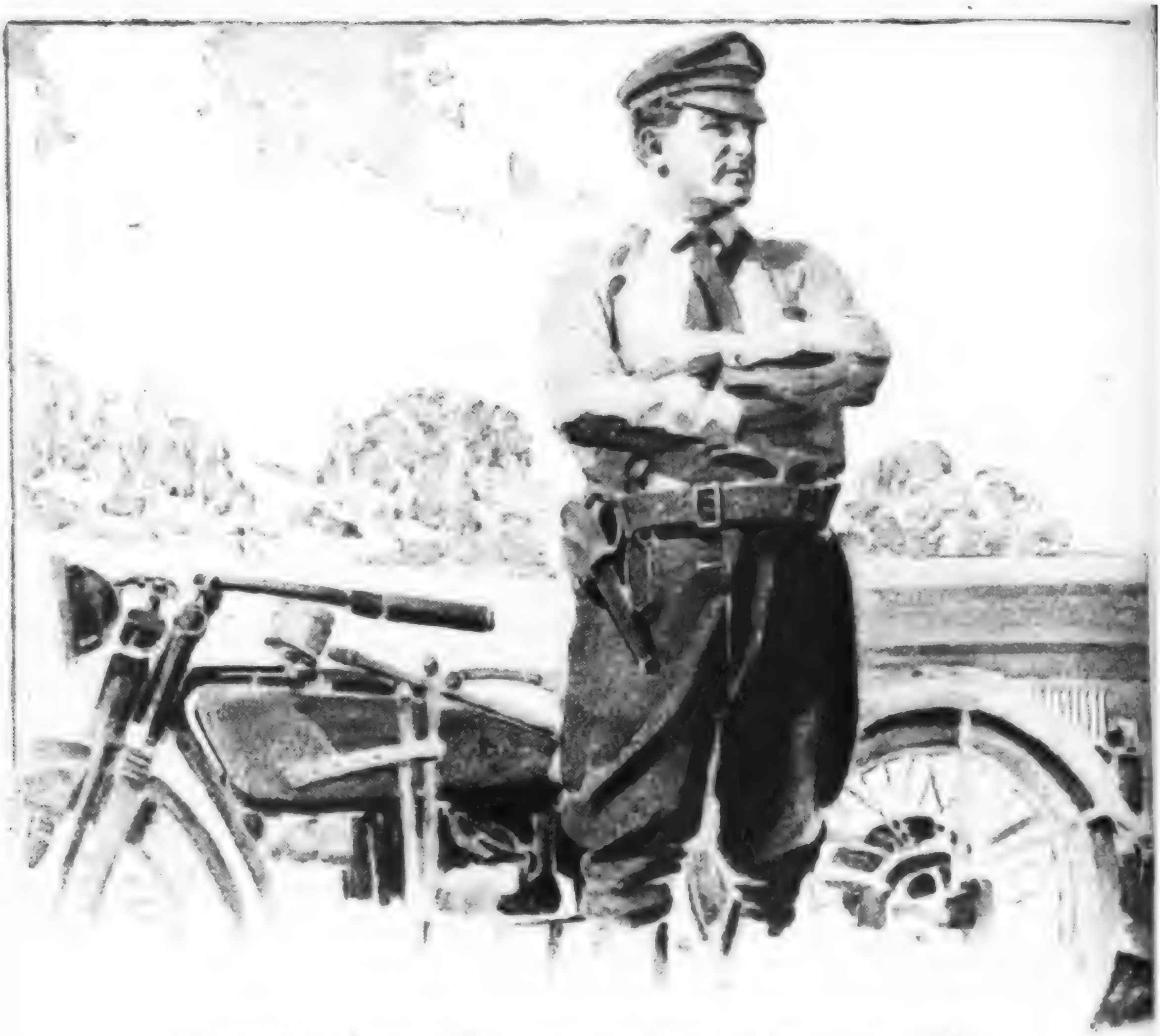
"Oh—you are a toreador, aren't you?" said Margaret, and laughed. "But, do you know, I've always thought that Carmen might have come back to Don José if he hadn't been so—so—"

"Precipitate? Exactly! But that's the way they are, those lads! Now, you take a good, safe, steady bullfighter like me."

"But you seem a little precipitate, too—don't you think?"

But Foster cut in then, and ended the conversation. Philip smiled. Foster, even through his mask, was showing annoyance, incipient jealousy. He was reminded, a little, of the hard way of the pacemaker in a race. The runner who trails the field, with plenty in reserve, and watches his chance, wins a lot of races. And—it wasn't so long ago that he'd been in the position of tossing an anxious look over his shoulder, from time to time.

He didn't dance much. Lovely creatures tempted him, but he was strong. And his eyes never lost sight of Margaret and Foster—or of one of them, at least.



He was out of the car, and Margaret was clinging to him, sobbing. "Phil—Phil, dearest—I do believe in Providence now!" she said solemnly.

It must have been about one o'clock, when the floor was pretty well jammed, that Phil suddenly grew tense. Foster had cut in on Margaret, dancing just then with a Mandarin; something about the way he led her determinedly through the press toward the wide doors warned Phil that the moment he had been awaiting was very near. He himself was out within a minute; out, and, before Margaret and Foster appeared at all, in the street—become, for the night, a parking space for cars.

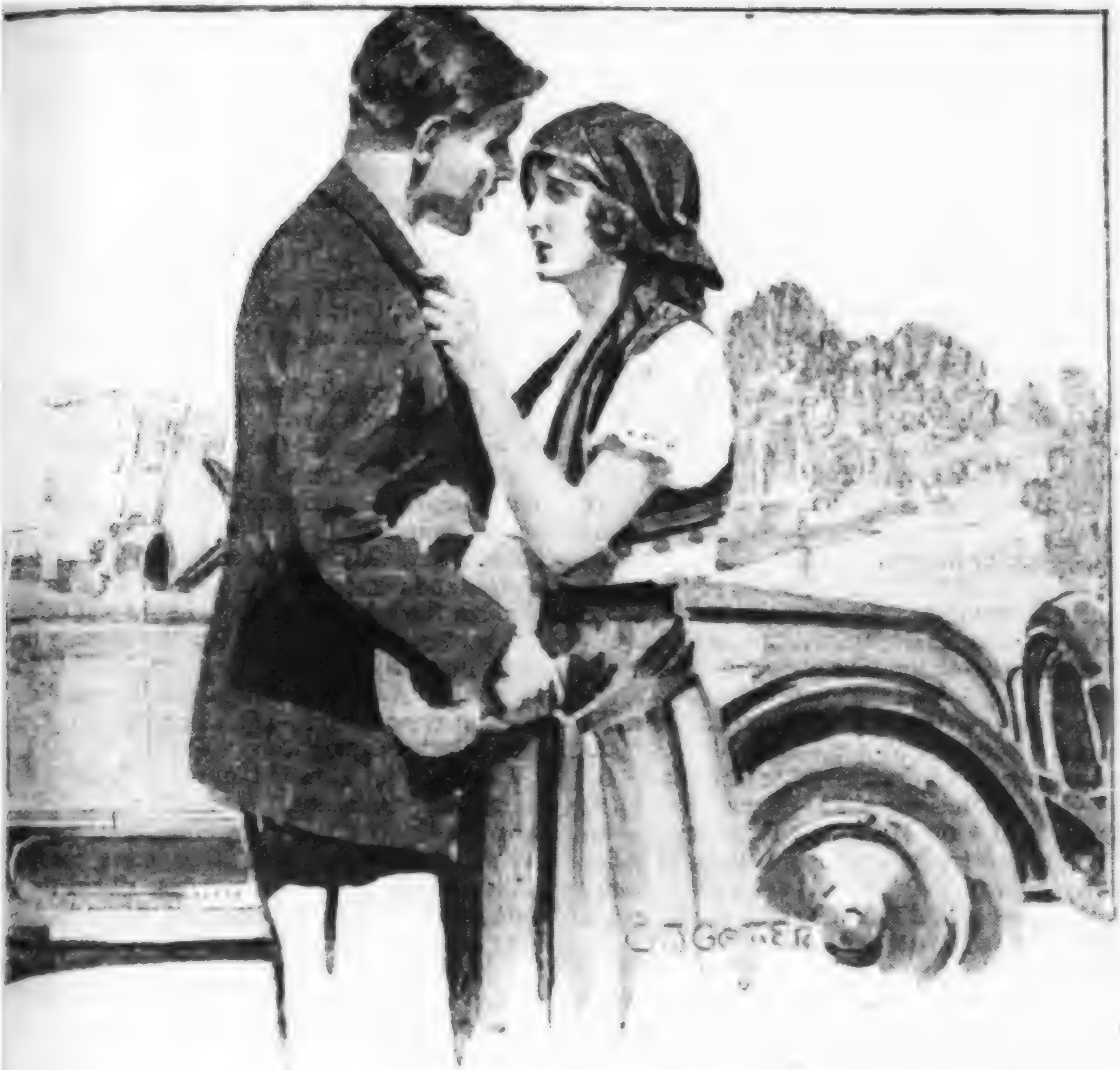
Two deep the cars were ranked, on either side; limousines, berlines, landaulets. Chauffeurs were gathered in groups; from a car there came, now and then, mystic words, a strange sound, as of rolling dice. Phil grinned. Foster's car wasn't in this lot; he hadn't thought to find it there. Around the corner he hurried; found it, at the far end of the block—and, near it, another machine; a long, low rakish roadster, dull green in color, distinctive in design. In this he took his place; lit a cigaret; sat back, in deep content and patience.

The two figures came, hurrying. In Foster's coupé a light winked for a moment; he saw Margaret, unmasked now, eager, flushed, excited. Then darkness. But not silence. The whirr of a starter. Brrrrrrr. Brrmm-brmm. An engine turning over. But—no explosion; no sudden, comforting purr. A pause. Then—again the whirr of the willing starter, the sullen pounding yielding of an inert motor to the insistent cranking of that electrically driven hand.

A banged door; the boots of a soldier of Napoleon emerging; a raised hood. Vision of the futile, baffled movements of a man inspecting that most damnably aggravating of created things—a motor that won't mote. A return to the car. More labor by the starter. Triumph—an explosion, and another. A few coughs—then silence as the motor died.

Phil uncoiled himself and joined the soldier as, once more, he bent over the hood. Could a gentleman do less? Margaret came, too, her long cloak gathered about her, seeking information. Would a lady, at such a time, do otherwise?

"Ralph—what on earth's the matter?" she asked. Pleasantly enough, you understand, but as one who had had occasion to ask some such question, about that very car, before.



Ralph lifted a flushed face and eyes bright with anger.

"How do you suppose I know?" he asked. "Damned thing won't start."

She drew back. Offended? Not quite; the word is just a shade too strong. But pleased, acquiescent? Hardly.

"Looks like the gas line to me," said Phil. "Might try the strainer in the vacuum tank."

"Huh?" said Foster. Let it be known about Foster that he was no mechanic; he could change a tire, and that let him out, practically speaking.

"Why, it's the Toreador!" said Margaret, brightly. "Why aren't you inside—er—throwing a bull?"

"I needed air," said Phil, with a flourish. He was still masked, for obvious reasons.

"I wish you'd take it," muttered Foster, and stepped back.

"Just a minute," said Philip. He retired to the green car; came back, with a wrench; expertly opened up the vacuum tank. The strainer was innocent. He frowned, and screwed things up again. Then took a handkerchief; turned a petcock, below, and let a little of the tank's contents flow upon the linen.

"Ah!" he said. "Aha! Water in your gas. No wonder!"

"How do you know?" asked Margaret, impressed.

"The handkerchief holds the water—the gas goes through. See?"

Foster was impressed, too—unfavorably.

"But what do you do to make it go?" asked Margaret.

"Well—that depends. Theoretically there's an outlet under the tank, so you can drain it. Actually, you usually can't get it open, and you have to syphon all the gas out with a bit of hose—it takes about an hour or so. Then you get more gas, and off you go!"

"But—an hour—or two—and where in the world—Ralph! Don't stand there like that! This beastly car—it's always doing things like this—"

"Good Lord!" Make allowances for Ralph, please; it wasn't his fault! "Do you suppose I did it on purpose—?"

"Look here!" Philip interrupted. "If you've really got to get somewhere—why not take my car? You can leave it wherever you're going—"

"Stamford! Oh—would you?"

Score one for Foster! Mr. Treadwell didn't like the relief, the eagerness, the newly found delight, in Margaret's voice! Not one little bit did he like it.

"I say—" Foster drove the irritation from his tone. "That's most awfully white of you. I—well—the fact is—you can see—"

"Say no more!" Poise was what Philip had nothing else but, just then. "Go ahead—step on it! God bless you, my children—all that. Wire me what garage you leave the car in—Dahlgren—Creek Club—"

"You're an angel—" "By Jove—if you really don't mind—" "Go to it—" Confused ejaculations. The roar of a real engine; Philip, giving parting suggestions about the green car; gears, getting into mesh. Escamillo, looking, all at once, like Mephistopheles, regarding a vanishing tail light. Or like, say, a cat, which has not yet eaten the canary, but has observed that the door of the gilded cage has been left open.

And then—action. A swift dash around the corner. Entrance of a toreador into a closed car, with curtains drawn—a car which bore, by the way, a handsome shield inscribed with the initials P. D.—for Mr. Philip Treadwell was an honorary special deputy commissioner of police of the City of New York, and when his car came along, hooting, at fifty miles an hour, uniformed officers cleared a path for it.

At the end of the park a man pointed straight up Fifth Avenue. At possible corners other men continued to point—so that Phil's driver knew just which of the alternative routes was busy behind those drawn curtains. The Toreador was no more; the well known invalid, Mr. Treadwell, had reached, by the time the comparative smoothness of the Grand Concourse had been attained, trousers of mufti. It is not easy to change one's clothes in a car traveling at forty miles an hour and more, but it can be done. It was done, in this instance.

MR. FOSTER, it developed, didn't know quite the quickest way to reach the great open spaces. He chose the Boston Post Road. But Phil, up with his driver by that time, shot for White Plains and the new, sweet concrete road that skimmed past Purchase and Blind Brook and brought them, so, to Greenwich and a telephoned report that the green car was just passing through Port Chester.

Presto—change! Into a garage shot the closed car; out of it, a moment later, drove Mr. Treadwell, in a roadster not unlike the green one Mr. Dahlgren had lent to the elopers. The cars that man had! He was off—headed east. But the road was lined with his people, although you wouldn't have seen them. And, here and there, queer looking wires led down from the telephone trunk lines to temporary stations. Imagination, and money, and a private secretary who knows how to be really private can accomplish a good deal. But never forget the money!

Somewhere about Cos Cob a spotlight pierced the darkness and struck Phil's car. In a moment it winked out; his own lights showed Phil a motorcycle, a man in uniform. He wasn't going fast; he slowed down still more, though, a quarter of a mile on; turned his car; waited.

He sat there, listening. Silence. Then a distant sound; he grew tense; then slumped down into his seat. Only a truck, lumbering along. It came, from Boston way, and passed. Then, high upon the night, the distant hum of many cylinders in perfect time and tune; buzzzzzzzzz! He gathered himself; waited. Nearer and nearer came the hum. Lights shot through the mist of the dark hours just before the winter dawn. And then there came the shrill blast of a whistle, insistent, urgent, imperative. And another and another—and the roar of a motorcycle, crackling like a million giant crackers going off at once.

He waited. Down the road there were alarms and excursions. He heard voices. Still he waited. The many cylinders of the green car were hushed and still. Once more, though, a motorcycle roared its raucous, ribald song. Past him it shot—and he saw a figure in uniform on its saddle, another figure, hunched, protest in every line of it, in its side car. His hand slipped to his gear lever; the satin purr of his idling motor rose; he was off—but headed west, this time.

Soon he came to a spot where a green car stood, and beside it a figure of distress—a lady like Niobe, all tears, faced by a policeman stern and rigorous.

"Hello—accident? Anything I can do?" he asked.

The policeman saw him; saluted, smartly.

"I guess not, Mr. Treadwell—" he began.

"Phil? Phil? Is it you? Oh—"

Incredulous relief was in her voice.

"Margaret!" Oh, Phil Treadwell would have been a darned good actor if he'd ever had to work at it! "What on earth—?"

He was out of the car, and Margaret was in his arms, clinging to him, sobbing. After all—well, one means to say, people can do silly things, but when they are brought right down to cases the true self stands out, and all that. And what Margaret wanted just then was to be exactly where she was, with just that one pair of arms in all the world around her.

She was pretty incoherent, but it came to this, roughly—that she'd almost died, and what had he meant, letting her send him away, and he'd been perfectly right about Ra-al-ph Fo-oster, and she didn't know why she'd ever thought for a single minute, and could he ever forgive her, and would he take her home and never leave her again and— Then she ran down, and choked, and it was hard to tell whether she was laughing or crying, and the policeman said she was having hysterics, and they'd ought to throw water on her, and Phil said, indignantly, that that was what you mustn't do for dogs when they had fits, and to get to the dickens out of there.

And he kissed her, several times, and put her in his car, and went and got the bag—her bag—from the green car, and got in beside her. But he didn't start the car at once. She was better by that time, and she could talk.

"Phil—Phil, dearest—I do believe in Providence now!" she said solemnly. "Think of your coming along just now! And — oh, if there hadn't been water in the gasoline of his car I might—"

She shuddered.

"I can't bear to think of what might—" she said.

"Well—" He regarded her. He was, all at once, very low in his mind, and he knew, for the first time, what people meant when they talked about a sinking feeling in the pit of one's stomach. But it had to be done, as he saw it. "If it hadn't been water in the gas I'd have thought of something else," he said.

She sat up. She stared at him.

"Phil! What on earth do you mean?"

"I," he said, "was the bally bull-fighter."

"You—but—I'd have known your voice—"

He shook his head.

"You didn't," he insisted. "I took lessons, when I was in a show, once. I planted the whole thing. Had him pinched. They'll turn him loose in Stamford. He ought to be back here in about ten minutes. Want to wait?"

She took it in slowly. Do you blame her? He watched her expression as, one imagines, a gentleman accused of murder watches the faces of the jurymen as they file in with their verdict.

"Wait?" she said, at last. "No! Oh, Phil—hurry—hurry—!"

The makers of that car advertise that it can jump to fifty miles an hour from a standing start in eighteen seconds. It did.

Next Month's Fiction Features

Profit Intangible *by* H. Bedford-Jones

A Complete Novelette

Only two out-of-the-ordinary men would even undertake such a singular venture for a kind of profit that cannot be counted nor handled nor exchanged for material things. One is Yut Lee, a Chinese trader and a gentleman by the standards of any race. The other is Martinson—young, eager, venturesome and fearless. There is an extraordinary young woman, too, conducting a hospital off in the hill country of China and carrying on valiantly under the shadow of impending disaster. This remarkable little group, together with their native friends and enemies, act out the dramatic chapters in the story of how the profit intangible was earned and distributed.

The Million Dollar Lie *by* H. Thompson Rich

Anthony K. Jones had a secret passion—he was addicted to travel literature. If you have ever been lured by the call of far-off lands, interesting people and strange customs, you will feel for Anthony. His hobby was the cause of his telling a whopper of a lie. Once involved, he had to tell other lies to support the first. His troubles rapidly grow, and with them a most amusing story of a man who becomes a timid celebrity over night.

The Man Over the Wall *by* Guy Fletcher

For a young actress who has just rented a quiet little country cottage, a lively quarrel with her next-door neighbor is scarcely a good beginning. Especially when the neighbor is a man, an irritatingly obdurate person, and a playwright to boot. That was the fix Elspeth Wynn found herself in—and what was worse, she had to restrain her impatience until the situation righted itself in a way she least expected.

The Old or the New

The pair of stories selected for republication in the December issue comprises two memorable dog stories: *Rab and His Friends*, by Dr. John Brown, and *Bingo*, by Ernest Thompson Seton. Everybody who likes a dog story ought to know these two tales by men who loved dogs and knew how to write about them.

Opera Begins at Home

How the Albion family, made up of Peggy, ex-kindergarten teacher, Edward, singer and vocal instructor, and little Norwood, press agent, pooled their talents and resources to start a national opera movement

by Stanley Olmsted

A COMMUNITY musical project that now draws crowded houses and enlists the support of every one who amounts to anything in Washington began in the imaginations of an ambitious pair of newlyweds. The Albions have popularized grand and near-grand opera sung by local talent except for a few trained and seasoned artists in the more important rôles. Now they look forward to establishing a chain of opera organizations in other cities.

IN BAT-WINGED crimsons of the Prince of Blackness, Signor Chaliapin strode toward the footlights of a Washington Auditorium, jammed to the doors and just barely finished by the builders two or three hours earlier for this dedicatory civic assembly. The Russian actor-basso faced an audience considerably larger than the six thousand estimated capacity of the house. Rows of supplementary chairs lined every aisle on either side; standees packed the few remaining open spaces. A welter of humanity indeed, but very orderly, very attentive. Signor Chaliapin-Mephisto had cast his spell of doom over *Marguerite* and *Faust* and his spell of music over every one else. Now he was about to make a speech commending the patriotic venture of two very unusual people—Peggy and Edward Albion.

All that day until after nightfall the fan-shaped gloom widening beyond the proscenium had re-echoed in a bedlam of hammers, saws and mallets. A forced last-minute costume rehearsal had struggled against the general pandemonium. Speaking trumpets amplifying the voices of a lady stage director and her corps of assistants had added to the din, while electricians keyed to sympathetic profanities darted madly hither and yon. Through it all Chaliapin himself—a towering bulk of tousled blond-gray hair and fur-lined overcoat—had given probably the most expert dramatic instruction attainable on the globe to individual members of a local chorus, eager without pay to outdo any Metropolitan or Paris ensemble of operatic history.

It had been a fitting atmosphere for Lucifer and his minions, two or three hours earlier. But now there was a breathless hush. That pin of tradition, dropping on the fresh varnished floor, would have stung this culminating instant like the crack of a pistol. In a flag-draped box President Coolidge, seated beside his wife, maintained his wonted economy of visible emotion. Yet even he might have been noted to lean ever so slightly forward as if sharing the general expectancy. In another box General Pershing bowed an ear without forfeiting an atom of that military dignity of his. Peggy and Edward were old friends of the general. Had he not kept an eye on them ever since the days when they put on local opera, admission free, and passed the hat to keep going? In yet other boxes sat members of the Coolidge Cabinet, nearly all of them with their wives, embassy representatives and Ministers Plenipotentiary from countries far and wide about the earth. The Orient was in especial evidence.

Sinuous as a jungle tiger, robustious as Babe Ruth, Signor Chaliapin lifted a flame-draped arm that might have been the soaring wing of a Phœnix, escaped from the ashes of his deserted Soviet. Yet for thirty hushed seconds, he said nothing. Signor Chaliapin was about to do battle with the English language. Perhaps he would announce the fact that he was to become an American citizen The audience waited.

"Members of the Washington Opera Company—and—also ladies and zhentlemens—" he bravely began—"I will try in my so new English which I work at so hard all dhe time—to speech for a little—at first—and dhen I say dhe rest in Russian by and by! I have proud dhe op-portun-ity to work for tonight with your young boy and girl"—here he gestured toward an enraptured local chorus grouped behind him—"in your grand fine house, so beeg with so

[*Continued on page 176*]

The Albions, Peggy and Edward, found success, happiness and an outlet for their musical talents in a civic opera venture that they launched in Washington, D. C. Their intention is to make home opera as popular in American cities as it is in Europe and to provide opportunities for training native singers. At first the movement was financed only by dint of much personal sacrifice and from the profits of recitals and radio talks. Now it is self-supporting. A third Albion, little Norwood, helps along the good work by mailing announcement folders and advance programs.

Rose O'Neill (above), a Pennsylvanian from Wilkes-Barre, made her first Kewpie doll to please a child. Miss O'Neill was an illustrator when she originated the now famous wide-eyed elf with the cheerful smile, curly top-knot and fat figure of a Chinese idol.

Mrs. James Paul Averill, a nati of Denver, Colorado, made h first dolls out of rags for chi hospital patients. Her walki and talking wonder doll is t image of her own baby daught Maxine, at three years of ag

Mrs. Grace Story Putnam (left a Californian, developed her dol while teaching modeling in the ar department of Mills Colleg She is the mother of two childr and made a careful study of kinds of babies before design her three-day-old infant dol

Women *and* Dolls

Mothers who have succeeded at both say that rearing children is play compared to launching a new doll on the market. One popular doll earns fifty thousand dollars a year for its creator

by Stella Burke May

THE American woman doll-maker and her American doll are established facts in the toy markets of the world. And the men who handle the manufacturing and distributing ends of the doll business are wearing a broad and ample smile, quite forgetting the fact that sometimes they had to be coaxed, oftener they had to be prodded, and occasionally they needed to be browbeaten by the women doll inventors before they would consent to give these dolls a trial on the toy store counter.

THREE American women dominate the doll market. Coming from different parts of the country, converging in New York, these three women have opened the eyes of doll manufacturers and doll merchandisers. They have stimulated the toy trade to a degree unprecedented and today head the list of American doll-makers dominating the market.

I refer to the three American women whose three belles of dolldom are at the present time numbered among the "best sellers": Mrs. Grace Storey Putnam, originator of the Bye-lo Baby doll, the life-like imitation of a three-day-old baby that has set the doll trade by the ears; Mrs. James Paul Averill, inventor of the Wonder Doll that walked and talked its way into juvenile favor and has held high place in the catalogs of the merchandisers for more than five years, and Rose O'Neill, creator of the fat-tummied little Kewpie doll, one of the most popular dolls ever produced.

Rose O'Neill's doll made a neat little fortune for the woman-artist whose brush first gave it life in the juvenile pages of a woman's magazine. Mrs. Averill's walking and talking doll is the biggest selling high-priced doll ever marketed; while Grace Storey Putnam's three-day-old baby doll is moving so fast that at this writing it may not be too optimistic to estimate that she may realize fifty thousand dollars in royalties from this year's sale of dolls.

The doll trade has been completely reeducated since the fall of 1924 when Mrs. Putnam first offered her infant doll, only to be frowned upon by manufacturers and salesmen alike, who threw up their hands and exclaimed with fierce unanimity: "The thing won't go. It looks too much like a live baby."

But it went and is still going. All of which only proves that this is an age of realism and that women who bring children into the world are pretty good judges of what those children and all children like to play with.

I tried to classify the three women who created the three popular dolls. Mrs. Putnam would be the sculptress, of course, since that is what she is, having modeled her doll between classes, so to speak, while teaching modeling in the art department of Mills College, Oakland, California. Mrs. Averill would be the clear-headed business woman, for not only did she originate the first walking and talking doll, but entered into the production business for the wholesale manufacture of it and opened up a shop on Fifth Avenue for its retail distribution.

Rose O'Neill is the painter whose skillful brush realized the wide-eyed elf with the curly top-knot and the fat little tummy of a Chinese idol that won the heart of childhood.

Yet that rigid classification into sculptress, business woman and painter would not be fair, either. For the sculptress and the painter had sufficient business acumen to make financial successes out of their art; the business woman had the necessary talent to make an artistic success out of her doll and her doll shop. No, they cannot be classified. They are just women who make dolls.

Because—and rightfully so, since it is eternally but three days old—Grace Storey Putnam's doll is the youngest addition to this coterie of toys, I sought her first. Mrs. Putnam is the wife of Arthur Putnam, a sculptor of fame, and the mother of a twenty-three-year-old daughter and a fourteen-year-old son. Her studio home is on Staten Island, that rocky guide-post to ships that enter and depart hourly from the New York harbor.

She was modeling an infant's head in wet clay when I found her. A true artist she was indeed, with clay-bedaubed hands, a brown linen smock slipped over her dress. She pinched away a bit of clay here and there, flattened an already snub baby nose, patted the wet clay tendering as she might have patted a baby's cheek and, in answer to my question: "Why did you want a new-born baby for a doll?" she replied:

"Oh, they're so irresistible. I suppose it is the price we mothers pay for our own babies that makes all babies precious. I can't tell when the idea first came to me to model a new-born baby. It seems always to have been a part of my consciousness. Even before my own babies were born a new-born baby always gave me a thrill. But a doll? Well, like any other form of art, I wanted to do the thing because something within me kept urging me to and—" she paused again and her fathomless eyes twinkled—"and I hoped to high Heaven that it might bring me in some money.

"Twenty years ago, when my husband and I were living in San Francisco and my little girl was three years old, I made my first doll for her. It was rather crude. First I made a wire frame and covered that with stockinet. Then I stuffed the stockinet to give it form. Head, body, arms, legs, all were made of the pliable stockinet. I pulled out its cheeks, stuffed and tinted them. Pulled out its little nose and stuffed that. Pressed in its eyes and painted them. Then I darned hair on it and, behold, a doll! I was not so proud of it that I would let my daughter take it out of doors when she went to play, but I liked it and she adored it and my husband and I both saw commercial possibilities in it. But I was not yet ready for doll-making.

Toy Men Hard to Convince

"Later, when my husband's illness made bread-winning a necessity for me, I entered the art department of Mills College. I had taught and studied every branch of art except modeling, having held that in reserve so that modeling might surmount everything. Yet through Arthur Putnam's influence modeling seemed to have become a part of me, and when I entered the art department of Mills College as a teacher I was given two classes in modeling along with the other branches I taught. But the doll idea kept growing within me. I must make a doll that had a universal appeal. And what appeal so general as that of the new-born infant? So, everywhere I went I studied babies. In maternity wards, in hospitals, in the homes of friends who had new babies I made a study of the babies from life. Yes,"—her eyes grew tender and had a yearning mother look—"yes, and in clinics I studied the little ones whose feeble spark had fluttered out. It was all a part of my work. You must know the tragedy of things before you can appreciate the joy of them; before you can give them verity. It is what I call getting 'sand into your work.' Like the coarse fiber in tapestry. The thing that holds it together. Otherwise life and its expressions would be too sugary sweet. That is why I did not want a pretty baby, why I did not want a perfect baby.

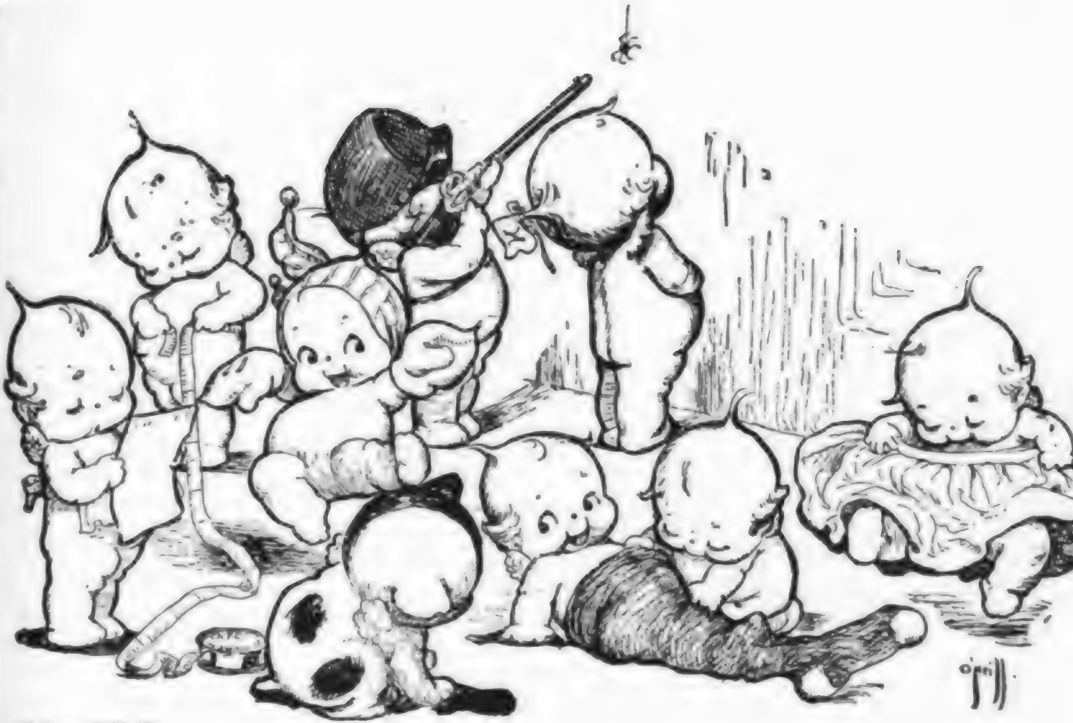
"I wanted to reproduce the baby that all mothers would recognize as their new-born infant. And I found it—three days old in an Oakland hospital. I knew the minute I saw the babe that he was the one I was looking for. He was simply adorable. For two hours I worked feverishly modeling the infant's face. I returned to work all day, the two following days on the head—working directly from life as the tiny thing, awake or asleep, lay before me on the hospital pillow. The face of the live baby changed even in those two days. But my Bye-lo Baby is as he was when three days old. I made no change in the face. From that model I perfected one in wax and with the wax model and many letters to toy manufacturers I came East."

Most people in the toy trade know the story of Grace Storey Putnam's struggle to convince the doll world that a three-day-old infant was what children wanted. At last she found one big toy-maker who agreed to give her doll a trial, and the Bye-lo Baby was born. There had been baby dolls on the market for years yet they had not been sensational sellers. But there had never been a three-day-old baby doll until Grace Storey Putnam's doll appeared upon the scene.

From the moment the tiny little fellow with his life-like bisque head was put on the market, he became an instantaneous and overwhelming success. Parents and prospective parents seized upon him. Children cried for him and got him. His wide, flat nose, his funny little high forehead with its scanty hair, the drowsy eyes, wrinkled neck and button mouth appealed to the mother urge in childhood. And the way he was seized upon by youthful femininity made a decided hit with the masculine adults in the doll trade everywhere.

"And it is one child that has never kept you awake nights," I congratulated Mrs. Putnam, with a smile.

"Oh, but it has," she quickly contradicted. "Nights and nights and nights! Contracts and royalties and copyrights and infringements. Rearing two children is a game compared with launching a doll on the market. You see, at first I launched the doll to support the studio. Then, when the New York manufacturers turned a cold and disdainful eye upon it, I had to return to art to support the doll. Now the



© Rose O'Neill.

The first drawing of the Kewpie, the familiar little elf with the fat tummy, was made to please a child and later became a colored pictorial feature in a woman's magazine. It's name is the diminutive form of cupid. Rose O'Neill's first bisque Kewpie doll was an experiment in 1912. A year later twenty-two factories were busy turning them out to supply the demand.

doll is supporting the studio again. Something like the hen and egg, or the goose and the egg, for at last the egg has turned to gold."

"And now what?" I asked. "Will you go on with sculpturing?"

"Oh, of course," she rejoined. "I *am* going on with it. I have just finished two commissions, a bust of a woman to be done in marble and a winged figure for the pilot house of a yacht."

"But you don't do all this work and keep house, too?"

She nodded. "Yes, I prefer it. For a time after the royalties began to come in, I felt very rich and snobbish. Then I hired a housekeeper. I tried that for three months, but the house seemed so full of housekeeper I had no room for work. She seemed to dominate the picture, which was as it should have been, for she was an excellent housekeeper and entitled to dominate. But somehow I could not create while she was there. Now, I'm my own housekeeper once more, and happy."

"Perhaps you will make more dolls?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. I shall make other dolls. But first I must do work along different lines. Then I will make better dolls."

Mrs. Putnam spoke pridefully of her twenty-three-year-old daughter, an accomplished musician and musical composer as well. "Bruce has been in California studying for the past six years," she said. "But she's coming to me next month." She talked with continued pride of her son; of his school work, his interests. I suggested that he too would be an artist.

Mrs. Putnam laughed and shook her head. "Not if he has anything to say about it," she told me. "George is going to do something mechanical, so he tells me. Only the other day he said, with all seriousness: 'Mother, whatever you do, don't expect me to be an artist. I'm going to do something decent.'"

THE business woman came next. It was in her shop working with her dolls that I found Mrs. James Paul Averill, who invented the wonder doll that walks and talks. I think it must have been Mrs. Averill's desire for perpetual motherhood that, combined with her business acumen, made a financial success out of her doll, for she admitted that the doll of her invention is just a small copy of the little girl her daughter was at the age of three. Maxine, the daughter, is now eighteen years old, but in the walking and talking doll Mrs. Averill made, she has immortalized her as she was fifteen years ago.

Mrs. Averill is a native of Denver and was at one time a resident of Salem, Oregon. It was while she was a patient in a Portland hospital that she made her first dolls. This was natural for not only was she a mother with a mother's love for children, but she was the wife of a professional toy salesman as well. While confined to the hospital as a patient, she spent her days of convalescence making rag dolls for the juvenile patients. This work gave her an idea. The idea was to produce what she calls "character" dolls.

Living in the Northwest these dolls naturally took the form of cowboys, cowgirls and Indians. After she returned home she made and sold some of the dolls. The readiness with which they sold stimulated her to greater activity. She dyed feathers, strung beads, cut and sewed and stuffed and painted dolls with her own hands and sold them all. Finding that the Indian dolls met with the readiest favor, she made a small replica of an Indian woman famous in the Northwest. Princess Angeline, they called her, "the Pocahontas of the Northwest."

When Seattle was an outpost of civilization, Princess Angeline, then a young Indian girl was sent by her father, Chief Seattle, to warn the settlers of an Indian attack. The warning saved the settlement, but made Princess Angeline an outcast from her tribe. She spent the remainder of her life in Seattle selling straw baskets on the streets. Her face, wrinkled with advancing age, was familiar to thousands of Washington and Oregon citizens. She was famous for her honesty. Although she was never rated in Dun and Bradstreet, her credit was good in many a Seattle store. When Princess Angeline died at the age of one hundred and ten, Seattle erected a monument to her. She had become a heroic figure.

The Inventor of the Walking Doll

Mrs. Averill's first venture in doll manufacture on any important scale was the creation of the Princess Angeline doll. During the first six weeks of 1914 she made $2,700 from the sale of this doll. Then she and her husband moved to San Francisco and later to Los Angeles where she opened a doll factory to make Indian dolls, papooses, cowboys and cowgirls. These dolls were dressed in pastel felts. The felts were purchased in New York. When the war came on and she had difficulty in obtaining felts she came to New York to find a substitute. By this time Mrs. Averill knew that her future lay in doll-making. It was about this time also that the urge, understood of all mothers, to keep her child eternally by her side, began to influence her.

"Maxine was seven years old then," Mrs. Averill explained. "She was growing up; was getting to be a big girl and my baby no longer. Somehow I wanted to keep her always a baby. I wanted always to have a baby such as she had been when she was three or four, just a little doll, all dimples and chubbiness and curls. Strangely enough Maxine had never cared for dolls. She used to toss them aside and talk and play for hours with imaginary playmates. She had two favorites, creatures of her own imagination. She called them 'Gook and Myrd.' The names were her own imvention, too. I think those imaginary playmates had much to do with my invention of a big doll—one that might really serve as a playmate and talk.

"I had no thought, then, of inventing a walking doll—just a talking doll. But after working for months and developing just the kind of doll I wanted—an adorable little being with baby face and curls, chubby hands and legs and dimpled elbows and knees—a doll that could say 'Oh, Mamma' with just the proper voice, I had a sudden inspiration. One day I picked the talking doll up and said: 'Time you were learning to walk, young lady.' As I said that I put the doll down on the floor as if she were about to walk. I noticed that by giving the feet a certain pressure, the body seemed to move automatically. So I went to work again and invented a doll whose feet and legs were heavy enough to give the requisite poise and motion. By a practical use of the law of gravitation and the trick of holding the doll's hands and slightly lifting them alternately, the feet moved and the doll toddled along with her youthful mother."

As Mrs. Averill explained it to me it all sounded very simple. Yet the fact that the walking and talking doll has been a sensational seller for five years, that it is known all over the world, that it is the biggest-selling high-priced doll on the market, and the further fact that the crowd around her Fifth Avenue shop at Christmas time often requires the direction of a traffic policeman, proves, to me at least, that Mrs. Averill's success has been gained by hard work and practical knowledge of human nature. She knew what the children wanted.

"It's because my doll is pretty and cuddly," she says. "Before my doll was brought out, most of the dolls on the market were stiff-bodied things that no stretch of childish imagination could convert into a real baby. I made a soft-bodied doll that a child could cuddle. That was what made it popular at first. Then I added a voice and taught it to walk. What I had done was to hark back to my own childhood and remember what I would have liked then. Children may grow more sophisticated as the world moves ahead, but the maternal instinct remains the same."

It was in 1912 that Rose O'Neill's elfin little Kewpie first came on the market as a doll. Before then it had been a colored picture with verses in a woman's magazine. New York toymakers saw, or thought they saw, the making of a popular doll in that chubby little elf. One of them suggested it to Miss O'Neill and a contract was drawn up and signed for the manufacture of a bisque Kewpie doll. When the first consignment of bisque Kewpies arrived the toy-maker tried them out on the dealers. A few of the dealers shook their heads but those of them who had wives and children given to reading the women's magazines recognized the familiar little elf with the fat little tummy and leaped with avidity into the Kewpie doll business. Mothers who had been following the versified career of the Kewpie, embraced his bisque image and took him home to their children. Children who had been laboriously haggling Kewpies out of magazines with blunt shears, took their little friend to their breasts immediately.

The toy-maker speeded up his factory and hurried more Kewpies on the market. Before the end of 1913, twenty-two factories were making bisque Kewpies from Rose O'Neill's model. Before the second year had passed, two more factories began turning out celluloid elfs of a similar pattern. Six months later another factory was opened up for the manufacture of indestructible dolls of the same model. That made twenty-five factories working overtime supplying a hungry market. There were seventeen numbers of these Kewpies on sale; twelve sizes in bisque, five sizes in celluloid and unbreakable material. During the war when bisque, which is a variety of unglazed china manufactured in Europe, was not obtainable, the production of Kewpies was decreased somewhat although the indestructible model was always on sale. Today with renewed importation of bisque, he is getting very lively. But never has there been a time since 1912 when the Kewpie was not selling.

Rose O'Neill, who was born in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, but who now divides her time between a New York studio and her Italian villa in Connecticut, tells me that she first made the Kewpie to please a certain child. Then she began to dream of Kewpies until they would not let her alone. The name, of course, is diminutive for "Cupid," but Miss O'Neill assures me that their nature is entirely different since, as she expresses it, "regular Cupids are always getting people into trouble while Kewpies are always getting them out." To older people their adventures in verse were somewhat reminiscent of Palmer Cox's Brownies, but as dolls they appealed more to children.

Grace Storey Putnam's new-born baby doll had its origin in a crude toy of wire and stockinet that she made for her own little daughter. Long before the doll became a sensational commercial success Mrs. Putnam had an up-hill struggle to convince skeptical manufacturers that anything as unheard-of as a three-day-old baby doll would make a universal appeal to children.

Miss O'Neill is now preparing a soft-bodied Kewpie which she calls a "hug-Kewpie." She is a busy woman, for not only does she make the Kewpie, she writes the verses recording his exploits and has modeled all the various sizes of Kewpies for the manufacturer.

There are other American women designing, making and selling various forms of dolls. Gene George Pfeffer, who invented the Splash-me doll in bathing togs which had considerable popularity a few years ago, made a financial success out of her doll until she devoted her interests to other work. Eight years ago when she was a student in the University of California, she modeled her bathing beauty doll and forwarded a picture of it to a New York toy house. Their reply was a prompt request to come to New York and bring the doll along. She came and the doll made money for several years. But the bathing doll, like the Billiken and the Good Fairy, was more for grown-ups than for children. And since children are more enduring in their affections, the dolls that children love are the dolls that have lasting popularity. Children are born conservatives and a popular doll may be good for generations. It is that much more a triumph to successfully implant a new doll in their affections.

Women are dressing dolls, inventing doll furniture and doll outfits. Miss Dolly has a well-equipped home, a garden and garden furniture, a dressing table of which a cinema star might well be proud. She has a wardrobe trunk and a wardrobe to fill it and all the accessories for travel. And for most of these she may thank the American woman. The American woman doll-maker and her American doll are established facts. And the men who handle the manufacturing and distributing ends of the doll business are wearing a broad and ample smile, quite forgetting the fact that sometimes they had to be coaxed, oftener they had to be prodded and occasionally they needed to be brow-beaten by the women doll inventors before they would consent to give the dolls a trial on the market.

The Best Love-Story I Ever Read

Winning Prize Contest Letters

TWO famous love-stories of another day were reprinted for EVERYBODY'S readers when "The Old or the New" department was opened in the June issue. The selections were *Carmen*, by Prosper Mérimée, and *The Caballero's Way*, by O. Henry. Readers were invited to suggest other favorites and prizes were offered for letters describing "The Best Love-Story I Ever Read." The prize-winning letters follow:

First Prize

IT WAS in November, 1909, that I read and re-read a little story that, as I look back today, was the chief cause of my making a swift choice between two suitors—one of them in easy circumstances, that my family *and* my own *head* approved of, and the other, in very uneasy circumstances, that only my own heart approved. I chose the man that my heart approved, and now, after sixteen years, I am still glad and proud of the choice I made.

The story remains in my mind as clean-cut and well rounded as my wedding ring. It is called *Happiness*, and I found it in a little volume of short stories called *The Odd Number* (there were thirteen stories in the book) written by Guy de Maupassant.

The story captivated me because my heart and soul were with the chief character, Suzanne de Sirmount, who gave up everything; wealth, family, jewels, for the sake of the man that she loved—a young soldier in her father's regiment, the son of a peasant "who carried his blue dolman well." For over fifty years she lived in poverty on the desolate island of Corsica with this man that she loved—"lived by the sovereign power of love in a happiness most complete and made of so very little."

"A happiness most complete and made of so very little." These words of de Maupassant's have stayed with me through the years, and I, too, have learned that happiness does not depend upon the possession of many things, but chiefly upon the sovereign power of love.

—M. M., BOSTON, MASS.

Second Prize

BOOK after book have I opened and read therein stories of love that has throbbed and pulsed through their pages. One after another I have read and relished, perhaps remembered a while and then forgot big dramas that struck at the heart of the world; these have thrilled me, and filled me for a while, but have left no lasting impression. Elaborate romances that vibrated to the taut strings of passion and sang a beautiful melody, sickening sweet in their physical appeal, have come, added a little something to my mental outlook, and then passed on into the grave of forgetfulness. But one there is, simple and insignificant to the casual eye, that yet stirs my heart and fills my mind when chance recalls it to me.

Simple, I have said it is—and one could find none simpler in its sharp brevity and clear, familiar language. It speaks not the tongue of the "learned and wise." There are no difficult phrases and "high-brow" clauses to frighten and distract the minds of the most uncultured reader. The diction is beautiful; beautiful in its close association to human hearts and human tongues. It is primarily a "heart-interest" story. One feels not the thrill of "movie-passion," nor the over-charged grief of a more intense story—but all the emotions and feelings are so familiar and commonplace as to bring the griefs and joys of this lovable couple home to one's own heart—and close neighbor to one's own experiences.

In O. Henry's *Harlem Tragedy*, the little blundering wife, happy in her ill-fortuned sacrifices, and the manly, protecting husband, generously preparing a delightful surprise to complete the round of mistakes and painful blunders, might be any young couple one knows—Estelle and John, newly married, starting life in a little apartment, misunderstanding and getting mixed up, and making up, with all the keen delight and thrilling sweetness that they alone can know.

It is a story equally well suited for any of the three periods of love-story life in a human being, the years of anticipation before marriage; the full rich hours and days and years of realization of marriage; and the later autumnal years of remembrance of marriage.

Such is my ideal of a love-story—and though I deem it not impossible that I may meet with its equal I do not think to find another to crowd out of my heart this delightful little masterpiece from O. Henry's own great heart and simple understanding.

—MILDRED MILHAM, ST. LOUIS, MO.

The Snow-Storm

A LOVE-STORY of touching sentiment, despair, apathy and ultimate happiness is vividly recounted in *The Snow-Storm*, by Alexander Pushkin, a front rank man in the van of

Russian authors. The story is exceptional. The characterization alone would elevate this piece of fiction above the mediocre; but the sustained interest, the masterful construction, the definite sequence of incidents, the carefully drawn plot, stamp this story as a masterpiece.

The Snow-Storm is remarkable in more ways than one. It is particularly noteworthy because it is a prototype of the modern short-story. It made its appearance during the era when the shorty-story was in its formative stages; when Edgar Allan Poe in America was perfecting a new form of narration; when literature was making a new appeal in an unfamiliar form. Pushkin had initiative and individuality. This story is illustrative of his talents.

I first read *The Snow-Storm* in March, 1916. That is nine years ago. When the editors of EVERYBODY'S asked their readers to communicate with them about the best love-story on record, Pushkin's story at once came to my mind. Because of its choice of words, its singleness of impression and because of its surprising dénouement this bit of fiction still remains clear in my memory. These qualities are certain to impress EVERYBODY'S readers as indelibly as they have impressed me.

—MICHAEL V. SIMKO, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Love and Goloshes

WITH popular fiction in mind, of all the love-stories that I, a bookworm, have read, none has given me a happier thrill than Ralph Henry Barbour's *Love and Goloshes*. I read this little gem of young love years ago, yet even today the sweetness of it still brings tender recollections. When love is first born in the human breast, it knows no barriers. We think that nothing is strong enough to stem the current of such sweeping appeal. Of course, in everyday life youthful affection oft is wrecked on the rocks of harsh opposition, more's the pity. However, when it is, we can be sure of one thing: the girl and boy hearts that are crushed beat hopefully right into the face of defeat. They know no black hour until it is full upon them. And that's particularly why I have always enthused above all others over this little shining example of Barbour's. It had the breath of life's springtime and limitless faith running high-heartedly through its delightful pages. —THOMAS JENKINS, LEONIA, N. J.

Olalla

SOME years ago, while browsing in the Reynolds Library of this city (Rochester, N. Y.), I came across a volume by Robert Louis Stevenson—entitled *The Merry Men and Other Tales and Fables*. It was an old book, published in 1887. As I perused its pages, I came upon the story *Olalla*. It was so poignantly lovely that the words of many of its paragraphs still cling in memory.

Its romantic setting in Spain conjures up many legends to help the author's eloquence. The story runs the gamut of emotion, from fervid passion to tragic renunciation. There is such a triumph of the spirit over the flesh, that one passes from horror of the bestiality innate in the mother and son to admiration of Olalla, whose mind kept her body ever subject to her will.

If one looks for the happy ending to a love-tale, this will be a disappointment; but for those who realize that tragedy is sometimes inevitable, this story is especially interesting. Stevenson's superb English and keen insight into the human soul remind us that the author himself had to fight a losing battle with illness and must have lived many dark hours.

Every one who feels that there may be a hereditary taint or a transmissible disease in his or her family should read *Olalla*, for no more brilliant argument against handing down weakness, physical or mental, could be written. We of this age need such stories of sacrifice, in order that materialism may not entirely crush the deep joys and sorrows of the spirit.

—MRS. EDWARD GALLAGHER, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

An Old Testament Choice

SINCE my childhood I have loved the book of *Ruth*. With the passing of the years, it still stands out with cameo-like distinctness, while others fade and dissolve in the perspective of time. Its genuineness is proved by its simplicity. Here was a most extraordinary attachment of two "in-laws." Ruth's son, by her mother-in-law's kinsman, Boaz, was called Obed, the father of Jesse, the father of David, the royal progenitor of the Messiah.

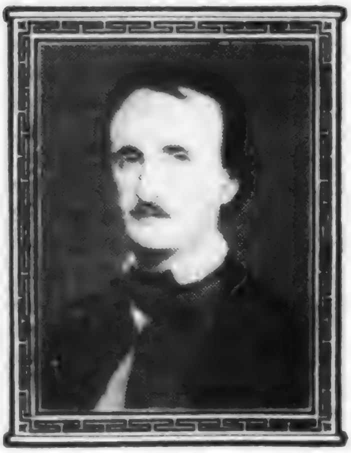
In all probability the author introduced this instructive little book to show us the important links in the line of the Messiah.

Never in any literature, ancient or modern, has there been recorded such a complete surrender of self, such love and devotion, as Ruth the Moabitess exhibits in her declaration of undying loyalty to Naomi, her mother-in-law, when, upon being entreated to return with her sister Orpah to her own people, she replied:

"Entreat me not to leave thee,
And to return from following after thee.
For whither thou goest, I will go,
And where thou lodgest, I will lodge.
Thy people shall be my people,
And thy God, my God.
Where thou diest will I die,
And there will I be buried.
The Lord do so to me,
And more also,
If aught but death
Part thee and me!"

—CARRIE JANE JONES, FAIROAKS, CALIFORNIA.

The Authors



Edgar Allan Poe.

TO EVERY American reader the name Edgar Allan Poe has significance, standing, as it does, for one of the greatest figures in our national literature. "What sort of person," one asks after reading such a fascinating story as *The Cask of Amontillado*, "was this man Poe?" The answer is found in the man's life itself. Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston in 1809, the son of actors of some skill. After their death he was adopted by Mrs. John Allan, the wife of a merchant of Richmond, Virginia, who sent him to schools in Richmond and in London where his sensitive nature was deeply impressed by the surroundings. Later, after returning to America and studying under tutors, Poe entered the University of Virginia, paying particular attention to languages, ancient and modern. At this time, however, Poe began drinking heavily—a weakness which, because of his constitution, was to play havoc with him. After leaving the university and living for a short time in Boston, he enlisted in the United States Army, being honorably discharged after two years of fidelity. Having obtained a reconciliation with his foster-father, Poe entered the Military Academy at West Point but was expelled after six months. His own literary work having won recognition, he turned to creative writing, finding in this an expression for his great genius. His wife's continued illness, however, tortured him with uncertainty and he yielded to his craving for stimulants, his unusual power for writing gradually relaxing. In 1844 he gave up his position as editor of *Graham's Magazine* and returned to New York where, with little money and overwhelming personal sorrow, he continued, producing such masterpieces as *The Raven*, *The Bells*, and *Ulalume*. But his health was gone, and his spirit was irreparably broken. He died in 1849 after a life of perversity and suffering, illuminated by two things, his intense love for his wife and his masterful genius as a writer. *The Cask of Amontillado*, the story selected for reprinting in this issue, is a splendid example of Poe's masterly handling of suspense and horror.

Edith Wharton.

TO THOSE who have read *Ethan Frome* and *The Age of Innocence*, Edith Wharton needs no introduction, for her reputation as a writer of worth-while novels is strengthened by scores of novels, articles and short stories, and embraces a period of twenty-six years' activity. In one way it is remarkable that Mrs. Wharton's two most significant novels should deal, one with New England life and the other with New York society in the 1870's, since she has forsworn America and has made France her permanent home. Here one sees the result of early impressions and a love for the New York of a past generation. Her life, for the most part, has been spent in Europe where, during the war, she was conferred the cross of the Legion of Honor by the French Government for her tireless activity in caring for refugees and Belgian children. In this latter work she took charge of six hundred children who had been withdrawn from orphanages near Furnes and Poperinghe and established them in four colonies where they were taught lace-making against the time when fine sewing and lace-making would again be demanded. American by birth, Edith Newbold Jones became the wife of Edward Wharton at the age of twenty-three and some time later took up permanent residence in France, spending the winters in Provence and the summers near Paris. She was thirty-seven when her first book, *The Greater Inclination*, was published. *The House of Mirth*, a provocative novel guaranteed to win popularity, came six years later. During the war she wrote little, but in 1918 other stories appeared, among them *Fighting France* and *The Marne*, the latter the story of an American boy in the war. Besides *Ethan Frome* (1911) and *The Age of Innocence* (1920), *A Son at the Front*—a study in the relationship between father and son—has won wide recognition. *The Duchess at Prayer* is a story laid in Italy and executed in Mrs. Wharton's characteristically charming manner—at its best in portraying characters such as only flower in the sophisticated soil of a society ripe in age and culture.

A Fiction Feature Extraordinary

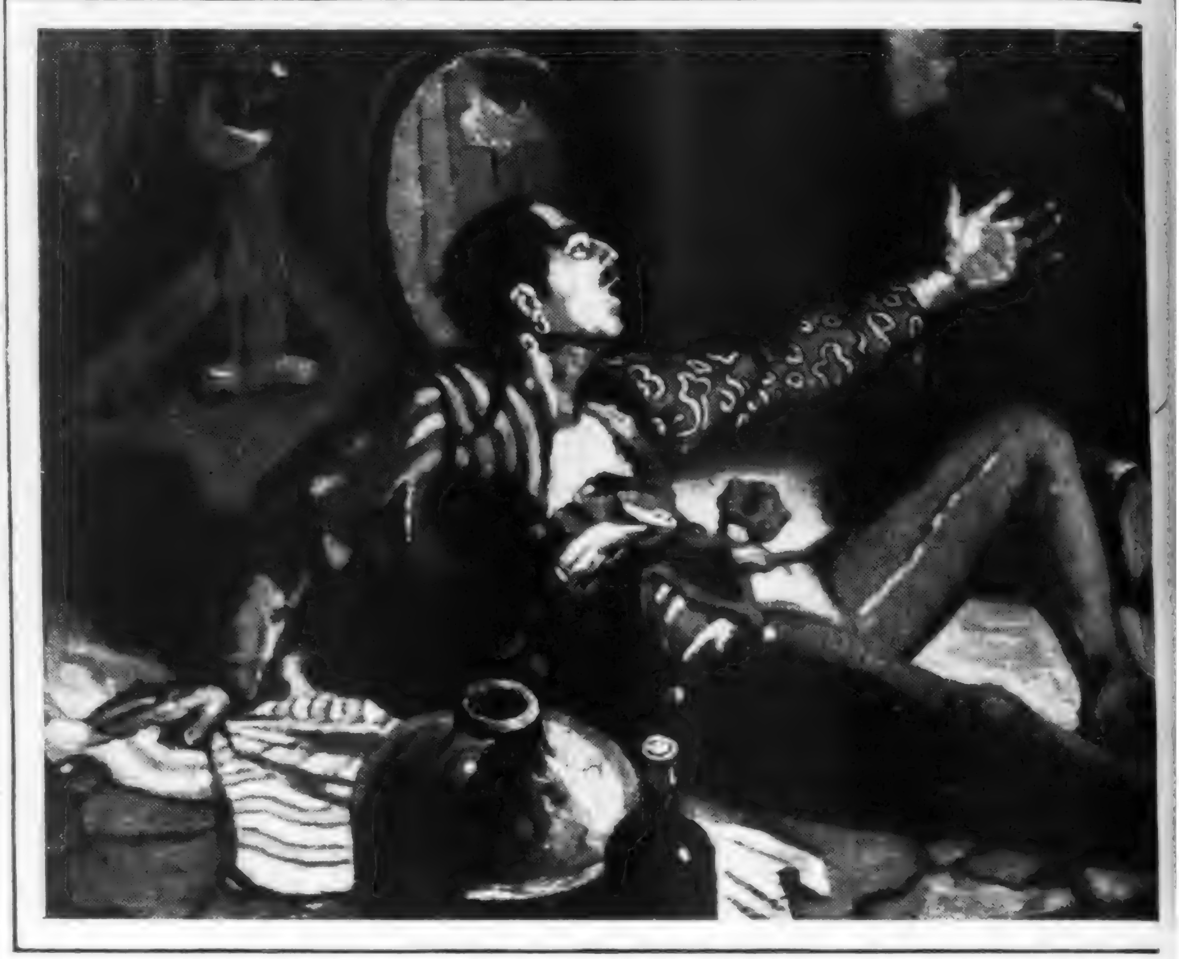
The OLD or the NEW

Two stories of horrible vengeance, *The Cask of Amontillado*, by Edgar Allan Poe, and *The Duchess at Prayer*, by Edith Wharton, are famous tales reprinted in the following pages

EACH month this department puts before you two exceptional fiction stories from the literature of the past. One is a masterpiece of enduring fame that has long survived its author, the other a more modern story of the same general character by a writer nearer our own time. The aid of a committee of discriminating authorities on fiction lends added attraction to a series that has so far resulted in the republication of such fiction treasures as *Carmen*, by Prosper Mérimée; *The Caballero's Way*, by O. Henry; *The Man Without a Country*, by Edward Everett Hale; *The Consul*, by Richard Harding Davis; *The Open Boat*, by Stephen Crane; *The Trawler*, by James B. Connolly; *Dr. Heidegger's Experiment*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne; *The Late Mr. Elvesham*, by H. G. Wells; *A Terribly Strange Bed*, by Wilkie Collins, and *The Inn of the Two Witches*, by Joseph Conrad.

This month's offerings are *The Cask of Amontillado*, by Edgar Allan Poe, and *The Duchess at Prayer*, by Edith Wharton.

The Selection Committee comprises Dr. Blanche Colton Williams, author of "A Handbook of Short Story Writing," associate professor of English at Hunter College, and instructor in short story writing, Columbia University; Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, and author of several books on the short story; and Mr. Harry Esty Dounce, author, reviewer and critic. Write them frankly, in our care, your judgment of the stories published, together with suggestions regarding future stories for the "Old and New" series.



The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused, and holding

A classic story of

The Cask of

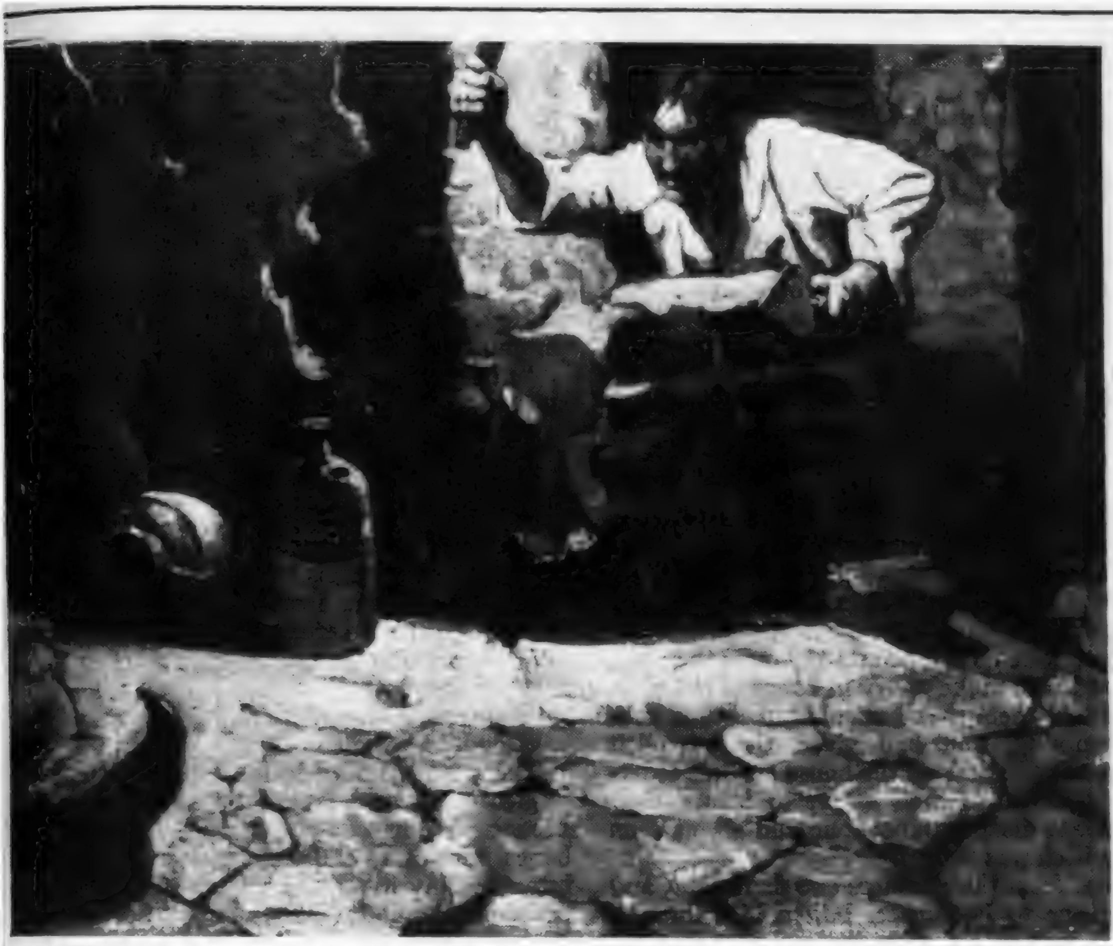
by
Edgar Allan Poe

(*Reprinted. See announcement on page 97*)

THE thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could; but when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. *At length* I would be avenged; this was a point definitively settled—but the very definitiveness with which it was resolved precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish, but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

It must be understood that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good-will. I continued, as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile *now* was at the thought of his immolation.

He had a weak point—this Fortunato—although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself on his connoisseurship in wine. Few Italians have the true virtuoso spirit. For the most part their enthusiasm is adopted to suit the time and opportunity—to practice imposture upon the British and Austrian millionaires. In painting and gemmary, Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack—but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not differ



the flambeaus over the mason work, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within.

a monstrous vengeance

Amontillado

Illustrated by
Dominick Cammerota

from him materially: I was skilful in the Italian vintages myself, and bought whenever I could.

It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my friend. He accosted me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore motley. He had on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress, and his head was surmounted by the conical cap and bells. I was so pleased to see him that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

I said to him, "My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking! I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts."

"How?" said he. "Amontillado? A pipe? Impossible! And in the middle of the carnival!"

"I have my doubts," I replied, "and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found and I was fearful of losing a bargain."

"Amontillado!"

"I have my doubts."

"Amontillado!"

"And I must satisfy them."

"Amontillado."

"As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchesi. If any one has a critical turn, it is he. He will tell me—"

"He cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry."

"And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own."

"Come, let us go."

"Whither?"

"To your vaults."

"My friend, no; I will not impose upon your good nature. I perceive you have an engagement. Luchesi—"

"I have no engagement. Come."

"My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted. The vaults are insufferably damp. They are incrusted with nitre."

"Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is merely nothing. Amontillado! You have been imposed upon. And as for Luchesi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado!"

THUS speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm. Putting on a mask of black silk, and drawing a roquelaire closely about my person, I suffered him to hurry me to my palazzo.

There were no attendants at home; they had absconded to make merry in honor of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicit orders not to stir from the house. These orders were sufficient, I well knew, to insure their immediate disappearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned.

I took from their sconces two flambeaus, and giving one to Fortunato, bowed him through several suits of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed down a long and winding staircase, requesting him to be cautious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the descent, and stood together on the damp ground of the catacombs of the Montresors.

The gait of my friend was unsteady, and the bells upon his cap jingled as he strode.

"The pipe," said he.

"It is farther on," said I, "but observe the white web-work which gleams from these walls."

He turned toward me, and looked into my eyes with two filmy orbs that distilled the rheum of intoxication.

"Nitre?" he asked at length.

"Nitre," I replied. "How long have you had that cough?"

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!"

My poor friend found it impossible to reply for many minutes.

"It is nothing," he said, at last.

"Come," I said, with decision, "we will go back; your health is precious. You are rich, respected, admired, beloved; you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back; you will be ill, and I cannot be responsible. Besides, there is Luchesi—"

"Enough," he said. "The cough is nothing; it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough."

"True—true," I replied, "and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily—but you should use all proper caution. A draught of this Medoc will defend us from the damps."

Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which I drew from a long row of its fellows that lay upon the mould.

"Drink," I said, presenting him the wine.

He raised it to his lips with a leer. He nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled.

"I drink," he said, "to the buried that repose around us."

"And I to your long life."

He again took my arm, and we proceeded.

"These vaults," he said, "are extensive."

"The Montresors," I replied, "were a great and numerous family."

"I forget your arms."

"A huge human foot d'or, in a field azure; the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are embedded in the heel."

"And the motto?"

"*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"

"Good!" he said.

The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Medoc. We had passed through walls of piled bones, with casks and puncheons intermingling, into the inmost recesses of the catacombs. I paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow.

"The nitre!" I said, "see, it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below the river's bed. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough—"

"It is nothing," he said. "Let us go on. But first, another draught of the Medoc."

I broke and reached him a flagon of De Grave. He emptied it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upward with a gesticulation I did not understand.

I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the movement—a grotesque one.

"You do not comprehend?" he said.

"Not I," I replied.

"Then you are not of the brotherhood."

"How?"

"You are not of the masons."

"Yes, yes," I said, "yes, yes."

"You? Impossible! A mason?"

"A mason," I replied.

"A sign," he said.

"It is this," I answered, producing a trowel from beneath the folds of my roquelaire.

"You jest," he exclaimed, recoiling. "But let us proceed to the Amontillado."

"Be it so," I said, replacing the tool beneath the cloak, and again offering him my arm. He leaned upon it heavily. We continued our route in search of the Amontillado. We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and, descending again, arrived at a deep crypt, in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaus rather to glow than flame.

AT THE most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains, piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner. From the fourth the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones, we perceived a still interior recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no especial use within itself, but formed merely the interval between two of the colossal supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their circumscribing walls of solid granite.

It was in vain that Fortunato, uplifting his dull torch, endeavored to pry into the depth of the recess. Its termination the feeble light did not enable us to see.

"Proceed," I said. "Herein is the Amontillado. As for Luchesi—"

"He is an ignoramus," interrupted my friend, as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In an instant he had reached the extremity of the niche, and finding his progress arrested by the rock, stood stupidly bewildered. A moment more and I had fettered him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a padlock. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds to secure it. He was too much astounded to resist. Withdrawing the key, I stepped back from the recess.

"Pass your hand," I said, "over the wall; you cannot help feeling the nitre. Indeed it is *very* damp. Once more let me *implore* you to return. No? Then I must positively leave you. But I must first render you all the little attentions in my power."

"The Amontillado!" ejaculated my friend, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

"True," I replied, "the Amontillado."

As I said these words I busied myself among the pile of bones of which I have before spoken. Throwing them aside, I soon uncovered a quantity of building stone and mortar. With these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began vigorously to wall up the entrance of the niche.

I had scarcely laid the first tier of the masonry when I discovered that the intoxication of Fortunato had in a great measure worn off. The earliest indication I had of this was a low moaning cry from the depth of the recess. It was *not* the cry of a drunken man. There was then a long and obstinate silence. I laid the second tier and the third, and the fourth; and then I heard the furious vibrations of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes, during which, that I might hearken to it with the more satisfaction, I ceased my labors and sat down upon the bones. When at last the clanking subsided, I resumed the trowel, and finished without interruption the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh tier. The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused, and holding the flambeaus over the mason work, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within.

A succession of loud and shrill screams, bursting suddenly from the throat of the chained form, seemed to thrust me violently back. For a brief moment I hesitated—I trembled. Unsheathing my rapier, I began to grope with it about the recess; but the thought of an instant reassured me. I placed my hand upon the solid fabric of the catacombs, and felt satisfied. I reapproached the wall. I replied to the yells of him who clamored. I reechoed—I aided—I surpassed them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the clamorer grew still.

It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth, and tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight; I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognizing as that of Fortunato. The voice said—

"Ha! ha! ha!—he! he! he!—a very good joke indeed—an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo—he! he! he!—over our wine—he! he! he!"

"The Amontillado!" I said.

"He! he! he!—he! he! he! yes, the Amontillado. But is it not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo—the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone."

"Yes," I said, "let us be gone."

"*For the love of God, Montresor!*"

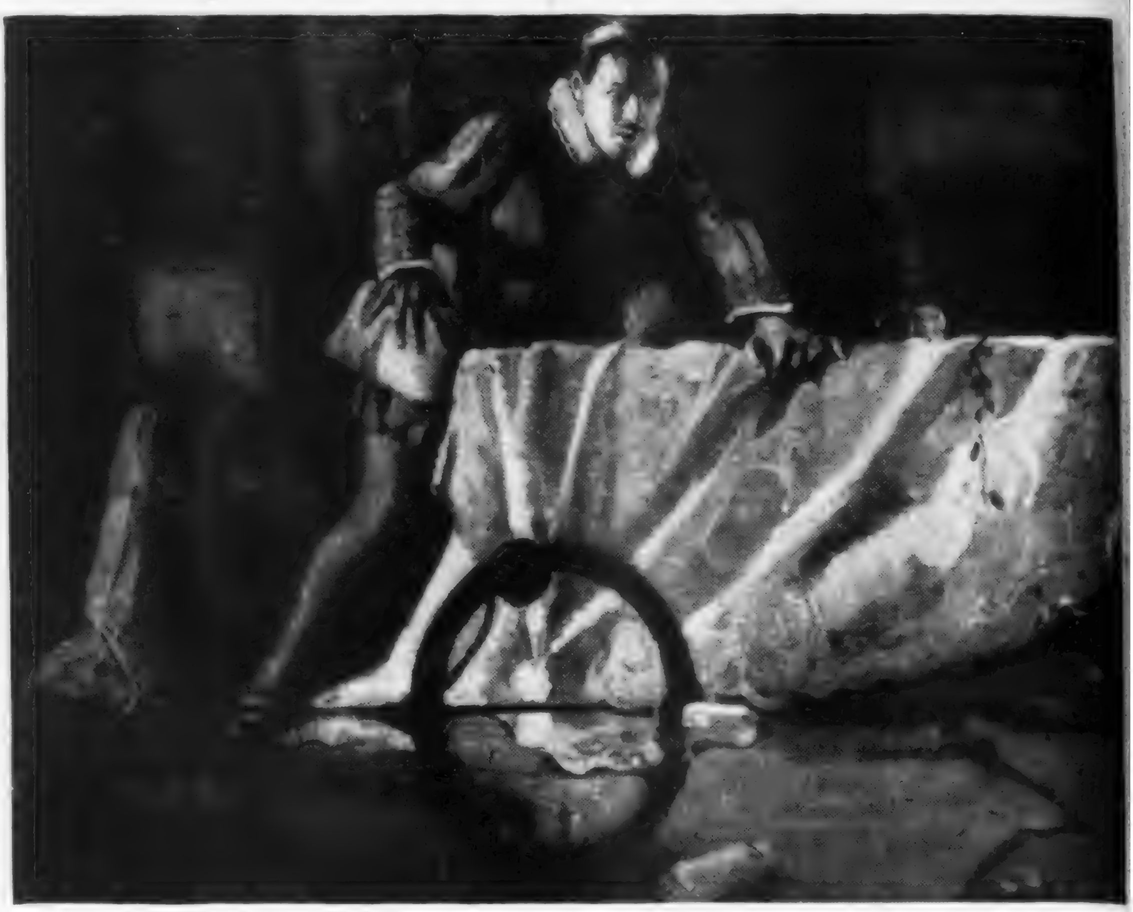
"Yes," I said, "for the love of God!"

But to these words I hearkened in vain for a reply. I grew impatient. I called aloud—

"Fortunato!"

No answer. I called again—"Fortunato!"

No answer still. I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick—on account of the dampness of the catacombs. I hastened to make an end of my labor. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I reerected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. *In pace requiescat.*



As she spoke the empty goblet dropped from her hand and she fell on

A resourceful husband adjusts

The Duchess

by Edith Wharton

(Reprinted. See announcement on page 97.)

HAVE you ever questioned the long shuttered front of an old Italian house, that motionless mask, smooth, mute, equivocal as the face of a priest behind which buzz the secrets of the confessional? Other houses declare the activities they shelter; they are the clear expressive cuticle of a life flowing close to the surface; but the old palace in its narrow street, the villa on its cypress-hooded hill, are as impenetrable as death. The tall windows are like blind eyes, the great door is a shut mouth. Inside there may be sunshine, the scent of myrtles, and a pulse of life through all the arteries of the huge frame; or a mortal solitude, where bats lodge in the disjointed stones and the keys rust in unused doors. . . .

From the loggia, with its vanishing frescoes, I looked down an avenue barred by a ladder of cypress-shadows to the ducal escutcheon and mutilated vases of the gate. Flat noon lay on the gardens, on fountains, porticoes and grottoes. Below the terrace, where a chromo-colored lichen had sheeted the balustrade as with fine *laminæ* of gold, vineyards stooped to the rich valley clasped in hills. The lower slopes were strewn with white villages like stars

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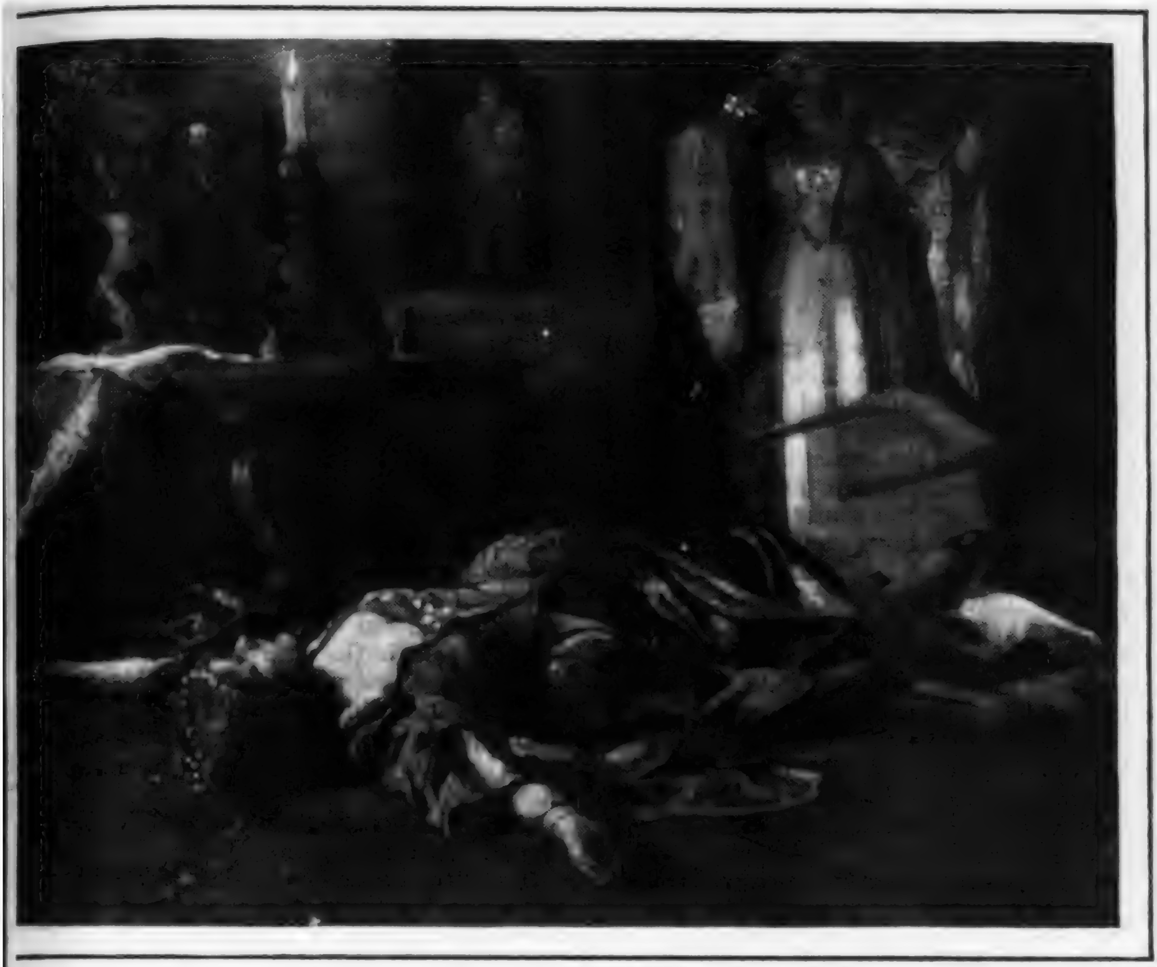


the floor. The Duke shouted to her woman that she had swooned.

a little matter of family honor

at Prayer

Illustrated by John R. Peirce

spangling a summer dusk; and beyond these, fold on fold of blue mountain, clear as gauze against the sky. The August air was lifeless, but it seemed light and vivifying after the atmosphere of the shrouded rooms through which I had been led. Their chill was on me and I hugged the sunshine.

"The Duchess's apartments are beyond," said the old man.

He was the oldest man I have ever seen; so sucked back into the past that he seemed more like a memory than a living being. The one trait linking him with the actual was the fixity with which his small saurian eye held the pocket that, as I entered, had yielded a lira to the gate-keeper's child. He went on, without removing his eye.

"For two hundred years nothing has been changed in the apartments of the Duchess."

"And no one lives here now?"

"No one, sir. The Duke goes to Como for the summer season."

I had moved to the other end of the loggia. Below me, through hanging groves, white roofs and domes flashed like a smile.

"And that's Vicenza?"

"*Proprio!*" The old man extended fingers as lean as the hands fading from the walls behind us. "You see the palace roof over there, just to left of the Basilica? The one with the row of statues like birds taking flight? That's the Duke's town palace, built by Palladio."

"And does the Duke come there?"

"Never. In winter he goes to Rome."

"And the palace and the villa are always closed?"

"As you see—always."

"How long has this been?"

"Since I can remember."

I looked into his eyes: they were like tarnished metal mirrors reflecting nothing. "That must be a long time," I said involuntarily.

"A long time," he assented.

I looked down on the gardens. An opulence of dahlias overran the box-borders, between cypresses that cut the sunshine like basalt shafts. Bees hung above the lavender; lizards sunned themselves on the benches and slipped through the cracks of the dry basins. Everywhere were vanishing traces of that fantastic horticulture of which our dull age has lost the art. Down the alleys maimed statues stretched their arms like rows of whining beggars; faun-eared terms grinned in the thickets and above the laurustinus walls rose the mock ruin of a temple, falling into real ruin in the bright disintegrating air. The glare was blinding.

"Let us go in," I said.

The old man pushed open a heavy door, behind which the cold lurked like a knife.

"The Duchess's apartments," he said.

Overhead and around us the same evanescent frescoes, under foot the same scagliola colutes, unrolled themselves interminably. Ebony cabinets, with inlay of precious marbles in cunning perspective, alternated down the room with the tarnished efflorescence of gilt consoles supporting Chinese monsters; and from the chimney-panel a gentleman in the Spanish habit haughtily ignored us.

"Duke Ercole II.," the old man explained, "by the Genoese Priest."

It was a narrow-browed face, sallow as a wax effigy, high-nosed and cautious-lidded, as though modeled by priestly hands; the lips weak and vain rather than cruel; a quibbling mouth that would have snapped at verbal errors like a lizard catching flies, but had never learned the shape of a round yes or no. One of the Duke's hands rested on the head of a dwarf, a simian creature with pearl ear-rings and fantastic dress; the other turned the pages of a folio propped on a skull.

"Beyond is the Duchess's bedroom," the old man reminded me.

HERE the shutters admitted but two narrow shafts of light, gold bars deepening the subaqueous gloom. On a dais the bedstead, grim, nuptial, official, lifted its baldachin; a yellow Christ agonized between the curtains, and across the room a lady smiled at us from the chimney-breast.

The old man unbarred a shutter and the light touched her face. Such a face it was, with a flicker of laughter over it like the wind on a June meadow, and a singular tender pliancy of mien, as though one of Tiepolo's lenient goddesses had been busked into the stiff sheath of a seventeenth century dress!

"No one has slept here," said the old man, "since the Duchess Violante."

"And she was . . ?"

"The lady there—first Duchess of Duke Ercole II."

He drew a key from his pocket and unlocked a door at the farther end of the room. "The chapel," he said. "This is the Duchess's balcony." As I turned to follow him the Duchess tossed me a sidelong smile.

I stepped into a grated tribune above a chapel festooned with stucco. Pictures of bituminous saints mouldered between the pilasters; the artificial roses in the altar-vases were gray with dust and age, and under the cobwebby rosettes of the vaulting a bird's nest clung. Before the altar stood a row of tattered arm-chairs, and I drew back at sight of a figure kneeling near them.

"The Duchess," the old man whispered. "By the Cavaliere Bernini."

It was the image of a woman in furred robes and spreading fraise, her hand lifted, her face addressed to the tabernacle. There was a strangeness in the sight of that immovable presence locked in prayer before an abandoned shrine. Her face was hidden, and I wondered whether it were grief or gratitude that raised her hands and drew her eyes to the altar, where no living prayer joined her marble invocation. I followed my guide down the tribune steps, impatient to see what mystic version of such terrestrial traces the ingenious artist had found—the Cavaliere was master of such arts. The Duchess's attitude was one of transport, as though heavenly airs fluttered her laces and the love-locks escaping from her coif. I saw how admirably the sculptor had caught the pose of her head, the tender slope of the shoulder; then I crossed over and looked into her face—it was a frozen horror. Never have hate, revolt and agony so possessed a human countenance. . . .

The old man crossed himself and shuffled his feet on the marble.

"The Duchess Violante," he repeated.

"The same as in the picture?"

"Eh—the same."

"But the face—what does it mean?"

He shrugged his shoulders and turned deaf eyes on me. Then he shot a glance around the sepulchral place, clutched my sleeve and said, close to my ear: "It was not always so."

"What was not?"

"The face—so terrible."

"The Duchess's face?"

"The statue's. It changed after—"

"After?"

"It was put here."

"The statue's face *changed?*"

He mistook my bewilderment for incredulity and his confidential finger dropped from my sleeve. "Eh, that's the story. I tell what I've heard. What do I know?" He resumed his senile shuffle across the marble. "This is a bad place to stay in—no one comes here. It's too cold. But the gentleman said, *I must see everything!*"

I let the *lire* sound. "So I must—and hear everything. This story, now—from whom did you have it?"

His hand stole back. "One that saw it, by God!"

"That saw it?"

"My grandmother, then. I'm a very old man."

"Your grandmother? Your grandmother was . . ?"

"The Duchess's serving girl, with respect to you."

"Your grandmother? Two hundred years ago?"

"Is it too long ago? That's as God pleases. I am a very old man and she was a very old woman when I was born. When she died she was as black as a miraculous Virgin and her breath whistled like the wind in a keyhole. She told me the story when I was a little boy. She told it to me out there in the garden, on a bench by the fish pond, one summer night of the year she died. It must be true, for I can show you the very bench we sat on. . . ."

NOON lay heavier on the gardens; not our live humming warmth but the stale exhalation of dead summers. The very statues seemed to drowse like watchers by a death-bed. Lizards shot out of the cracked soil like flames and the bench in the laurustinus-niche was strewn with the blue varnished bodies of dead flies. Before us lay the fish pond, a yellow marble slab above rotting secrets. The villa looked across it, composed as a dead face, with the cypresses flanking it for candles. . . .

"Impossible, you say, that my mother's mother should have been the Duchess's maid? What do I know? It is so long since anything has happened here that the old things seem nearer, perhaps, than to those who live in cities. . . . But how else did she know about the statue then? Answer me that, sir! That she saw with her eyes, I can swear to, and never smiled again, so she told me, till they put her first child in her arms . . . for she was taken to wife by the steward's son, Antonio, the same who had carried the letters. . . . But where am I? Ah, well . . . she was a mere slip, you understand, my grandmother, when the Duchess died, a niece of the upper maid, Nencia, and suffered about the Duchess because of her pranks and the funny songs she knew. It's possible, you think, she may have heard from others what she afterward fancied she had seen herself? How that is, it's not for an unlettered man to say; though indeed I myself seem to have seen many of the things she told me. This is a strange place. No one comes here, nothing changes, and the old memories stand up as distinct as the statues in the garden. . . .

"It began the summer after they came back from the Brenta. Duke Ercole had married the lady from Venice, you must know; it was a gay city, then, I'm told, with laughter and music on the water, and the days slipped by like boats running with the tide. Well, to humor her he took her back the first autumn to Brenta. Her father, it appears, had a grand palace there, with such gardens, bowling-alleys, grottoes and casinos as never were; gondolas bobbing at the water-gates, a stable full of gilt coaches, a theater full of players, and kitchens and offices full of cooks and lackeys to serve up chocolate all day long to the fine ladies in masks and furbelows, with their pet dogs and their blackamoors and their *abates*. Eh! I know it all as if I'd been there, for Nencia, you see, my grandmother's aunt, traveled with the Duchess, and came back with her eyes round as platters, and not a word to say for the rest of the year to any of the lads who'd courted her here in Vicenza.

"What happened there I don't know—my grandmother could never get at the rights of it, for Nencia was mute as a fish where her lady was concerned—but when they came back to Vicenza the Duke ordered the villa set in order; and in the spring he brought the Duchess here and left her. She looked happy enough, my grandmother said, and seemed no object for pity. Perhaps, after all, it was better than being shut up in Vicenza, in the tall painted rooms where priests came and went as softly as cats prowling for birds, and the Duke was forever closeted in his library, talking with learned men. The Duke was a scholar; you noticed he was painted with a book? Well, those that can read 'em make out that they're full of wonderful things; as a man that's been to a fair across the mountains will always tell his people at home it was beyond anything *they'll* ever see. As for the Duchess, she was all for music, play-acting and young company. The Duke was a silent man, stepping quietly, with his eyes down, as though he'd just come from confession; when the Duchess's lap-dog yapped at his heels he danced like a man in a swarm of hornets; when the Duchess laughed he winced as if you'd drawn a diamond across a window-pane. And the Duchess was always laughing.

"When she first came to the villa she was very busy laying out the gardens, designing grottoes, planting groves and planning all manner of agreeable surprises in the way of waterjets that drenched you unexpectedly, and hermits in caves, and wild men that jumped at you out of thickets. She had a very pretty taste in such matters, but after a while she tired of it, and there being no one for her to talk to but her maids and the chaplain—a clumsy man deep in his books—why, she would have strolling players out from Vicenza, mountebanks and fortune tellers from the market place, traveling doctors and astrologers, and all manner of trained animals. Still it could be seen that the poor lady pined for company, and her waiting women, who loved her, were glad when the Cavaliere Ascanio, the Duke's cousin, came to live at the vineyard across the valley—you see the pinkish house over there in the mulberries, with a red roof and a pigeon-cote?

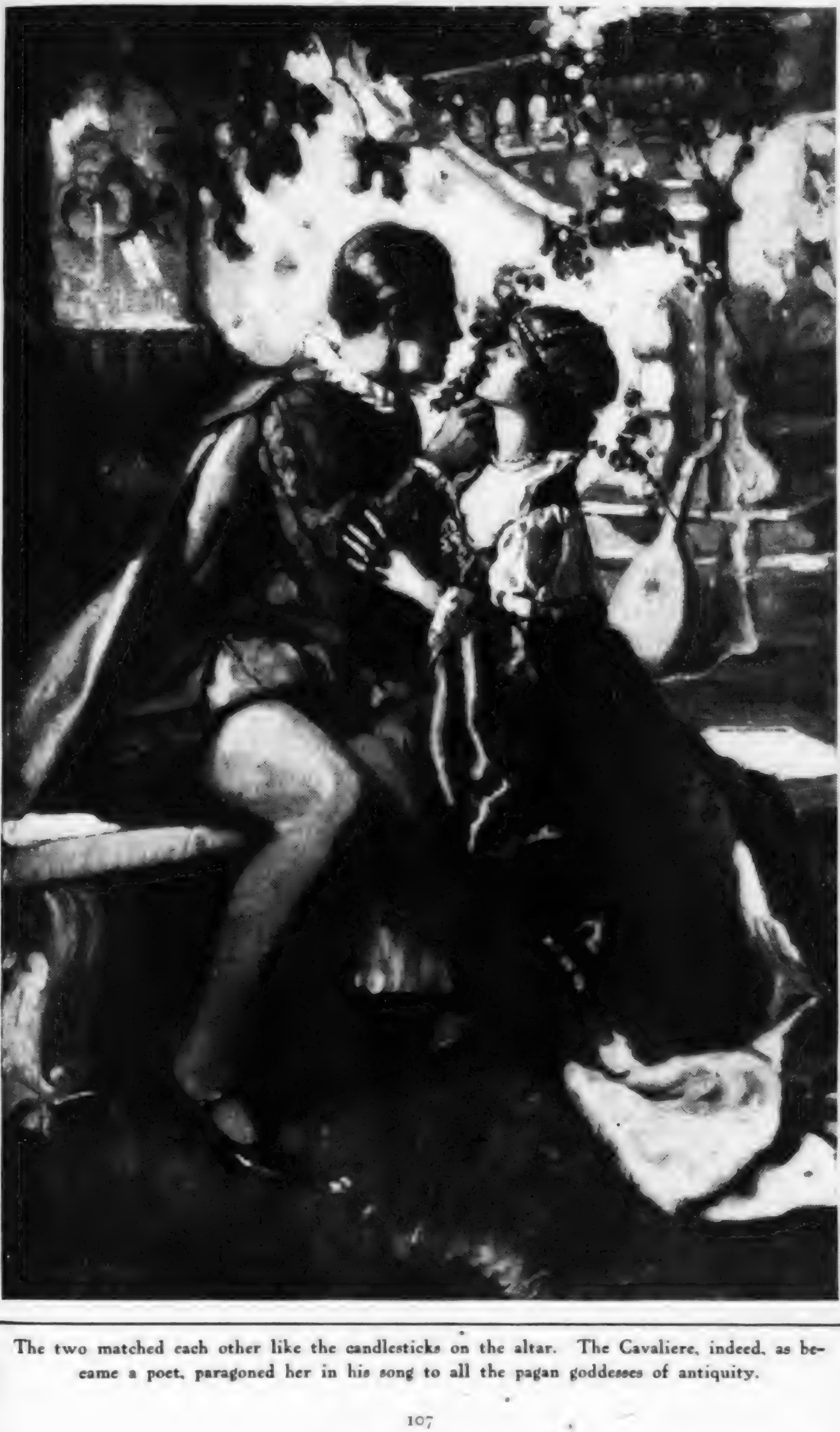
"The Cavaliere Ascanio was a cadet of one of the great Venetian houses, *pezzi grossi* of the Golden Book. He had been meant for the Church, I believe, but what! he set fighting above praying and cast in his lot with the captain of the Duke of Mantwa's *bravi*, himself a Venetian of good standing, but a little at odds with the law. Well, the next I know, the Cavaliere was in Venice again, perhaps not in good odor on account of his connection with the gentleman I speak of. Some say he tried to carry off a nun from the convent of Santa Croce; how that may be I can't say; but my grandmother declared he had enemies there, and the end of it was that on some pretext or other the Ten banished him to Vicenza. There, of course, the Duke, being his kinsman, had to show him a civil face; and that was how he first came to the villa.

"He was a fine young man, beautiful as a Saint Sebastian, a rare musician, who sang his own songs to the lute in a way that used to make my grandmother's heart melt and run through her body like mulled wine. He had a good word for everybody, too, and was always dressed in the French fashion, and smelt as sweet as a bean field; and every soul about the place welcomed the sight of him.

"Well, the Duchess, it seemed, welcomed it too; youth will have youth, and laughter turns to laughter; and the two matched each other like the candlesticks on an altar. The Duchess—you've seen her portrait—but to hear my grandmother, sir, it no more approached her than weed comes up to a rose. The Cavaliere, indeed, as became a poet, paragoned her in his song to all the pagan goddesses of antiquity; and doubtless these were finer to look at than mere women; but so, it seemed, was she; for, to believe my grandmother, she made other women look no more than the big French fashion-doll that used to be shown on Ascension days in the Piazza. She was one, at any rate, that needed no outlandish finery to beautify her; whatever dress she wore became her as feathers fit the bird; and her hair didn't get its color by bleaching on the house-top. It glittered of itself like the threads in an Easter chasuble, and her skin was whiter than fine wheaten bread and her mouth as sweet as a ripe fig. . . .

"WELL, sir, you could no more keep them apart than the bees and the lavender. They were always together, singing, bowling, playing cup and ball, walking in the gardens, visiting the aviaries and petting her grace's trick-dogs and monkeys. The Duchess was as gay as a foal, always playing pranks and laughing, tricking out her animals like comedians, disguising herself as a peasant or a nun (you should have seen her one day pass herself off to the chaplain as a mendicant sister), or teaching the lads and girls of the vineyards to dance and sing madrigals together. The Cavaliere had a singular ingenuity in planning such entertainments and the days were hardly long enough for their diversions. But toward the end of the summer the Duchess fell quiet and would hear only sad music, and the two sat much together in the gazebo at the end of the garden. It was there the Duke found them one day when he drove out from Vicenza in his gilt coach. He came but once or twice a year to the villa, and it was, as my grandmother said, just a part of the poor lady's ill-luck to be wearing that day the Venetian habit, which uncovered the shoulders in a way the Duke always scowled at, and her curls loose and powered with gold. Well, the three drank chocolate in the gazebo, and what happend no one knew, except that the Duke, on taking leave, gave his cousin a seat in his carriage; but the Cavaliere never returned.

"Winter approaching, and the poor lady thus finding herself once more alone, it was surmised among her women that she must fall into a deeper depression of spirits. But far from this being the case, she displayed such cheerfulness and equanimity of humor that my grandmother, for one, was half-vexed with her for giving no more thought to the poor young man who, all this time, was eating his heart out in the house across the valley. It is true she quitted her gold-laced gowns and wore a veil over her head; but Nencia would have it she looked the lovelier for the change and so gave the Duke greater displeasure. Certain it is that the Duke drove out oftener to the villa, and though he found his lady always engaged in some innocent pursuit, such as embroidery or music, or playing games with her young women, yet he always went away with a sour look and a whispered word to the chaplain. Now as to the chaplain, my grandmother owned there had been a time when her grace had not handled him overwisely. For, according to Nencia, it seems that his reverence, who seldom approached the Duchess, being buried in his library like a mouse in a cheese-well, one day he made bold to



The two matched each other like the candlesticks on the altar. The Cavaliere, indeed, as became a poet, paragoned her in his song to all the pagan goddesses of antiquity.

appeal to her for a sum of money, a large sum, Nencia said, to buy certain tall books, a chest full of them, that a foreign peddler had brought him; whereupon the Duchess, who could never abide a book, breaks out at him with a laugh and a flash of her old spirit—'Holy Mother of God, must I have more books about me? I was nearly smothered with them in the first year of my marriage,' and the chaplain turning red at the affront, she added: 'You may buy them and welcome, my good chaplain, if you can find the money; but as for me, I am yet seeking a way to pay for my turquoise necklace, and the statue of Daphne at the end of the bowling-green, and the Indian parrot that my black boy brought me last Michaelmas from the Bohemians—so you see I've no money to waste on trifles;' and as he backs out awkwardly she tosses at him over her shoulder: 'You should pray to Saint Blandina to open the Duke's pocket!' to which he returned, very quietly, 'Your excellency's suggestion is an admirable one, and I have already entreated that blessed martyr to open the Duke's understanding.'

"Thereat, Nencia said (who was standing by), the Duchess flushed wonderfully red and waved him out of the room; and then 'Quick!' she cried to my grandmother (who was too glad to run on such errands), 'Call me Antonio, the gardener's boy, to the box-garden; I've a word to say to him about the new clove-carnations. . . .'

"NOW I may not have told you, sir, that in the crypt under the chapel there has stood, for more generations than a man can count, a stone coffin containing a thigh-bone of the Blessed Saint Blandina of Lyons, a relic offered, I've been told, by some great Duke of France to one of our own dukes when they fought the Turk together; and the object, ever since, of particular veneration in this illustrous family. Now, since the Duchess had been left to herself, it was observed she affected a fervent devotion to this relic, praying often in the chapel and even causing the stone slab that covered the entrance to the crypt to be replaced by a wooden one, that she might at will descend and kneel by the coffin. This was matter of edification to all the household and should have been peculiarly pleasing to the chaplain; but he was the kind of man who brings a sour mouth to the eating of the sweetest apple.

"However that may be, the Duchess, when she dismissed him, was seen running to the garden, where she talked earnestly with the boy Antonio about the new clove-carnations; and the rest of the day she sat indoors and played sweetly on the virginal. Now Nencia always had it in mind that her grace had made a mistake in refusing that request of the chaplain's; but she said nothing, for to talk reason to the Duchess was of no more use than praying for rain in a drought.

"Winter came early that year, there was snow on the hills by All Souls, the wind stripped the gardens, and the lemon trees were nipped in the lemon house. The Duchess kept her room in this black season, sitting over the fire, embroidering, reading books of devotion (which was a thing she had never done) and praying frequently in the chapel. As for the chaplain, it was a place he never set foot in but to say mass in the morning, with the Duchess overhead in the tribune, and the servants aching with rheumatism on the marble floor. The chaplain himself hated the cold, and galloped through the mass like a man with witches after him. The rest of the day he spent in his library, over a brazier, with his eternal books. . . .

"You'll wonder, sir, if I'm ever to get to the gist of the story; and I've gone slowly, I own, for fear of what's coming. Well, the winter was long and hard. When it fell cold the Duke ceased to come out from Vicenza, and not a soul had the Duchess to speak to but her maid-servants and the gardeners about the place. Yet it was wonderful, my grandmother said, how she kept her brave colors and her spirits; only it was remarked that she prayed longer in the chapel, where a brazier was kept burning for her all day. When the young are denied their natural pleasures they turn often enough to religion; and it was a mercy, as my grandmother said, that she, who had scarce a live sinner to speak to, should take such comfort in a dead saint.

"My grandmother seldom saw her that winter, for though she showed a brave front to all she kept more and more to herself, choosing to have only Nencia about her and dismissing even her when she went to pray. For her devotion had that mark of true piety, that she wished it not to be observed; so that Nencia had strict orders, on the chaplain's approach, to warn her mistress if she happened to be in prayer.

"Well, the winter passed, and spring was well forward, when my grandmother one evening had a bad fright. That it was her own fault I won't deny, for she'd been down the lime-walk with Antonio when her aunt fancied her to be stitching in her chamber; and seeing a sudden light in Nencia's window, she took fright lest her disobedience be found out, and ran up quickly through the laurel grove to the house. Her way lay by the chapel, and as she crept past it, meaning to slip in through the scullery, and groping her way, for the dark had fallen and the moon was scarce up, she heard a crash close behind her, as though some one had dropped from a window of the chapel. The young fool's heart turned over, but she looked round as she ran, and there, sure enough, was a man scuttling across the terrace; and as he doubled the corner of the house my grandmother swore she caught the whisk of the chaplain's skirts. Now that was a strange thing, certainly; for why should the chaplain be getting out of the chapel window when he might have passed through the door? For you may have noticed, sir, there's a door leads from the chapel into the saloon on the ground floor; the only other way out being through the Duchess's tribune.

"Well, my grandmother turned the matter over, and next time she met Antonio in the lime-walk (which, by reason of her fright, was not for some days) she laid before him what had happened; but to her surprise he only laughed and said, 'You little simpleton, he wasn't getting out of the window, he was trying to look in;' and not another word could she get from him.

"So the season moved on to Easter, and news came the Duke had gone to Rome for that holy festivity. His comings and goings made no change at the villa, and yet there was no one there but felt easier to think his yellow face was on the far side of the Apennines, unless perhaps it was the chaplain.

"Well, it was one day in May that the Duchess, who had walked long with Nencia on the terrace, rejoicing at the sweetness of the prospect and the pleasant scent of the gilly-flowers in the stone vases, the Duchess toward midday withdrew to her rooms, giving orders that her dinner should be served in her bedchamber. My grandmother helped to carry in the dishes, and observed, she said, the singular beauty of the Duchess, who in honor of the fine weather had put on a gown of shot-silver and hung her bare shoulders with pearls, so that she looked fit to dance at court with an emperor. She had ordered, too, a rare repast for a lady that heeded so little what she ate—jellies, game-pasties, fruits in syrup, spiced cakes and a flagon of Greek wine; and she nodded and clapped her hands as the women set it before her, saying again and again, 'I shall eat well today.'

"But presently another mood seized her; she turned from the table, called for her rosary, and said to Nencia: 'The fine weather has made me neglect my devotions. I must say a litany before I dine.'

"She ordered the women out and barred the door, as her custom was; and Nencia and my grandmother went downstairs to work in the linen-room.

"Now the linen-room gives on the courtyard, and suddenly my grandmother saw a strange sight approaching. First up the avenue came the Duke's carriage (whom all thought to be in Rome), and after it, drawn by a long string of mules and oxen, a cart carrying what looked like a kneeling figure wrapped in death-clothes. The strangeness of it struck the girl dumb and the Duke's coach was at the door before she had the wit to cry out that it was coming. Nencia, when she saw it, went white and ran out of the room. My grandmother followed, scared by her face, and the two fled along the corridor to the chapel. On the way they met the chaplain, deep in a book, who asked in surprise where they were running, and when they said, to announce the Duke's arrival, he fell into such astonishment and asked them so many questions and uttered such ohs and ahs, that by the time he let them by, the Duke was at their heels. Nencia reached the chapel door first and cried out that the Duke was coming; and before she had a reply he was at her side, with the chaplain following.

A MOMENT later the door opened and there stood the Duchess. She held her rosary in one hand and had drawn a scarf over her shoulders; but they shone through it like the moon in a mist, and her countenance sparkled with beauty.

"The Duke took her hand with a bow. 'Madam,' he said, 'I could have had no greater happiness than thus to surprise you at your devotions.'

"'My own happiness,' she replied, 'would have been greater had your excellency prolonged it by giving me notice of your arrival.'

"'Had you expected me, Madam,' said he, 'your appearance could scarcely have been more fitted to the occasion. Few ladies of your youth and beauty array themselves to venerate a saint as they would to welcome a lover.'

"'Sir,' she answered, 'having never enjoyed the latter opportunity, I am constrained to make the most of the former. . . . What's that?' she cried, falling back, and the rosary dropped from her hand.

"There was a loud noise at the other end of the salon, as of a heavy object being dragged down the passage; and presently a dozen men were seen hauling across the threshold the shrouded thing from the ox-cart. The Duke waved his hand toward it. 'That,' said he, 'Madam, is a tribute to your extraordinary piety. I have heard with peculiar satisfaction of your devotion to the blessed relics in this chapel, and to commemorate a zeal which neither the rigors of winter nor the sultriness of summer could abate I have ordered a sculptured image of you, marvelously executed by the Cavaliere Bernini, to be placed before the altar over the entrance to the crypt.'

"The Duchess, who had grown pale, nevertheless smiled playfully at this. 'As to commemorating my piety,' she said, 'I recognize there one of your excellency's pleasantries—'

"'A pleasantry?' the Duke interrupted; and he made a sign to the men, who had now reached the threshold of the chapel. In an instant the wrappings fell from the figure, and there knelt the Duchess to the life. A cry of wonder rose from all, but the Duchess herself stood whiter than the marble.

" 'You will see,' said the Duke, 'this is no pleasantry, but a triumph of the incomparable Bernini's chisel. The likeness was done from your miniature portrait by the divine Elizabetta Sirani, which I sent to the master some six months ago, with what results all must admire.'

" 'Six months!' cried the Duchess, and seemed about to fall; but his excellency caught her by the hand.

" 'Nothing,' he said, 'could better please me than the excessive emotion you display, for true piety is ever modest, and your thanks could not take a form that better became you. And now,' says he to the men, 'let the image be put in place.'

"By this, life seemed to have returned to the Duchess, and she answered him with a deep reverence. 'That I should be overcome by so unexpected a grace, your excellency admits to be natural; but what honors you accord it is my privilege to accept, and I entreat only that in mercy to my modesty the image be placed in the remotest part of the chapel.'

"At that the Duke darkened. 'What! You would have this masterpiece of a renowned chisel, which, I disguise not, cost me the price of a good vineyard in gold pieces, you would have it thrust out of sight like the work of a village stonecutter?'

" 'It is my semblance, not the sculptor's work, I desire to conceal.'

" 'If you are fit for my house, Madam, you are fit for God's, and entitled to the place of honor in both. Bring the statue forward, you dawdlers!' he called out to the men.

"The Duchess fell back submissively. 'You are right, sir, as always; but I would at least have the image stand on the left of the altar, that, looking up, it may behold your excellency's seat in the tribune.'

" 'A pretty thought, Madam, for which I thank you; but I design before long to put my companion image on the other side of the altar; and the wife's place, as you know, is at her husband's right hand.'

" 'True, my lord—but, again, if my poor presentment is to have the unmerited honor of kneeling beside yours, why not place both before the altar, where it is our habit to pray in life?'

" 'And where, Madam, should we kneel if they took our places? Besides,' said the Duke, still speaking very blandly, 'I have a more particular purpose in placing your image over the entrance to the crypt; for not only would I thereby mark your special devotion to the blessed saint who rests there, but, by sealing up the opening in the pavement, would assure the perpetual preservation of that holy martyr's bones, which hitherto have been too thoughtlessly exposed to sacrilegious attempts.'

" 'What attempts, my lord?' cried the Duchess. 'No one enters this chapel without my leave.'

" 'So I have understood, and can well believe from what I have learned of your piety; yet at night a malefactor might break in through a window, Madam, and your excellency not know it.'

" 'I'm a light sleeper,' said the Duchess.

"The Duke looked at her gravely. 'Indeed?' said he. 'A bad sign at your age, I must see that you are provided with a sleeping-draught.'

"The Duchess's eyes filled. 'You would deprive me, then, of the consolation of visiting those venerable relics?'

" 'I would have you keep eternal guard over them, knowing no one to whose care they may more fittingly be entrusted.'

"By this the image was brought close to the wooden slab that covered the entrance to the crypt, when the Duchess, springing forward, placed herself in the way.

" 'Sir, let the statue be put in place tomorrow, and suffer me, tonight, to say a last prayer beside those holy bones.'

"THE Duke stepped instantly to her side. 'Well thought, Madam; I will go down with you now, and we will pray together.'

" 'Sir, your long absences have, alas! given me the habit of solitary devotion, and I confess that any presence is distracting.'

" 'Madam, I accept your rebuke. Hitherto, it is true, the duties of my station have constrained me to long absences; but henceforward I remain with you while you live. Shall we go down into the crypt together?'

" 'No; for I fear for your excellency's ague. The air there is excessively damp.'

" 'The more reason you should no longer be exposed to it; and to prevent the intemperance of your zeal I will at once make the place inaccessible.'

"The Duchess at this fell on her knees on the slab, weeping excessively and lifting her hands to heaven.

" 'Oh,' she cried, 'you are cruel, sir, to deprive me of access to the sacred relics that have enabled me to support with resignation the solitude to which your excellency's duties have condemned me; and if prayer and meditation give me any authority to pronounce on such matters, suffer me to warn you, sir, that I fear the blessed Saint Blandina will punish us for thus abandoning her venerable remains!'

"The Duke at this seemed to pause, for he was a pious man, and my grandmother thought she saw him exchange a glance with the chaplain; who, stepping timidly forward, with his eyes on the ground, said, 'There is indeed much wisdom in her excellency's words, but I would suggest, sir, that her pious wish might be met, and the saint more conspicuously honored, by transferring the relics from the crypt to a place beneath the altar.'

"'True!' cried the Duke, 'and it shall be done at once.'

"But thereat the Duchess rose to her feet with a terrible look.

"'No,' she cried, 'by the body of God! For it shall not be said that, after your excellency has chosen to deny every request I addressed to him, I owe his consent to the solicitation of another!'

"The chaplain turned red and the Duke yellow, and for a moment neither spoke.

"Then the Duke said, 'Here are words enough, Madam. Do you wish the relics brought up from the crypt?'

"'I wish nothing that I owe to another's intervention!'

"'Put the image in place then,' says the Duke furiously; and handed her grace to a chair.

"She sat there, my grandmother said, straight as an arrow, her hands locked, her head high, her eyes on the Duke, while the statue was dragged to its place; then she stood up and turned away. As she passed by Nencia, 'Call me Antonio,' she whispered; but before the words were out of her mouth the Duke stepped between them.

"'Madam,' says he, all smiles now, 'I have traveled straight from Rome to bring you the sooner this proof of my esteem. I lay last night at Monselice and have been on the road since daybreak. Will you not invite me to supper?'

"'Surely, my lord,' said the Duchess. 'It shall be laid in the dining-parlor within the hour.'

"'Why not in your chamber and at once, Madam? Since I believe it is your custom to sup there!'

"'In my chamber?' says the Duchess, in disorder.

"'Have you anything against it?' he asked.

"'Assuredly not, sir, if you will give me time to prepare myself.'

"'I will wait in your cabinet,' said the Duke.

"At that, said my grandmother, the Duchess gave one look, as the souls in hell may have looked when the gates closed on our Lord; then she called Nencia and passed to her chamber.

"What happened there my grandmother could never learn, but that the Duchess, in great haste, dressed herself with extraordinary splendor, powdering her hair with gold, painting her face and bosom, and covered herself with jewels till she shone like our Lady of Loreto; and hardly were these preparations complete when the Duke entered from the cabinet, followed by the servants carrying supper. Thereupon the Duchess dismissed Nencia, and what follows my grandmother learned from a pantry-lad who brought up the dishes and waited in the cabinet; for only the Duke's body-servant entered the bedchamber.

"Well, according to this boy, sir, who was looking and listening with his whole body, as it were, because he had never before been suffered so near the Duchess, it appears that the noble couple sat down in great good humor, the Duchess playfully reproving her husband for his long absence, while the Duke swore that to look so beautiful was the best way of punishing him. In this tone the talk continued, with such gay sallies on the part of the Duchess, such tender advances on the Duke's, that the lad declared they were for all the world like a pair of lovers courting on a summer's night in the vineyard; and so it went till the servant brought in the mulled wine.

"'Ah,' the Duke was saying at that moment, 'this agreeable evening repays me for the many dull ones I have spent away from you; not do I remember to have enjoyed such laughter since the afternoon last year when we drank chocolate in the gazebo with my cousin Ascanio. And that reminds me,' he said, 'is my cousin in good health?'

"'I HAVE no reports of it,' says the Duchess. 'But your excellency should taste these figs stewed in malmsey—'

"'I am in the mood to taste whatever you offer,' said he; and as she helped him to the figs he added, 'If my enjoyment were not complete as it is, I could almost wish my cousin Ascanio were with us. The fellow is rare good company at supper. What do you say, Madam? I hear he's still in the country; shall we send for him to join us?'

"'Ah,' said the Duchess, with a sigh and a languishing look, 'I see your excellency wearies of me already.'

"'I, Madam? Ascanio is a capital good fellow, but to my mind his chief merit at this moment is his absence. It inclined me so tenderly to him that, by God, I could empty a glass to his good health.'

"With that the Duke caught up his goblet and signed to the servant to fill the Duchess's.

"'Here's to the cousin,' he cried, standing, 'who has the good taste to stay away when he's not wanted. I drink to his very long life—and you, Madam?'

"At this the Duchess, who had sat staring at him with a changed face, rose also and lifted her glass to her lips.

"'And I to his happy death,' says she in a wild voice; and as she spoke the empty goblet dropped from her hand and she fell face down on the floor.

"The Duke shouted to her women that she had swooned, and they came and lifted her to the bed . . . . She suffered horribly all night, Nencia said, twisting herself like a heretic at the stake, but without a word escaping her.

The Duke watched by her, and toward daylight sent for the chaplain; but by this time she was unconscious and, her teeth being locked, our Lord's body could not be passed through them.

"The Duke announced to his relations that his lady had died, after partaking too freely of spiced wine and an omelet of carp's roe, at a supper she had prepared in honor of his return; and the next year he brought home a new duchess, who gave him a son and five daughters. . . ."

THE sky had turned to a steel gray, against which the villa stood out sallow and inscrutable. A wind strayed through the gardens, loosening here and there a yellow leaf from the sycamores; and the hills across the valley were purple as thunder-clouds.

"And the statue—?" I asked.

"Ah, the statue. Well, sir, this is what my grandmother told me, here on this very bench where we're sitting. The poor child, who worshiped the Duchess as a girl of her years will worship a beautiful kind mistress, spent a night of horror you may fancy, shut out from her lady's room, hearing the cries that came from it, and seeing, as she crouched in her corner, the women rush to and fro with wild looks, the Duke's lean face in the door, and the chaplain skulking in the antechamber with his eyes on his breviary. No one minded her that night or the next morning; and toward dusk, when it became known the Duchess was no more, the poor girl felt the pious wish to say a prayer for her dead mistress. She crept to the chapel and stole in unobserved. The place was empty and dim, but as she advanced, she heard a low moaning, and coming in front of the statue she saw that its face, the day before so sweet and smiling, had the look on it that you know—and the moaning seemed to come from its lips. My grandmother turned cold, but something, she said afterward, kept her from calling or shrieking out, and she turned and ran from the place. In the passage she fell in a swoon; and when she came to her senses, in her own chamber, she heard that the Duke had locked the chapel door and forbidden any to set foot there. . . . The place was never opened again till the Duke died, some ten years later; and then it was that the other servants, going in with the new heir, saw for the first time the horror that my grandmother had kept in her bosom. . . ."

"And the crypt?" I asked. "Has it never been opened?"

"Heaven forbid, sir!" cried the old man, crossing himself. "Was it not the Duchess's express wish that the relics should not be disturbed?"

The Best Letter I Ever Read

A Prize Contest Announcement

YOU, along with every one who reads, have probably at some time or other read a letter that was as interesting as any fiction story—one that moved you to think: "That ought to be printed."

We want such letters, and will publish the best of them in EVERYBODY'S. The door is open to all kinds—they may be serious or humorous, romantic or practical, social or business letters, provided only that they contain something of interest to readers other than the original correspondents.

Your entry may be a treasured love letter, the letter of advice from a parent to a son or daughter, a humorous collection letter, a travel letter, a letter of apology or explanation; in fact, anything that people write about and find interesting enough to save.

The originals should be kept and only copies sent as here directed. Names, dates and addresses may be changed or blocked out if the writer or the recipient of the letter does not care to be identified.

Although no word limit is specified, preference will be given to letters of not more than six hundred words. For the best letters we offer three prizes: First Prize, $25; Second Prize, $15; Third Prize, $10. The competition closes December first. Contributions cannot be returned unless accompanied by a two-cent stamp. The editors will be the judges. Address: "Contest Editor," EVERYBODY'S Magazine, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City.

We Must March

A Novel of Pioneer Days in the Great Northwest

by Honoré Willsie Morrow

Illustrated by J. Scott Williams

(Concluding Instalment)

IN THE year 1836 a small party of Protestant missionaries consisting of Marcus and Narcissa Whitman, Henry and Eliza Spalding, Miles Goodyear and William Gray, make their way by wagon into the Oregon Territory and, although greeted hostilely by the Cayuse Indians and the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company, succeed in establishing two mission posts. Here, in the face of countless hardships, they manage to clear ground granted them by the Indians who, under the leadership of Chief Umtippe, are won over by Narcissa's baby daughter, Alice Clarissa. But Fate takes a perverse turn: Alice Clarissa is drowned, and the Indians, goaded by the Jesuit priests who have been imported by the Hudson's Bay Company to counteract the teachings of the Protestant missionaries, threaten the colonists' holdings. Governor Simpson, a representative of the powerful trading company, is equally anxious to rid the territory of the settlers, hoping to save the rich land for Great Britain. In the meanwhile, Henry Spalding has become bitterly jealous of Marcus for personal reasons and writes deprecating letters to the American Board of Missions. Knowing this, and exercised by the other dangers that threaten their success, Narcissa and Marcus view joyfully the marriage of Sarah Hall, an adopted daughter, with Miles Goodyear.

This Month's Instalment

NARCISSA had dressed the bride in a dark blue riding-habit. Her belongings—there was no large amount of them—had been placed on the waiting pack-horses. One after another, the company bade Narcissa farewell, mounted and followed the pipers out the gates onto the starlit trail.

> Malbrouck has gone a fighting,
> Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
> Malbrouck has gone a fighting,
> But when will he return?

Dimly the silver mirage of Mount Hood and faintly, more faintly, voices and pipes blending.

Leaning on the gate, Narcissa strained her eyes after those far, diminishing figures, until Marcus's hand on hers roused her and she went on into the house to help Mrs. Munger clear up the remains of the wedding feast.

They missed Sarah every hour of the day; even though those hours were filled, as they never before had been, with work. Mrs. Munger gave birth to a little daughter in July, and so Narcissa was deprived not only of Sarah's assistance, but, for the most of the summer, of Mrs. Munger's as well. But she was glad that every waking moment was full.

One September afternoon, Trapper, now grown to a sedate doghood, announced as clearly as a dog could, that strangers were coming along the east trail. Narcissa at work in the schoolroom, as usual, gave no heed until Marcus called her from the door-yard. Then she hurried out.

A long train of pack-horses and oxen, led by a man on horseback, was halting at the great gates. The leader, a bearded man with rather a heavy cast of feature, strode up to Marcus.

"I am Doctor Elijah White," he announced, "I've been appointed sub-Indian agent by the American Government, and I've come out to investigate Indian conditions. I've brought with me a hundred and twenty immigrants, who want to settle on the Willamette. We are almost starved. What can you sell us?"

"We can't *sell* you anything, according to American Board ruling," replied the doctor. "But we can give you some good fat steers to butcher, fifty bushel of potatoes and enough flour to give you all a couple of bakings of bread. Camp your folks down there by the cottonwoods near the mill."

Dr. White turned to the exhausted immigrants and reported Marcus's offer. There was a feeble cheer. Beasts were kicked to their feet and Marcus eagerly led the way while Narcissa, half carrying a woman with a new-born babe, brought up the rear.

When every one had been fed, Marcus asked White for news from the States.

"And come to the house while you talk, Doctor," Marcus suggested. "I know my wife is tired, and the confusion here is awful."

"Be glad for a little peace and quiet myself," ejaculated Dr. White. "Let me bring Amos Lovejoy along. He's a Boston lawyer who's made this trip out of curiosity. I'll bring your letters, too."

He appeared shortly in the mission parlor, with a tall young man dark of hair and eyes, who sighed with pleasure as he sank into one of the buffalo-hide chairs. Dr. White gave Marcus a little bundle of letters which Marcus laid aside to be read when his guests should leave.

"What's Congress doing?" he asked. "What's England doing about Oregon?"

"Lord Ashburton and Daniel Webster are completing a treaty which will settle the boundary question before Congress adjourns next March," replied Lovejoy.

"WHAT is to be the boundary of Oregon?" asked Narcissa.

"Report has it," said White, "that England will possess everything north of the Columbia."

"But Congress will never ratify such a treaty, surely?" cried Marcus. "They can't plead ignorance of the possibilities of Oregon now, after the work Lee has done."

"I did hear," said Lovejoy, "that Jason Lee had presented some petitions to Congress and men like Representative Cushing of Connecticut and Senator Linn of Missouri are strong advocates for our holding all we can of the territory. President Tyler himself is said to want to give Great Britain all north of the Columbia in exchange for California down to thirty-six degrees, thirty minutes. I understand that Lord Ashburton, after much advice from a certain George Simpson, the Hudson's Bay Company governor, has implied that England would agree to such a decision."

"But, surely, Mr. Lovejoy, you are not reconciled to our giving up this great section!" exclaimed Narcissa.

"No, I'm not reconciled, but I think we're helpless and had better be satisfied with what we can get by compromise. By March Congress will have ratified the treaty."

Marcus suddenly brought his fist down on the table. "I'm going to see Jason Lee, at once, and put my shoulder to his in forming a real American Government here. I'm not satisfied. We'll see if that won't put a spoke in England's wheel when she comes to take over."

"You're too late for that to help," said Lovejoy. "You'd better be philosophical about it, Doctor Whitman. And now, I know you wish to get at your letters. If you'll excuse us, Mrs. Whitman, we'll take ourselves off to bed."

"There are many things I want to ask you about," replied Narcissa. "But I know you're very tired. I'll ask you in the morning."

The two men bowed themselves out, leaving Marcus excitedly pacing the floor.

"I'll not be reconciled without a fight, Narcissa. I'll not!" he repeated.

"Nor I," agreed Narcissa. "If it were spring, I'd say we ought to send a petition to Secretary Webster at once. But with winter coming on—"

"A petition," snorted Marcus. "Why, Jason Lee's been presenting petitions and memorials and entertaining explorers ever since he settled on the Willamette and what good has it done?"

"Helped educate the public more than we can realize, I suspect," replied Narcissa. "Marcus, read your letters from the American Board."

Marcus took the missive from Narcissa, broke the seal and read the letter aloud, then dropped it on the table, while he and Narcissa stared at each other as if paralyzed!

The American Board ordered the closing of the missions of Lap-wai and Waii-lat-pu.

Marcus looked at Narcissa unseeingly.

"Close the mission!" he repeated. "But we can't."

"Certainly, we can't," agreed Narcissa. "The Board has no idea of what it's doing. We've Henry Spalding to thank for the fact that the minds of the members were entirely prepared to believe the worst of us. You see, the letter says that the dissensions among our members have undermined our usefulness. They were ready to explode when Sir George touched the trigger."

Marcus drew a long breath. "Narcissa, if our missions are closed, Oregon will go British. The Board, even after all I've written them, doesn't understand that."

"Marcus," said Narcissa suddenly, "let's get William Gray to take charge here and let you and me go to Boston next spring and make the Board understand."

Marcus's somber eyes brightened, then he shook his head. "The Board would be so angry at the expense of such a trip that we'd defeat our own purpose."

"That's true," agreed Narcissa, "I'll give up any thought of going. That halves the expense at one blow." She tapped the table with her fingers thoughtfully, her eyes on the dying fire.

"I must call a meeting of all the members as soon as possible," said Marcus.

"Yes," Narcissa nodded, "but we must have a plan to present to them." She rose and began to pace slowly up and down the room.

Marcus had begun to write his notices of the meeting, when, with a little cry of excitement—"Oh, Marcus, Marcus!" Narcissa took the quill from his fingers and caught both his hands in hers. The doctor looked up, startled, by her unusual vehemence.

"Marcus, don't wait until spring! Go now, over the route that William Gray and Frank Ermatinger took, then the winter storms won't matter so much. Go now! But go first to Washington and tell the President and the Secretary of State what they are giving away with Oregon. I know Jason Lee has done what he could, but, Marcus, you do more! See President Tyler; see Daniel Webster. Make them understand. Don't wait for spring, Marcus. Oregon will belong to England by then."

Still holding Marcus's hands, her lips and voice quivering with excitement, Narcissa gave him no chance to reply, though he jumped to his feet, eyes blazing.

"Then go to Boston, Marcus, and make the Board see that, though we have few converts, we stand here as outposts against the advance of the Jesuits. They will respond to that. I know those men! Oh, Marcus, do this! Do this and I will feel to you as I've never felt before."

"You mean," Marcus whispered, "that success such as that would make you love me?"

"I can't promise that, can I?" Narcissa half tearfully asked. "But, Marcus, I cannot love where I cannot look up to a man. You never have fulfilled the unconscious promise of bigness you made to me. Oh, Marcus, fulfill it now!"

And, as if he were making a holy vow, Marcus bowed his great head and murmured:

"I'll fulfill it now, so help me God."

The next day, White started on toward Willamette with his weary train. Lovejoy however, did not go with him, but remained at Waii-lat-pu to rest and to answer Marcus's and Narcissa's innumerable political queries. And to the Whitmans's great joy, when he learned of the proposed trip, he volunteered to accompany the doctor upon it.

Marcus had set the earliest possible date for the meeting. On September 26 Walker and Eells, Spalding and Gray, gathered at Waii-lat-pu. The meeting was a long and a stormy affair, with the bitterness of resentment and chagrin of all his confrères turning against Henry Spalding.

Henry, at first, attempted to combat them, but only at first. The fact that his machinations had turned into a boomerang for his own destruction had a most wholesome effect on the combative clergyman. And at last he wept, acknowledged his sins and begged for forgiveness.

From that moment the meeting held a more hopeful tone, and when Gray suggested that a joint letter be written to the Board, telling of the reconciliation and asking that the stern orders for disbandment be reconsidered, the suggestion was made a motion and carried unanimously.

It had required the best part of two days to reach this point. It was nearing suppertime of the second day, when Marcus said quietly:

"I'd like to present this letter in person to the Board."

There was a gasp of surprise and disapproval.

"You cannot return to the States without the consent of the Board, you know," declared Eells, quietly.

"Your mission will be destroyed by the Cayuse if you leave it," said Walker. "You know very well that they only await an opportunity."

Narcissa, who had, as the rules of the society required, remained silent hitherto, now broke her silence.

"I will stay here and carry on the mission work," she said. "Let the doctor go."

"Yes, let him go," cried Henry Spalding. "He will plead for us as our letter cannot."

"If I go—" Marcus spoke carefully, "I shall visit Washington and try to see the President and Secretary of State. Perhaps, it's not too late to make them want to keep Oregon instead of swapping it for worthless cod-fishing banks."

His words roused a storm of protest the burden of which was that he was a missionary and not a politician, that the Board would never consent to his performing such an errand and that he was not to waste his energies as Jason Lee had wasted his.

Henry Spaulding, however, to the Whitmans's surprise, stuck persistently to Marcus's side. Gray, too, after a few moments of thought, said with a chuckle:

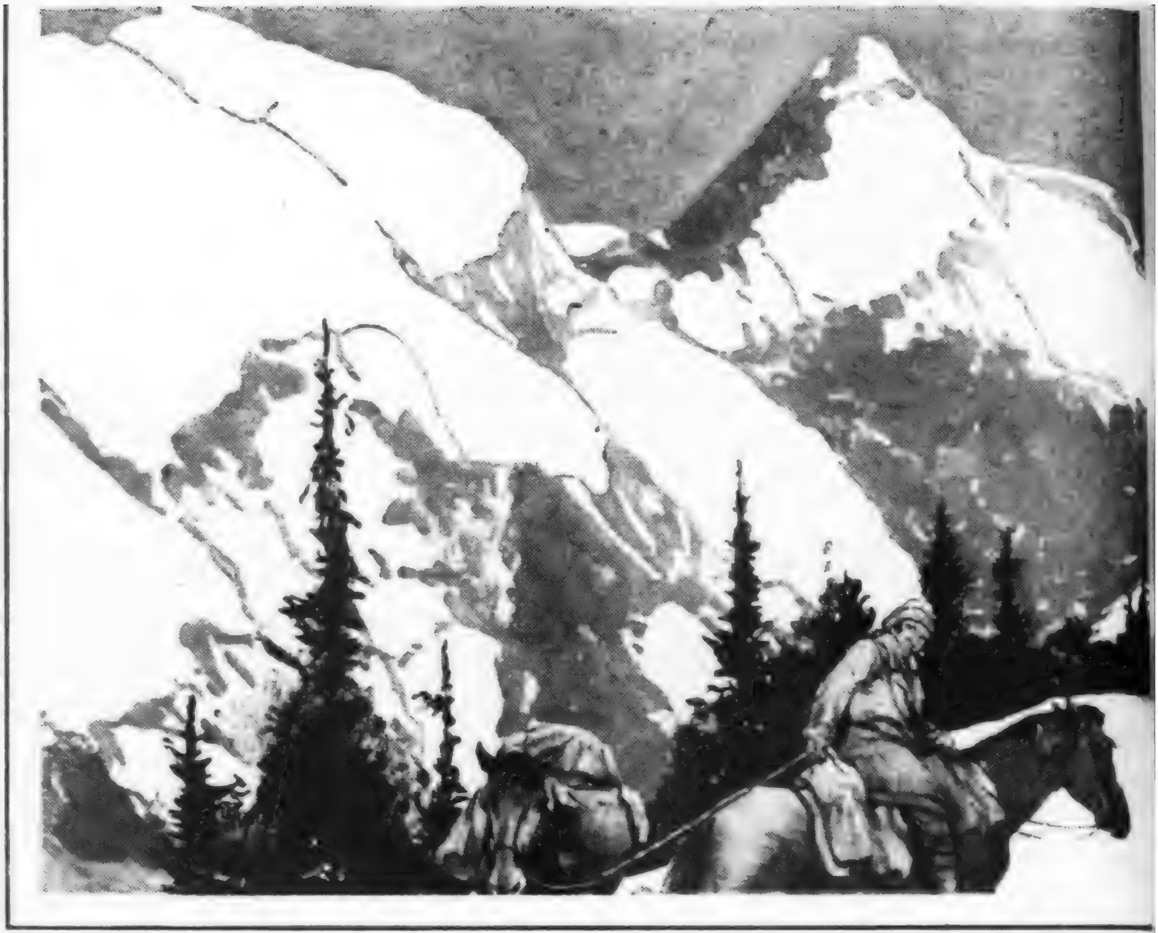
"Down with the Hudson's Bay Company! Go ahead, Doctor, I'm with you." Then he buttonholed Elkanah Walker and began so vehement an argument with that gentle soul that Walker literally threw up both hands and half groaned.

"Doctor, do anything you wish. Go to Sitka, while you're at it, persuade the Russians to give us the coast as far as Behring Straits."

Everyone laughed at this, and with the laugh, Cushing Eells capitulated, adding, as he did so, a word of warning.

"Do you fully realize your danger, Doctor? I've heard that the Sioux are on the war path against the Flatheads. So you can't go through Flathead country."

"If I can't go that way, I'll use the Oregon Trail," replied Marcus, coolly. "If I start within a week, I'm sure I can get through the Rockies before the big snows come."



For several days they fought through canyons and steppes that characterized the lower

"Shall you go with only Indians for company?" asked Gray. "That's never wise."

"I know," replied Marcus. "But I'm very fortunate. Mr. Lovejoy has agreed that if I go, he'll go back with me and will try to bring out a train of immigrants next spring; selected, religious folks that will settle near our respective missions."

"I ain't going to hold supper another minute," said Mrs. Munger, putting her head in at the door. And the men, laughing, followed Narcissa to the dining-room.

At dawn on the morning, October 2, Marcus started on his trip. Lovejoy mounted his horse, and, leading the two pack mules, started slowly along the east trail, thoughtfully leaving Marcus and Narcissa alone for their last farewell. Marcus folded Narcissa in his arms and gave her a long kiss. He was beyond speech. Narcissa clung to him as one clings to a life raft; then she summoned all her courage and thrust him gently from her.

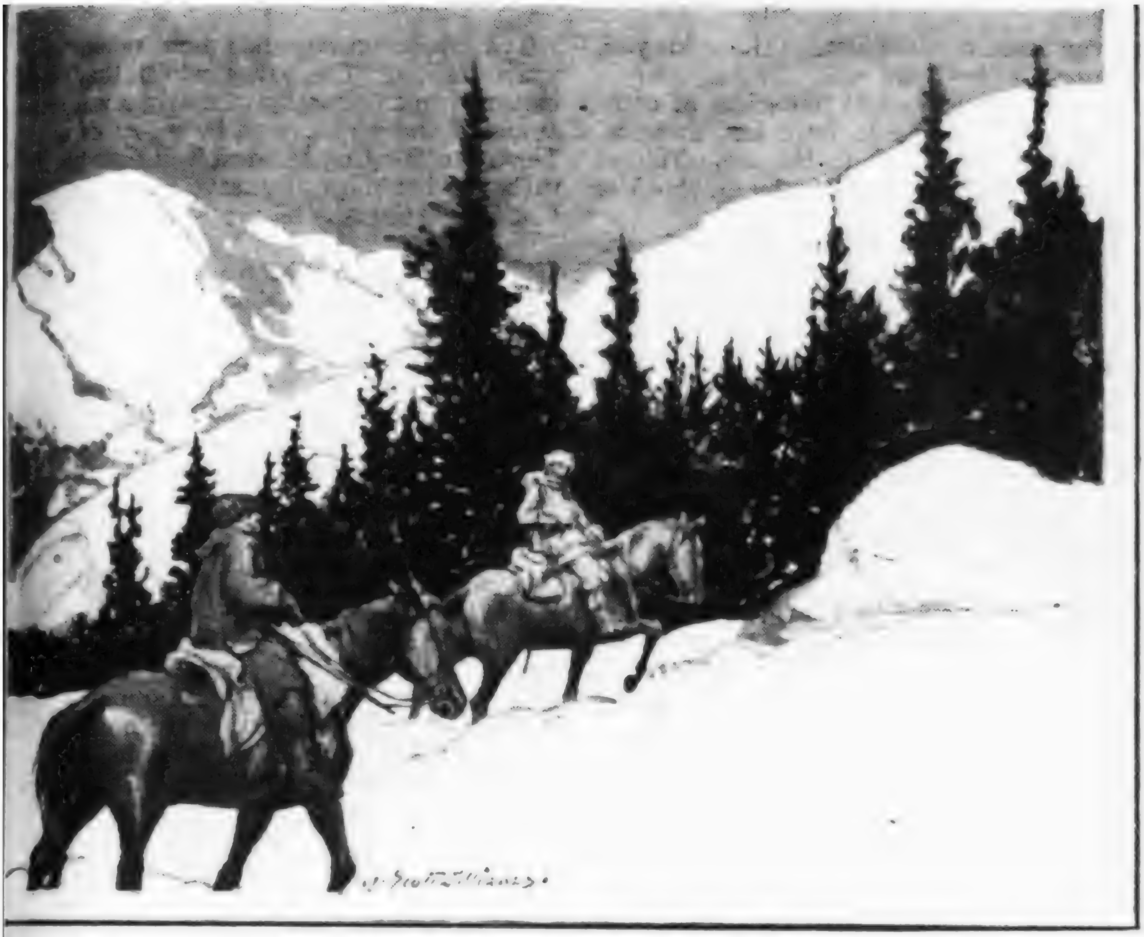
"God keep you for me, Marcus," she whispered.

His face working, he turned to his horse and leaped into the saddle and spurred him toward the great gates. The dog, Trapper, barked joyfully and followed.

It was four hundred miles to Fort Hall. They reached the fort in eleven days; that is, in ten days of travel, for Marcus would not move on Sunday.

Changes, as Marcus knew, had taken place in the management of the post. Captain Thing had been replaced by Captain Grant, a cordial, pleasant mannered Englishman, who, however, had bad news for Marcus. The Pawnees and the Cheyennes, he said, were on the war path, and his trappers were hurrying in from the east to save their fur pelts and their lives. Three trappers coming in on this first evening at the fort, corroborated what the factor had said and added that a terrible winter was impending. The hair on pelts never had been so thick, buffalo and deer were deserting well-established winter grazing fields and were moving rapidly down to lower levels, and already snow in the mountains had attained at least two-thirds of their ordinary winter level. They laughed at Marcus when he told them he planned to reach St. Louis that winter. No white man, they declared, could live through such an undertaking.

Sitting around the roaring fire in the trading store, Marcus and Amos Lovejoy discussed the matter at length with Captain Grant and the



reaches of those strange sapphire peaks. The going fatigued both men and animals.

trappers, the two Americans becoming, every moment, more convinced that to go east or north was impossible. On the wall, across the room, hung a map of the western half of the continent, a duplicate of the map Narcissa had borrowed from Fort Walla Walla. Marcus, during the discussion, jumped to his feet and. taking a candle, went to examine this map, To the south of Fort Hall, Parallel Forty-two was indicated; below this, west to the Pacific and east to the Arkansas River all the territory was labeled Spanish Mexico. Except on the west coast and to the south, where Santa Fé was indicated with Taos just above, the map showed no settlements or trails. Two forts were marked in the east side of this Spanish-Mexican territory, Fort Uinta, and southeast of this Fort Uncompahgre.

"How far is it from here to Santa Fé?" asked Marcus, of the room at large.

A half-breed Spanish trader, humorously known as Don Pedro, replied:

"Must be a thousand miles. It cannot by any means be traveled in winter. Are you a stranger to our winters?"

"I was wondering," exclaimed Marcus, "if we couldn't reach Santa Fé, by way of those two forts, Uinta and Uncompahgre, and on down the Rio Grande, to Taos and Santa Fé. By Santa Fé trail to St. Louis would be no trouble at all."

DON PEDRO strode across the room "Look," he cried, sweeping a brown hand down the east side of the map. "Here are the worst peaks in all the Rockies, terrible ranges, awful rivers, even in summer. In winter, ice, snow, storms—"

"Hold on! Hold on, Don Pedro," shouted Marcus, "let's talk facts. How would you go through in summer?"

Don Pedro studied the map, during which process Amos, the three trappers and Captain Grant joined the group. Finally, the Spaniard pointed to a north and south lying range of mountains to the east of Great Salt Lake. Then he explained the route.

"And you say I cannot do it in winter?" asked Marcus, when he was through.

"Never," declared Don Pedro.

"But I say he can!" cried a new voice—a young Nez Percé pushed his way to the map. "My father went through, years ago. He had heard of wonderful white strangers in a hot winter country. All declared he could not do it. But he did. More than that, he did it again and took me with him. I can guide you, Doctor. I will—"

A chorus of hoots and imitations of cock-crowing drowned the Indian's last sentence. He strode angrily back to the fire. Thither Marcus followed him, took him by the shoulder and led him again to the map.

"Come, be a good friend," begged Marcus, "and you too, Don Pedro. Trace a trail for me, as carefully as you can."

It was nearly midnight before, with fierce argument between themselves and constantly interrupted by questions from Marcus and Amos Lovejoy, and by suggestions and criticisms from the others, Don Pedro and Jo marked a trail on the map Marcus drew from one of his saddle bags. It was the copy Narcissa had made long before on linen of the Fort Walla Walla map.

Before the two Americans rolled in their blankets near the fire that night, Jo the Nez Percé had agreed to guide them to Santa Fé. And had Jo agreed to take them to Hades, it would have caused no more derision and been looked upon as no more insane exploit. Marcus would not for one moment admit, even to himself, that the average of chances was not in his favor. For a moment he had been troubled about Amos Lovejoy and, before they slept that night, he told the young lawyer that he feared he hadn't the strength for the journey and suggested that he return to the Columbia. But Lovejoy, even in this short time, had developed a fanatical faith in Marcus. He wished to go with him. He very much desired that Daniel Webster be told by a man like Marcus Whitman the truth about Oregon. And he believed that two men had a better chance to get to Santa Fé than one.

It was necessary to give Jo time in which to make ready for the trip. So they put in the following day resting, studying the map and asking questions on geography of the Indians and trappers. At dawn, on the second morning, their thirteenth day out from Waii-lat-pu, they set out from Fort Hall, with Jo and three pack mules, to say nothing of Trapper, who was obviously enjoying every moment of the expedition.

They made rapid progress through the Bear River valley with its long reaches of marsh lands, where they shot enough duck to keep them in meat for two weeks. When they reached the mouth of the Bear, they turned due east, toward the Wasatch Mountains, and here, as they reached an elevation of seven thousand feet, the thermometer dropped and their first blizzard overtook them. The snows were deep, but they made the crossing of the Wasatch range without great difficulty and descended into the valley that separated them from the Uinta Mountains, a full day ahead of the schedule marked out by Don Pedro and Jo.

The whole country had now taken on a winter aspect. The valley which they were crossing had an elevation of nearly seven thousand feet and was covered by a foot of snow. The mountains that hemmed it in were heavily timbered, but the valley, save for the willows that fringed its many brooks, was barren.

THE peaks of the Uintas ran up to something over thirteen thousand feet, and the pass that Jo found for them was well over nine thousand. They crossed the pass at noon and swung to the right, down a precipitous mountainside, to search for the head waters of the Uinta River. Jo promised them that Fort Uinta was now not more than two days' travel away. But on the morning of the day that should have landed tham at the fort, a heavy snowstorm and zero temperature greeted them. They struggled on by compass for a few miles, then Jo shouted in the doctor's ear.

"Must camp. My horse is lame. Lovejoy is sick with cold." Reluctantly as always, Marcus agreed to the halt. He grudged every moment of daylight that was not spent in travel. The knowledge that he was working against time drove him like an overseer's lash. In the serene warmth of a Washington October, he told himself, Lord Ashburton and Daniel Webster, with a supine Congress, were mulcting the nation of an empire. And only he and Lovejoy, held by the fury of a blizzard in the Rocky Mountains, it seemed to him, were lifting a hand to prevent the irremediable loss. He wished now, very poignantly he wished, that he had done more to uphold Jason Lee's hands, during the years. He might have accomplished much. And he wished, too, that he had had time to advise with Lee before leaving on this mad journey.

The blizzard held them in camp for three days. When it ceased and they started on their way, they were obliged to break trail through six feet of snow. They took turns at this, a half hour to each horse and rider. It was exhausting work to man and beast and they were five days in reaching the Uinta River, instead of two. This rapid stream was only partially frozen and by following its bed they were able to make speed. In forty-eight hours they staggered up to the gates of a tiny log fort and were welcomed by its astounded owner, one Roubideau, a French trader from St. Louis.

Roubideau begged them to spend the winter with him, cheerfully prophesying that a trio of scalps would depend from some Ute belt a day or two after the travelers left his fort.

Marcus laughed. "Come, come! You can't frighten me by dangling scalp locks. I've lived among the Cayuse too long. Sell me some tea and jerked beef, Brother Roubideau, and let me awa', as the Scotch say."

"Your friend needs rest, Doctor, if you and o do not.” The trader jerked his head at mos Lovejoy who was shielding his frosted ce from the heat of the fireplace.

“I am perfectly well, except for the frost ite,” declared Lovejoy, as Marcus looked at im anxiously. “How many days to Fort Unmpahgre, Monsieur Roubideau?”

“Only the good God can tell in this weather,” plied the Frenchman. “Maybe three hunred miles. In summer, perhaps three weeks. ow—” he shrugged his shoulders.

“Then let’s waste no time in thinking about , Doctor. My frost bites feel better in the ind than before a fire, I do assure you.” mos grinned cheerfully.

“You’ve got the makings of a trapper in you, lonsieur,” exclaimed Roubideau. “Come, I’ll ive you a good meal and set you on your ay.”

On their way, indeed. Jo led them slowly ut surely to the Green River which they rossed at a ford where the rush of water carried e horses and mules off their feet and Trapper, owling with fright, scrambled from the icy urrent to the top of the mule pack, where his air instantly congealed in a thousand icicles. ut with braying mules and whinnying horses, ey all scrambled ashore through broken ice kes and after infinite difficulty, got a fire of riftwood going and dried their frozen clothes. hen on east to the White, a tributary of the reen, and along the White for three comparavely easy days, then south, following a small eek flowing into the White.

They were passing now through canyon untry, where the streams had worn the great vels into a thousand winding crevices, on to e brinks of which the horses halted sweating ith fear.

“Gorgeous country,” shouted Amos, above e wind, a dozen times a day, to Marcus.

“Can’t compare with the country ’round aii-lat-pu,” Marcus would reply, invariably.

After a few days, canyon country began to ve way to ranges rising higher and higher on e east. And now came two weeks of nightare traveling, while they fought their way uth, through ranges, in search of the Grand iver, to which they had been told the Unmpahgre was tributary. Jo never for a moent admitted uncertainty, but Marcus felt any doubts as to the Nez Percé’s knowledge the country through which he was leading em. The stock began to suffer from hunger, ere was little grass, and the bark of cottonood and willow was poor fodder for animals orking as they were. Trapper throve well on ttontails, and the men were comfortable ough as to food. But frightful cold, and the imbing in the great elevations wore them down rribly. At every stop now Amos did not claim over the beauty of the landscape! Inead he fell fast asleep, much to Marcus’s and Jo’s anxiety. They feared the worst for him, should he be separated from them for an hour.

Of Jo, both the white men had grown very fond by the time they had known him for a fortnight. He was as Marcus told Lovejoy with a rueful chuckle, everything that Cayuse were not, gentle, hard working, affectionate, and humorous. And, as it turned out, he knew the way to Fort Uncompahgre, for the morning of the twenty-third day out from Fort Uinta, as they followed the course of a frozen stream toward its source, blue smoke suddenly belched from a snow bank not a quarter of a mile before them.

“Indians?” ejaculated Amos.

“Fort Uncompahgre,” grinned Jo. “I told you I knew him.”

THEY urged their tired animals forward. Shortly a chorus of dogs greeted them, and Trapper ran forward to make personal observations. Marcus tied a grimy white handkerchief to the muzzle of his gun and waved it as they approached what at first seemed a huge snowdrift, but which, a little later, showed itself to be a snow banked log stockade, with gates closed.

As the three pulled their horses up the river bank, however, the gates were opened and a short man in a buffalo overcoat came out, his black eyes above his shaggy beard bulging with astonishment.

“Who in the name of God are you?” he gasped.

Marcus explained, while half a dozen trappers appeared in the gateway.

“Come in! Come in!” shouted Le Bret, the trader, midway in the explanations. “My name is Le Bret. You’re just in time for dinner. Those cattle of yours need oats, but I can’t give it to ’em. But there’s plenty of mountain hay stacked in the corral.”

They remained two days with the hospitable Le Bret, eating and sleeping and waking to eat again. He did all that he could do to dissuade them from crossing the Great Divide, which he told them separated them from the waters of the Rio Grande. But, in spite of hardships, and exhaustion, their accomplishments so far had been so great that all three of the travelers were a bit heady. They now were certain that they would win through with no greater sufferings than they already had undergone.

They left Fort Uncompahgre on a brilliant morning late in November.

Four days out from the fort they crawled up upon a verdureless tableland and halted for observation. Behind them, to the northwest, lay the snow peaked valley of the Uncompahgre. Before them, to the southeast, lay a vast area of high, sharp peaks, close set, verdureless. As they stood discussing the pass which they must discover through these peaks, Jo pointed to a securely perceptible vapor rising from the nearest peaks.

"They're making snow. We must get off this butte before the blizzard strikes us."

He urged his horse into the wind. Amos and Marcus who had learned that Jo was an almost infallible weather prophet, followed without protest, although it was dinner time. They were two hours crossing the tableland. By that time the peaks were hidden in whirling snow clouds, and, as still heading east, they began to drop down the steep and heavily drifted butte wall, the biting particles of snow were stinging their cheeks. The horses fought persistently to turn their tails to the wind, so slowing down their progress that the three men dismounted, tied the stock nose to tail, and, with Jo leading, Marcus and Amos bringing up the rear, they wallowed as best they might to the foot of the butte. Here was a clump of cottonwoods, offering fodder for the animals. Behind a flying buttress of rock, they pitched the tent and prepared to wait, with what patience they could, the passing of the storm.

Three days of impatience, then the morning of the fourth day dawned clear and wind-swept. They hurriedly broke camp and endeavored to work round the foot of the butte. The snow made this impossible. They agreed to climb back to the top of the butte, climb its top, southward, and try for the south rather than the north pass through the peaks.

They reached the butte top at noon. And as each man, leading a horse and mule, reached the final level, he threw himself down on the bare, frozen rocks. Such a screaming, fiendish tempest of wind was rushing across the tableland that neither man nor beast could endure it. Without a word, Jo crept back to the trail they had just ascended and the others followed.

Back, once more, in the cottonwood camp, they rebuilt the fire, ate supper and silently went to bed. Something in that sinister wind had depressed them all. But the next day, at dawn, they repeated yesterday's attempt, and, although the wind was still high, it was so much lessened that they crossed the butte and had worked, by sundown, well into the ranges to the south. For several days they fought through the canyons and steppes that characterized the lower reaches of those strange sapphire peaks. The going so fatigued both men and animals, that Marcus was obliged to decree two days of rest.

They made camp in a canyon in which there was a thick growth of spruce, with much dried grass under the snow and with a deep little river running beneath thick ice. Trapper at once routed out a jack-rabbit, and Jo, weary though he was, found a fresh deer track and announced that he'd bring in venison for supper. Amos slept, and Marcus sat by the fire, listening for the report of Jo's gun.

The afterglow died, and the moon rose before a sound broke upon the solitude. It was an unusual and uncanny sound—a low whine from Trapper, who trotted dejectedly into camp and scratched at Marcus's knee and turned back on his cross trail with a very evident imitation for Marcus to follow. Marcus picked up his gun and hurried after the dog. Not twenty minutes from the camp, Trapper stopped with a howl. Marcus wallowed through the snow to the dark object over which the dog was standing. It was Jo, with an arrow through his heart.

Marcus groaned and looked about the canyon. It was narrow, and there were no trees here, so that the snow was brilliant in the moonlight. He made a short tour, looking for footprints. But as he could find none, he concluded that the arrow had come from the top of the canyon, and this conviction was enhanced by the fact that Jo's scalp had not been taken. Nor should it be, Marcus told himself, fiercely. He hurried back to Jo, hoisted the poor, inert body onto his own broad shoulders and made back for camp.

Amos was still asleep. Marcus carried Jo's body to the edge of the river where he had earlier broken a hole for the animals to drink from. Into this hole he silently dropped the Indian's body and the swift current sucked it immediately from sight. He picked up Jo's musket and powder horn and bore them back to the tent.

MARCUS was shaken. They were without a guide at the very worst point in their journey! He dared not try to cross the Great Divide without a guide.

He roused the weary Lovejoy and, as easily as he could, told him of the evil that had befallen them. Amos took the news with characteristic calm.

"What do you think it best for us to do, Doctor?" he asked.

"We'll take our two days' rest here, then go back to Fort Uncompahgre for a guide," replied Marcus. "I'm sure we'd be able to find our way back."

"Doctor," said Amos, slowly, after a moment's thought, "you'd better go back and leave me here. I would only hamper you, I'm so done up. Take the best of everything and make the trip as comfortably as you can."

"And leave you at the mercy of the brutes that killed poor Jo, I suppose!" cried Marcus. "No! No, old man."

"I'll be no more at their mercy than you on the trail," replied Amos. "Be reasonable and not sentimental, Doctor. Leave me here, and if the Indians don't 'pot shot' me, I'll be fit as a fiddle for the big crossing. Is your strength equal to such added strain, Doctor?"

"Yes," said Marcus thoughtfully. As a matter of fact, he had no choice but to agree. "I'll give the horses another day, then I'll start," he said. "That is, if Indians don't finish us

There's no use in trying to keep guard, except for what old Trapper will do. I'm going to sleep, Lovejoy."

Not five minutes later, except for the thud of the live-stock's hoofs as they dug the snow away from the sweet, wild grass, there was not a sound in all the camp.

Marcus slept late, alternately all the next day, and added a twelve hours' sleep the next night for good measure. Before daylight he was on his way back to Fort Uncompahgre. Trapper was left to keep Lovejoy company.

Freed of all responsibility to guide or friend, Marcus made no attempt to find their former trail. He traveled by compass, and contrary to all rules, he kept out of the valleys and well up on the heights from which the eternal winds swept the snows. He suffered intensely from cold as a consequence and froze his feet so badly that he was obliged to abandon his boots, into which he could not thrust his swollen toes, and take to moccasins. These, with their par fleche soles, were so slippery that he crossed all icy stretches, when off his horse, on his hands and knees. Of Indians he saw no trace.

After the first day or so, he slept a good deal in his saddle, so that much of his trip was hazy to him. And yet, on the fourth day, he dismounted at the gate of the fort.

It required many hours of cajolery to induce a Mexican, the only possible guide, to go back with him. This man, a native of Santa Fé, was anxious to return to his home, but not at all anxious to undertake the rigors of a winter trip thither. However, when Marcus had agreed to pay him a hundred dollars in gold, he capitulated and, after a single day of rest and with a fresh horse, Marcus started back for Amos.

The meeting between the two men was a silent one. Marcus's frosted fingers would not permit a handshake. Lovejoy put his hands on Marcus's shoulders and the two men smiled at each other. Then Marcus introduced Juan, and fell to work on the venison stew that steamed over the fire. When he had finished this and a rapid account of his trip at the same time, he said:

"We're three weeks behind schedule now. If Congress adjourns early, our efforts have all been for nothing."

"We'll make up time when we reach the Santa Fé trail, I'm sure," said Amos. "I'm so fit now that I won't hold you back. But, doctor, you ought to put in a few days here getting your feet in shape."

"Not a minute," exclaimed Marcus. "My feet aren't so bad since I took to moccasins. We'll leave before daylight in the morning."

And leave they did, just as long streamers of red from the rising sun flared news of the coming day across the sky above the canyon.

Juan was not the gentle, companionable soul that Jo had been, but he was a better guide than Jo, for the simple reason that he knew the country better. He led them unerringly up and up into the high flung passes of the Great Divide, up and up until for many days the only sign of living things, other than themselves, was an eagle silhouetted against the western sky, one desolate noon.

Imperceptibly, they moved. Yet, always moving and never turning back, they saw at last before them, instead of endless peaks, long, snow-choked valleys, stretching southward. And they began their descent toward the upper waters of the Rio Grande.

THEY had had no luck, whatever, in finding game while crossing the divide, and had eaten up their store of jerked beef and pemmican. In fact, the last day of the crossing was made without food. They were not worried, however, for Juan assured them that game would be plentiful once they dropped to the river valley. But events proved that, while Juan knew his trails, he could not know that this winter of 1842-43 was to go down in history as one more destructive to wild animals than any since recorded. The cold in the upper Rio Grande Valley was almost insupportable. And not so much as a jack rabbit could they find to eat. They pushed on for another day and then, reluctantly, Marcus killed one of the mules.

And that night, a ravening pack of wolves appeared, devoured all of the carcass save the few pieces cooked and in the tent, and disappeared before Trapper's frantic barking and the growls of the wolves themselves could rouse them from exhausted slumbers.

They pushed on feebly for two days more, and then made camp beside the black ice of the Rio Grande. Marcus dared not move away from driftwood until they had food. With warmth and water death could be stalled off for some time to come. They dared not kill one of their horses. The last mule could be spared only by abandoning all that they had not lost already of their baggage. Juan, who was carrying a bundle of fur to Santa Fé, which he valued at a fabulous sum, was particularly urgent that the mule be spared. For the major portion of the mule's pack now consisted of Juan's pelts.

Marcus respected the little man's desires as long as he dared. But when they had been in camp on the Rio Grande for a day and Amos Lovejoy had become too weak to load or lift his gun, Marcus announced that the mule must be sacrificed.

Juan squatting with the Americans beside the fire, looked up with a scowl in his ugly dark face.

"No!" he snarled. "Kill the dog first."

"Good heavens, no!" Marcus shouted, staring at the Mexican as if he could strike him.

Quick as thought, Juan drew his hunting knife and plunged it to the hilt in the heart of the sleeping dog, who lay curled in a gray knot beside the fire. With a backhanded blow, Marcus knocked Juan over, took the knife from him, then seized him by the throat. Weakened though he was, Marcus still was worth three of the Mexican.

With infinite difficulty, Lovejoy staggered to his feet. There was murder in Marcus's contorted face, and the Mexican without a knife, was as helpless as a child in the doctor's great hands.

"Doctor!" shouted Amos. "Your wife would not have it so. Let him go."

Marcus, without loosening his grip on the choking man, turned his head toward Amos. "That was my baby daughter's dog!"

"It won't bring Trapper back to have murder on your hands! Nor it won't help your cause with Waii-lat-pu, nor Oregon," urged the lawyer quickly.

Slowly Marcus took the fingers from the Mexican's throat, turned and gave him a kick that sent him sprawling. Then he stooped over the motionless dog.

"I'd like to bury him," he murmured, "but that's impossible. He must go as poor Jo went."

With great difficulty, for his strength was spent, he gathered in his arms the gray body, so pitifully emaciated, and staggered to the river bank where a water hole was kept open. He broke the new film of ice and dropped Trapper into the black rush of the current. Then he dragged himself back to the fire and dropped down beside Lovejoy. Amos put his mittened hand on Marcus's shoulder.

"'He should have died, hereafter,'" he quoted gently.

And this was Trapper's epitaph.

WHEN he had recovered sufficient strength, Marcus shot the remaining mule and forced still trembling Juan to butcher it. Here was the food for many days and, after two days of hearty resting, they were able to continue on down the river.

Juan, more anxious than ever to reach his destination, led on with his same unerring skill. The going was frightful and, after the mule meat gave out, they suffered again for food, though an occasional rabbit and once, a wolf, kept them from actual break-down. On the fifteenth of December emaciated, ragged, hungry, they reached the Mexican settlement of Fernandez de Toas.

Here, to Marcus's infinite chagrin, they were obliged to rest for two weeks before starting for Santa Fé. Marcus's frozen feet demanded care, and both he and Lovejoy were suffering from snow blindness and exhaustion.

They reached Santa Fé, without serious difficulty. This old town was the headquarters of Kit Carson and other well-known plainsmen and Marcus had hoped here to get recent news from Congress. But no one had had a word for him. They stayed only a day, then with a new guide, swung out on the Santa Fé trail on the last lap of their journey, the eight hundred miles to Westport.

They must travel northeast now, toward Bent's Fort, which was on the Arkansas River near the present town of La Junta, Colorado. The hardships they endured going through the mountains of New Mexico were extreme. Still, they made the two-hundred-mile trip in record time. They were nervous about hostile Indians, although their guide assured them that the really dangerous country lay beyond Bent's Fort. But they met no living soul on the trail until they were within four days of Bent's Fort. A long pack train wound along the trail and its leader drew up and returned Marcus's salute.

He was George Bent, brother of the owner of the fort, en route to Santa Fé with freight. He was much impressed when he learned of their trip through the Rockies, but warned them that it would not be safe for them to attempt the trip between the fort and Westport, Missouri, unless they went with an armed pack train. Such a train was on the eve of leaving the fort, he said, adding:

"Move rapidly, you may overtake them."

Marcus looked at Amos Lovejoy, whose wan face told of an exhaustion his lips would not.

"You go ahead, doctor," exclaimed Amos. "If I put this horse to a gallop, both he and I will fall to pieces."

"But tomorrow's Sunday," mused Marcus, "I've never traveled on Sunday. However," with a sigh, "surely this is justified. I'll not waste a moment in starting." He shook hands with George Bent. "Do you know whether Congress has done any thing about the Oregon boundary?"

Bent shook his head and turned in his saddle to wave his arm at his waiting pack train. The last laden mule had not passed out of sight, before Marcus, had made up a small pack of food and was ready to start.

"Amos, we'll meet at St. Louis in late spring. You know all that I want you to do about notifying folks that I'm ready to lead a caravan out in June. *Tell them to come in wagons!* I'll write you, regularly."

The two men clasped hands, Marcus spurred his horse and was gone.

It was four hundred miles from Bent's Fort to Westport landing. Marcus reached there the last of January and delayed only long enough to post a notice that he would be ready to lead an immigrant train, with wagons, to the Columbia, as soon as grass was high enough in spring. Then he went on to St. Louis.

When he arrived there he went directly to the hotel which he and Narcissa had visited six years before. He had no luggage and no money to spare with which to provide himself with luggage. Not that this unimportant detail bothered Marcus. When he entered the little hotel that winter day he wore a buffalo skin overcoat and fur leggings over boot mocassins. The beaver-skin cap on his head could be supplemented by the fur hood attached to his coat.

Frontiersmen were the ordinary rule in St. Louis then. Still when Marcus having divested himself of his coat and cap, drew up to the long dining-table, his frosted face and hands drew an immediate fire of questions from his fellow guests. Marcus answered in as few words as possible. He had questions of his own he was burning to ask.

"Has the Ashburton Treaty been signed?"

"Oh, yes," replied a man whom the others addressed as Dr. Barrows. "That was signed the ninth of August, and has been confirmed by the Senate. The President signed on the tenth of November."

Marcus dropped his knife and fork, and his heart sagged within him. Alas, for his great dream for his superhuman effort. This would mean that Oregon had been lost before he left Waii-lat-pu!

"Do you feel ill, Dr. Whitman?" asked Dr. Barrow.

"It will pass, thank you," muttered Marcus. "Tell me, if you can, just how far south of the Columbia, the Oregon border has been placed."

Bless you," exclaimed Dr. Barrow. "How you do flatter our present administration! The only boundary settled was that of Maine! Congress has only got so far with Oregon as to spend months debating the merits of our claims. Senator Linn has introduced a bill that will give six hundred and forty acres to every adult settler in Oregon and an additional one hundred and sixty to every child. That's got a lot of folks eager to go out there. But between the Indians and the fact that wagons can't go through, they're hesitating. Still, I understand that a good many are talking of going out there this spring. What's your idea of the prospects?"

This was the opening Marcus desired. Laying down his knife and fork, he gave the gaping table a short and graphic picture of Oregon, and ended by saying that his friend Amos Lovejoy would be in St. Louis later and would do some pamphleteering to induce a substantial number of immigrants to be ready in the spring for Marcus to lead them westward.

Congress had adjourned when Marcus reached the capital. But he was not, now that he knew the details of the Ashburton treaty, perturbed by that fact. He desired to see President Tyler, and the Secretary of State, Daniel Webster. If it was possible, he proposed to discover the truth about the pending negotiations with Great Britain. But alas! Washington in 1843 was no whit different from the Washington of today. It was not an encouraging spot for the simple truth seeker.

Armed with a six-year-old letter of identification from the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions and with his old passport, countersigned by Captain Thing, Dr. McLoughlin and again by Captain Thing, he presented himself at the office of Daniel Webster. And after three days of waiting he was allotted a fifteen minutes' interview. Fifteen minutes in which to save Oregon! Ah, Narcissa, did you have any conception of the demand you were making? Marcus squared his shoulders, opened the door of the inner office, and entered.

AT THE desk, at the forward end of the room, sat a smooth shaven, elderly man, with the face of a saturnine old eagle. From beneath shaggy eyebrows, he watched Marcus approach, and make his bow.

"Be seated, sir," said Webster.

"I can talk faster if I stand, thanks," replied Marcus. "For six years, I've lived in Oregon territory, on the Walla Walla River. I'm a missionary to the Cayuse Indians. I've come to Washington to tell you that if you give Oregon to England, you give it to the powers of Hell."

The secretary groaned. "Another fanatic. I thought, perhaps, you could give me facts."

"I've given you the most important facts," declared Marcus. "But I can add others." He burst into a eulogy of the wonders of Oregon.

Mr. Webster listened for a moment, then interrupted with a terse question. "Is the country west and north of the Columbia River worth going to war with England for?"

Marcus hesitated, then claimed stoutly: "I'd shoulder a gun for it!"

"Humph!" ejaculated the secretary. "Perhaps you'll tell me how we'd hold Oregon against the British? The Indians are favorable to the British and hostile to the Americans. We are cut off from sending men and supplies by practically an impassable mountain barrier, with no means of protecting any pack trains we might hastily equip and send through. I have no patience with these ill informed folk who demand that we keep Oregon as though Oregon were in our possession and we had but to close our fists."

"England has no right to Oregon," replied Marcus doggedly.

"She claims as many rights as we," replied Webster, tartly. "Rights of discovery and occupation. The ownership of Oregon is likely to follow the greater settlement and larger population."

"Which today is British!" exclaimed Marcus. "How can it be otherwise when you consider how grossly our government neglects the interests of its immigrant citizens! The British parliament, long since, extended the jurisdiction of Canada over its citizens in Oregon. They have civil and military protection. We Americans have nothing except what rule o'thumb measures we have taken, for ourselves."

"You'll have to ask Congress that question," replied Mr. Webster. "But this I will say, that as long as I have influence, this country will never go to war to increase its territory. That which we have, we'll protect with the last man and the last dollar. But a war of aggrandizement, never!" He pulled a bell cord, behind him, and an attendant entered. Webster held out his hand to Marcus, and his voice held a kindlier note, as he said, "My next visitor is due, sir. I thank you for your interest in this matter."

The interview with Daniel Webster infuriated Marcus, infuriated and discouraged him. It had seemed so simple, at Waii-lat-pu, this matter of saving Oregon. "Just explain how wonderful Oregon is!" Narcissa had said. Marcus groaned aloud as he strode along the dusty road toward the White House. Explain! Why, he told himself if these politicians knew that Oregon was Paradise, it would have no effect on them. Oregon was only a pawn to them! In some complicated intrigue they were carrying on. Think of it! A fifteen minute interview, to pay for those one hundred and five days spent in coming through from Waii-lat-pu! The—thing was hopeless! If it were not for Narcissa— He paused beside a new planted sycamore and closed his eyes. Narcissa! Narcissa! Such a wave of homesickness for her, and for the beloved mission swept over Marcus that he could only stand and pray that it would not make a weak fool out of him driving him home before his task was done.

Then he strode into the yard of the White House.

He had no appointment here, nor was he going to try to procure one through any Congressman. It was the President's hour for shaking hands with casual visitors and Marcus found him in the reception room, in laughing conversation with a fashionably attired gentleman.

Marcus was prepossessed at once in the President's favor. John Tyler was fifty-three years of age, at this time, a thin-faced, blue-eyed man, with an aggressive chin and a pleasant smile. "Well! Well!" he exclaimed, turning to Marcus. "You look like a plainsman, sir!" He spoke with a Virginian accent very different from the hard New England pronunciation of Webster.

"I think I'd qualify about half to that title, Mr. President," said Marcus. Then he introduced himself adding, "I've come through during the winter months, by a route they told me no white man could take, for this interview with you, sir. So I shall not apologize for the condition of my face and hands. They as well as my feet were frozen."

Marcus was learning! The President's attention was arrested at once. "What route was that, Dr. Whitman?"

Marcus told him. Mr. Tyler's face kindled with interest. "But, my dear doctor!" he cried, "we can not have you treated as a casual visitor. There are no other callers. Come into my office, and tell me what induced you to take such a trip!"

"AND so you and Mrs. Whitman thought that we must be very ignorant of conditions in Oregon," said President Tyler, when Marcus ended his story.

"We thought you'd been misinformed," replied Marcus. "We believed it was the intention of the Hudson's Bay Company to keep you misinformed."

"We've had entirely honest and adequate reports of conditions there," said the President. He looked thoughtfully at Marcus. "And can a man of your education and experience really believe that I, alone, can save Oregon?"

"I have little doubt that you and Daniel Webster can and will sign up with England any treaty you desire."

"But supposing the treaty we offer the Senate to ratify is not pleasing to that body?" suggested Tyler. "Don't you know that my following is not strong enough with either party to whip it through?"

"Perhaps not," agreed Marcus, "but Daniel Webster can handle the Senate."

"You flatter him!" declared President Tyler. "Dr. Whitman, this Oregon question from every angle is one of diplomatic negotiation, and not for threats. If we had more American citizens out there, we could assume a different attitude toward Great Britain. But we have only a handful, and with no wagon route through, I see no prospect for another generation we could hope to have a real showing of our citizens there. And this question of boundary can not be kept open for a generation."

"But there is a wagon route through!" cried Marcus. "I've taken a wagon through myself!"

"How much would the Indians leave of a wagon train?" exclaimed the President. "What man is going to trust his wife and babies to a journey like that?"

"I took my wife through," replied Marcus.

"She must have been a brave woman," said Mr. Tyler, "and, from what you have told me, an intelligent one, too."

"She's all of that!" agreed Marcus. "Will you not tell me this, sir? Is there anything that I can do to persuade you to throw your weight toward keeping Oregon?"

"And how do you know that I'm not doing so?" asked Tyler, with a little smile.

"Because you evade me so," replied Marcus, doggedly. "And that's not right. I've risked my life to come and tell you how in this instance. I think you should use your great office. I deserve at least a yes or no answer to my questions."

"If you will answer one question fully and honestly from me, sir, I'll answer one from you," returned Tyler, with a sudden cynical gleam in his eyes. "Dr. Whitman, what do you expect as a reward if Oregon Territory becomes American?"

Marcus started to his feet. His face burned. "Mr. President," he shouted, angrily. "Why should you insinuate—" then he paused, held by a sudden memory. He did expect a reward. And it was the thought of this reward that again and again had given him strength to go on during those ghastly days in the Rockies. With a quick softening eye and voice he said, "Yes, I expect a reward, sir! But it is not in land or money or position. It is nothing that Congress nor you nor all the king's horses or all the king's men could give me. What it is—well, you must allow a poor missionary to have his little mystery, too."

The President laughed, "Hanged if I don't like you, Whitman! You must come to see me again."

"But Mr. President, my question to you! Will you help save Oregon?"

John Tyler rose and walked slowly toward the window and back again, before he replied. "California Alta; Texas; Oregon; the extraordinary adroit diplomacy of Great Britain backed by her naval supremacy, a newborn republic weakened by partisan strife and controlled by ignorant backwoodsmen. These are facts. Ponder on them for a moment and then see if you do not realize that it is impossible for me to give you a yes or no answer to your question."

Across the intellectual abyss that separated them the two men looked at each other clearly. Then Marcus slowly extended his hand.

"I shall say good-by, then, Mr. President."

"Good-by, Mr. Whitman, I am grateful to you for calling!"

Marcus made his way out to Pennsylvania Avenue and tramped slowly through the mud, while he revamped his plans. He was convinced now that the administration was making no effort to keep the country north of the Columbia. Congress could do little until a treaty was given it to ratify. There would be no session of Congress, anyhow, until next fall. Was it not true that, no matter what sort of a treaty was promulgated, no matter how the statesmen intrigued, the settlement of ownership lay between two things; the increase of British rights to the exclusion of all other rights in the country or the establishment of sufficient American rights by a sufficient number of citizens to overwhelm the British. Having reached this point Marcus suddenly decided to call on Senator Linn of Missouri.

HE FOUND the Senator at his boarding house and was admitted at once to his room. All the time that Marcus was talking to him the gentleman from Missouri was packing his horsehair trunk, preparatory to leaving for home within the hour. But when Marcus after fifteen minutes of rapid talk, had presented his problem, Senator Linn dropped a linen shirt with which he had been wrapping a pair of polished riding boots and pointed a finger at Marcus.

"My boy, can you lead a *wagon* train to the Columbia?"

"I can," replied Marcus.

"Can you keep your mouth shut?"

"I can." Marcus smiled a little but the Senator was scowling in his earnestness.

"The administration," said Linn rapidly, "is carrying on secret negotiations with Great Britain that will continue for at least another year. Those negotiations contemplate giving up Oregon north of the Columbia. Speaking in general, Oregon has no friends in Congress outside a very small circle, of which Senator Benton is the leader and I'm a member. Benton, if he doesn't die, will see California Alta a part of the United States. But if Oregon is to be saved to us, we must do it ourselves and there's but one way. Move American citizens out there till they outnumber the British, three to one. Up to the moment of your call, frankly, I didn't see how it was to be done in time. But if wagons can go through *now*, meaning that men can take their families and take up the offer in our land bill—Look here, Dr. Whitman, when could you start with such a caravan?"

"In May," replied Marcus, his eyes sparkling.

"Then you go out of Washington and start things moving," ordered Senator Linn. "Above all things, don't speak of your plans here, and don't mention Benton or me in connection with them anywhere."

Here was a man who spoke Marcus's own language. With flushing cheeks, Marcus straightened his shoulders and picked up his fur cap. But before he could leave, Linn put his hand on the Doctor's shoulder.

"Dr. Whitman, if you can deliver us out there this fall a thousand persons, we'll do the rest. Can you do it?"

"Yes, I can!" shouted Marcus. "But not if you keep me here all spring, talking."

Senator Linn burst into a roar of laughter. "Good enough! I've been hearing of you for years, out my way, Doctor! I know now why they have confidence in you. God speed you."

With a grasp of the hand that almost burst Marcus's swollen and peeling fingers, the two men parted.

Marcus rushed back to his boarding house, seized his buffalo overcoat, stuffed the underwear in one pocket and his shaving outfit in the other, and within the hour was on his way to Boston.

He reached there on the morning of April fourth and went directly to the offices of the American Board. As luck, good or bad, Marcus could not guess which, would have it, a meeting of the Prudential Committee was in session, with the Board's Secretary Mr. Greene in the chair. An astonished office boy admitted Marcus.

Marcus bowed and the members of the committee stared, Mr. Greene was the first to recover his breath.

"Dr. Whitman! But what are you doing away from your mission without permission?"

"But my mission was ordered closed by the Board. I came to protest in person. Gentlemen, you must not close these missions. You must not recall Henry Spalding."

"Must not! Tut! Tut! Doctor! That is hardly the way to speak to this Board," exclaimed Greene.

Marcus looked round for a chair and sat down.

Then he answered Greene quietly. "If you'll allow me to explain, Mr. Greene. It's a long story."

"You may begin it," said Greene grudgingly.

So Marcus began the Iliad of Waii-lat-pu.

After the first few sentences, the look of disapproval left the faces of the committeemen, leaving them wrapt, almost awestruck.

At noon he paused, weary of speech. He had brought them through the burial of Alice Clarissa.

Secretary Greene drew a long breath and wiped the tears from his cheeks. "Brothers," he said, looking at the red eyes grouped around the table, "will some one move a note of confidence in Dr. Whitman and Mrs. Whitman?"

"I move," said one of the members brokenly, "that Dr. Whitman go back to Waii-lat-pu and stay there, and that if he feels confident that Brother Spalding has been sufficiently disciplined to keep him from making further trouble, he be told to go on with his splendid work at Lap-wai."

"Let's put it in the form of a resolution," suggested another voice.

Marcus suddenly rose. He had told his story in a steady voice, keeping himself steeled for the battle he felt sure was coming. The sudden change in the attitude of the committee utterly undid him. He bolted from the offices and wandered in the streets until he had himself in hand again. Then he returned, to complete his report and to receive the resolutions of the committee.

By the last of April, Marcus had completed his work in Boston, had paid a flying visit to Narcissa's home and his own, had traveled through central New York, spreading the gospel of Oregon, and was back in St. Louis to put into action his plans for gathering together a great immigrant train.

TO ANY ONE but Marcus Whitman the difficulties of carrying out such a program in less than a month's time would have seemed insurmountable. The matter of wagons alone seemed, at first, to doom the experiment to failure. People were convinced that one could not go through to the Columbia with covered wagons. Marcus lectured, scolded, and wrote always on the text of his own experience, until he grew utterly weary of the word Conastoga.

And then a week before the time appointed for the start, when only a few straggling families had appeared at the appointed rendezvous near Westport, Missouri, Marcus was laid low with an acute attack of malaria.

The scarcity of news was almost unendurable. It was a long way in 1843 from St. Louis to Westport, the present Kansas City. Marcus, from his sick bed, could get no authentic report of his caravan. At last, when his fever had been reduced sufficiently for him to sit erect without fainting, he left the hotel and crawled aboard a river steamer for Westport. At Westport he made his way to the stables where he had arranged for a riding horse.

The livery man looked him over sympathetically. "Gawd, Doctor, been having a wrestle with the shakes, eh? Well, the folks is waiting for you out yonder."

"Many of them?" asked Marcus, clambering with difficulty into the saddle.

His horse, fresh from long standing, immediately bolted up the road, but Marcus looked anxiously back for his answer.

"More'n you'll ever get to the Columbia!" shouted the livery man, waving his hands.

Marcus allowed the horse to gallop the two miles that lay between the village and the rendezvous, which was beyond the bluffs that line the river to the northwest. At the foot of the first of the bluffs, he met a horseman who gave a great shout at the sight of Marcus. It was Amos Lovejoy.

"Hurrah! Doctor, I've been worried! You've been sick, I see."

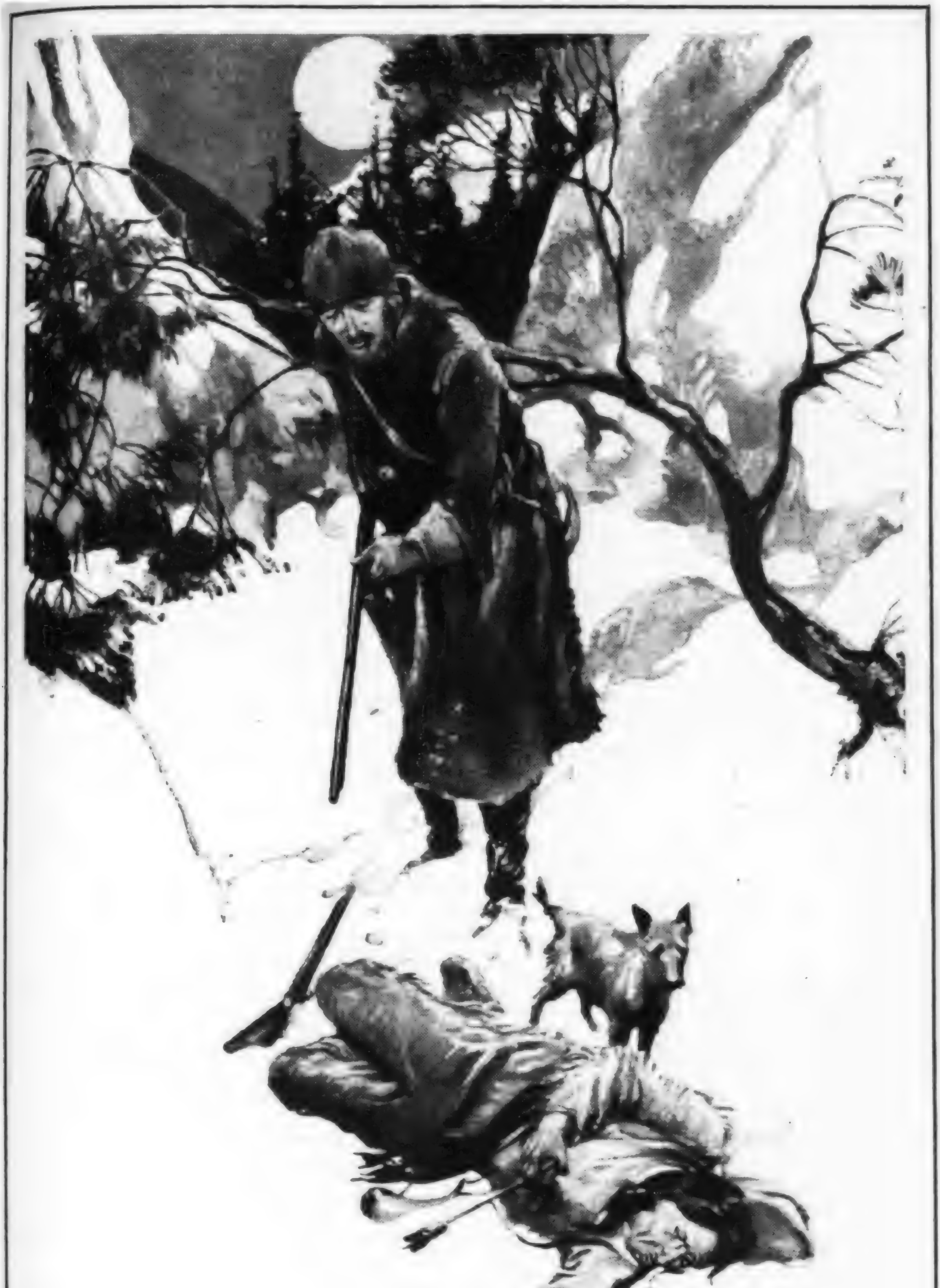
Marcus nodded. "Got enough folks to make a caravan, out there?"

Amos gave him a curious look. "I can show you better than I can tell you, Doctor. Come up here a moment."

He spurred his horse up the long slope of the bluff. Marcus followed. At the top both men pulled up.

"Look!" exclaimed Amos, pointing across the river.

And Marcus looked.



Trapper stopped with a howl. Marcus wallowed through the snow to the dark object over which the dog was standing. It was Jo, with an arrow through his heart.

At the foot of the bluff followed the Missouri, brown and slow moving. Beyond the river, stretched the June Prairie, on and on, into the remote blue heavens. Along the farther bank of the river was stretched an immigrant camp, hundreds of little tents, set in crude street formation, and, at the end of the street, a gigantic circle of canvas covered wagons. Swung out across the prairie were great herds of grazing horses and cattle.

Marcus stared unbelievably.

"They're waiting for you, Doctor," said Amos Lovejoy, softly. "There are a thousand men, women and children, with a herd of nearly three thousand head of stock."

Marcus did not speak for a moment. Then he straightened his sick body in the saddle and looked up at the exquisite blue overhead.

"God, I thank Thee!" he murmured and turning his horse, he spurred him down the bluff side toward the waiting camp.

The start was made on the twenty-second day of May, 1843. . . .

On this same twenty-second day of May, Narcissa and little Marshal returned to the Waii-lat-pu from a round of visits on the Willamette. She had been wretchedly ill most of the winter with a cold that refused to wear off, even when the warm weather of spring appeared. Under William Geiger's efficient management, the mission farm had prospered greatly, but Narcissa had been able to do but little teaching and in February when traveling became possible, the Geigers persuaded her to go to the Methodist mission and put herself under the care of the doctor there.

He diagnosed her illness as one of the mind rather than the body and prophesied that if she'd stay away from the anxieties and alarms of Waii-lat-pu for a couple of months, she'd get well. This proved to be the case, and Narcissa returned to the Mission in her old exuberant state of health.

During all those weary months, Narcissa had had no word from Marcus. Not that she had expected any. Nevertheless, the thought of him was with her constantly. She had heard through Captain Grant of his mad undertaking in seeking a south trail and she knew that he had reached and left Fort Uncompahgre safely. Beyond this there was no word. During the vast loneliness of the winter months she used to wonder how she had had the courage to send Marcus on so dangerous an errand. Certainly, had she known of his prospective change in route, she could not have done it. The awful responsibility of what she might have done to Marcus weighed on her mind like a nightmare. And she began to long for his safe return as the one great desire of her life; longed for it, without regard as to the success of his undertaking; longed for Marcus, her housemate and the guardian of her hearth.

Immediately on her return Narcissa took up her neglected teaching and clinical work. She also arranged by letter that Elkanah Walker, Myron Eells and Henry Spalding should each give Waii-lat-pu one week of religious meetings each month until Marcus should return.

The first meetings were held during the last week in July, under the auspices of Elkanah Walker. Henry Spalding held the second set of meetings during the last days of August. Henry had visited the mission during the winter and had made himself both useful and pleasant. He was haunted by the fear that Marcus might not be successful in his attempt to save Lap-wai and was meek in proportion. The fear had increased greatly by August and then even Mrs. Munger admitted that he was an acquisition to society!

"That cantankerous old mule is acting just like a human being," had been her amiable expression.

ALTHOUGH the buffalo season was on, at least a hundred Cayuse appeared at Henry's meeting, and nothing untoward occurred until the last evening. Père Demers appeared at the beginning of the sermon, and seated himself quietly in the rear of the congregation. Asahel Munger rose at the conclusion of the final hymn, and, apparently becoming bewildered, suddenly stumbled and fell, fainting head-first into the fire.

Geiger was the first to reach him. Utter confusion followed. The Cayuse shouted and threatened, but Père Demers held them in check while the whites carried Asahel to the hospital room and there ministered to his terrible burns.

When she had done all that she could for him, Narcissa went out into the door-yard where in the moonlight a few of the Indians still were gathered around the priest. Père Demers left the group of Cayuse and came forward to speak to Narcissa.

"How is the unfortunate man?" he asked.

"He is beyond mortal help, I'm afraid," replied Narcissa. "At least half his body is scorched to the bone."

"I meant to save him," said the priest, looking at Narcissa as though he expected her to doubt him.

She nodded, then added gently, "God knows, what He is about, with you and poor Mr. Munger."

"We have seemed to cross each other's paths in a tragic manner," murmured the priest. "Madam Whitman, it was not chance that led me here tonight. I had a very special message for you."

"Yes?" Narcissa drew a quick breath of alarm. She could not trust this man, although she had a curious intellectual liking for him.

"Dr. McLoughlin is to be at Fort Walla

Walla tomorrow and he would like an interview with you. His stay is short and he begs of you a very great favor, that you ride in with me to-night that he may not be delayed. His old enemy, the gout, makes traveling torture to him. The matter is immediate and urgent."

"Curious," exclaimed Narcissa. "Matters are never as immediate as all that on the Columbia, my dear Père! You mustn't let Dr. McLoughlin's regal manner excite you."

The priest made a gesture of impatience. "I have no authority to give you a hint, but I will say this much. The errand has to do with your husband's welfare."

"With Marcus!" ejaculated Narcissa. "What has happened, Père Demers?"

"I don't know," replied Père Demers.

Suddenly terrible forebodings filled Narcissa's mind, the culmination of all the wretched anxieties of the winter and spring.

"Is Dr. Whitman in danger?" asked Narcissa. "In such danger that I must leave my friend to die alone?"

"I do not know," replied the priest.

Again deadly fear clutched at Narcissa's heart. "Wait!" she said. "I will talk to Henry Spalding. Perhaps he'll go with me." She turned and entered the house.

Henry sat in the dining-room, gazing gloomily at the flickering candle.

"Henry, I want your advice," said Narcissa. And she repeated to him her conversation with Père Demers.

Henry clutched the table with both hands and leaned so far forward that the candle almost scorched his chin. "Something has gone wrong with Marcus! You'd better start right away for the fort, Narcissa."

"And leave poor Asahel?" exclaimed Narcissa.

"He's beyond your care. There must be something to this, for Dr. McLoughlin to send such a message. I'll go with you if you wish."

"I do wish it," said Narcissa, with a sense of relief that almost made her smile. Henry as a chaperon and guardian appealed to her sense of humor. "I can be ready to start in a very few minutes if you'll see to the horses and tell Père Demers."

HENRY agreed and they made the journey without accident, reaching the fort at dawn. When the gates opened to them Archibald McKinley welcomed Narcissa with a little embarrassment she thought.

"This is decidedly unceremonious, Madam Whitman, but Dr. McLoughlin can't put his foot into a stirrup."

"The lack of ceremony doesn't matter!" exclaimed Narcissa. "Is my husband dead? Is that what you're trying to tell me?"

"No! No!" cried McKinley. "What can Père Demers have said to you? I don't know what the White Headed Eagle wants of you, but certainly it's not to break that news to you. Will you rest, Madam Whitman?"

"Not until I've seen Dr. McLoughlin, thank you," replied Narcissa. "How soon can that be?"

"As soon as you have breakfasted," answered the factor.

Relieved of her worst fear, Narcissa ate a good meal, then was led to Dr. McLoughlin's room.

The chief factor was sitting with a bandaged foot on a stool.

"I can't rise, Madam Whitman," exclaimed McLoughlin, pointing to his foot. "Will you accept my apologies for that and for asking you to come to me?"

"I'll forgive you gladly if only you'll tell me, without further mystery what has happened to Marcus."

"Just close that door, Madam, then, so's we can speak without an audience." Narcissa complied, then seated herself opposite the chief factor. McLoughlin leaned forward suddenly and said:

"Madam, a Snake Indian came in yesterday from Fort Laramie. He had a letter for you and I took it myself, after hearing the news, to ask you to come in here. This is your letter."

He gave Narcissa the usual oilskin packet. It contained an unsealed fold of paper on which Marcus had written:

> Fort Laramie, July 14, 1843.
>
> DEAR NARCISSA:
>
> Arrived here in safety. A. B. M. agreed to all our requests. All is well. MARCUS.

Just for a moment the room grew black before Narcissa's eyes. Then her heart began to beat heavily again. She smiled at Dr. McLoughlin.

"Is this your news?" she asked, indicating the note in her hand.

"Madam, I do not read other people's mail!" thundered Dr. McLoughlin. "My news was received from the Indian. Dr. Whitman left Westport on May 22nd and with a caravan of a thousand souls and two hundred canvas covered wagons. They are on their way to Oregon under his leadership."

"What are you going to do about it, Doctor?" asked Narcissa very gently.

"First, I'm going to tell you a little about myself. Namely, that if Dr. Whitman brings a thousand folk in here, Oregon to at least the 49th parallel will go American and I, Madam Whitman, will be held in blame for it, by my company and by my sovereign. I have been over friendly to Americans, particularly to missionaries, and Sir George has seen to it that, in London, I'm the guilty party."

He spoke with unbelievable bitterness. Narcissa, watching him, felt a great wave of sympathy.

"I wish it might not have hurt you," she exclaimed.

"The hurt has not been done yet," said McLoughlin grimly. "I'm telling you this to show you that I'm hard driven, not only by my loyalty to my country, but by a desire to save my own skin— You'll have realized, long since, my dear Madam Whitman, that this is no game for softies. England and America both are acting with no bowels .of compassion. Your husband's caravan will proceed with no undue accidents it is probable as far as Fort Hall. There every possible inducement will be offered to the people to get them to turn south into California. If they will not, then they will proceed along the Snake River canyons until, at a favorable spot, Madam Whitman, a massacre by the Indians will take place. A massacre that will leave not so much as a babe to be carried across the Blue Mountains into Oregon."

Breathing heavily, the sweat standing on his forehead, the chief factor made his slow pronouncement.

"No!" breathed Narcissa, her eyes black with horror. "No! No! No! You will never permit that, Dr. McLoughlin?"

"It is not mine to permit," replied the doctor huskily. "That massacre plan had been gathering headway ever since Umtippe first turned against you at Waii-lat-pu. He has put nearly five years into working among the Nez Percés, the Snakes and the Utes. At his signal, the word will be given."

"When did you learn this?" gasped Narcissa.

"Yesterday afternoon, Madam Whitman; Madam McLoughlin learned it from one of the Cayuse women you've been kind to."

"I must start for Fort Hall and head Marcus off." Narcissa staggered wildly to her feet.

"Ten days is the best anyone, even an Indian can do, between here and Fort Hall. I have sent runners, several of them. But, Madam Whitman, your hope is Umtippe."

"Umtippe!" cried Narcissa, tragically, "He hates me! But Père Demers!" with sudden thought, "He can handle Umtippe."

"Have him in," cried the doctor.

SHORTLY the priest hurried into the chief factor's room. McLoughlin repeated his statements of facts. When the chief factor was through, the priest smiled, sardonically.

"Some one has been telling you his bad dream, Doctor. I don't believe old Umtippe could effect such an organization."

Dr. McLoughlin pounded on top of the split log floor with his cane. "I tell you, Père, it is so!" he roared. "Don't waste my time doubting. You must call Umtippe off! This goes too far."

"What may you mean by that, if you please?" asked Père Demers.

"I mean that Simpson may do his own dirty work. I'm through. 'Tis one thing to plan to frighten an immigrant train and deflect it southward. 'Tis another thing to actually permit these hellish redskin clans to gather."

"You malign Sir George Simpson, Dr. McLoughlin, and you insult me and my cloth." The priest was standing erect now, his eyes flashing angrily.

"Perhaps I go too far in suggesting that you and Sir George know of the proposed massacre," said McLoughlin grudgingly. "But, I do know that you have done all that you could, Père Demers, to turn the Indians against the Protestant missionaries."

"What have I done more than the Protestants have done to turn the Indians against the priests?" demanded Père Demers.

"Yes," exclaimed Narcissa. "You have done more because you have been able to influence the Indians and we have not! Père Demers, I don't for a moment think you capable of taking a hand in this terrible plan, nor do I believe Sir George Simpson—"

Dr. McLoughlin interrupted "Didn't I admit that myself? But what both of them have done is to play with the forces of hell and now these forces have got out of hand. You will get hold of Umtippe at once, Père Demers."

"Certainly," replied the priest. "I'll start immediately for Waii-lat-pu."

But the stockade gates were already swinging open to admit a solitary rider. It was Umtippe, jogging in serenely on a pinto Pony.

Père Demers stepped to the door and called to the old chief. Umtippe dismounted in a leisurely manner, leaving his horse to a lounging Indian boy, and strolled into the chief factor's room.

"All are well," replied Umtippe.

The chief factor cleared his throat. "Hearing of your great power, Umtippe, I have a favor to ask of you, for which I will pay. The Snake and the Utes are about to make war on a long line of Bostons who are coming this way. The Kitche Okema and I do not wish this to happen. If you will stop it I will make you the richest Indian chief among all chiefs."

"Who says they will war on the Bostons?" asked Umtippe.

"I say it. I, the White Headed Eagle."

"Then you are a fool," grunted the Cayuse.

Before Dr. McLoughlin could reply, Père Demers spoke, "Send out runners, now, Umtippe. Call in the war chief of the Snakes and the Utes and the Nez Percés. Let us have council together."

Umtippe scowled. "What business have you two to interfere with my business?" he demanded. "Shall a great chief take orders?"

Suddenly Père Demers brought out his rosary. "When I reach the eighth bead," he said, "I shall begin to pray your soul into hell."

"I'll send for the war chiefs," said Umtippe, sullenly.

"And you, Umtippe, shall be my guest until their return," added Dr. McLoughlin. "You shall have all you wish to eat, but if, at the end of the second sunset, after today's sunset, the chiefs have not arrived, and if plans for the war on the Bostons have not stopped you, my greatest of great chiefs, shall be stood up against the stockade wall and shot—by me!" He turned to Narcissa. "Have in McKinley but tell him first what has happened."

HOW she got through the succeeding days, Narcissa never knew. She sent Henry Spalding back to Waii-lat-pu. Madam McLoughlin was ill and Narcissa sat with her for a part of both days. The rest of the time she talked with Dr. McLoughlin but by mutual consent, they avoided discussion of Oregon. On the last afternoon they were silent, Narcissa walking the floor and Dr. McLoughlin reading Scot's Napoleon upside down.

The Nez Percé chief arrived at noon. Archibald McKinley came next, accompanied by the Ute runner and the Ute war chief. Père Demers followed almost immediately with the Snake chief.

Narcissa, being a woman, was requested to leave the council room, at once by the Snake chief. Neither she nor McLoughlin dared to argue about the matter, and Narcissa withdrew, to pace up and down the adobe yard while the debate within the room proceeded.

It was dusk when the door opened and Archibald McKinley came out.

"We can handle the others, but not Umtippe," he said, "The doctor wants you."

Narcissa entered the candle-lighted room.

"Madam Whitman," said the chief factor in English, "Umtippe will not make us the desired promise. See if you can make an appeal to his memory of the Little White Cayuse. What's that song?"

Narcissa twisted her hands together, offered an unspoken prayer and opened her lips to sing. But only a broken note came forth. She could not sing. And she knew as she stared at the Cayuse chief that her singing would fall on unmoved ears. A devil had roused in him that the Little White Cayuse herself could not have downed. Narcissa drew a deep breath and gambled her all in one throw of the dice.

"Umtippe," she said, in Cayuse. "If you will promise that Dr. Whitman and all his caravan shall not be molested by the Indians, I will agree that we will give back Waii-lat-pu to you."

Umtippe leaned forward, his deep eyes expressionless black holes in the shadowy light.

"And will you return it as it stands, with all that you have put upon it, you and the doctor?" he asked.

"I will return it with all, save the body of the Little White Cayuse. That I shall have removed and buried wherever I shall at last find an abiding place."

"No!" thundered Umtippe, "She belongs to me and my tribe, the gift of the Great Spirit."

A passion of resentment, that none save a mother could have understood, swept over Narcissa and for a moment clouded in her mind the great issue for which she had offered her sacrifice. She rose from her place beside Dr. McLoughlin, thrusting a long, trembling hand toward the scowling Cayuse.

"You can demand that of me! You, Umtippe, when you, better than any man here, know what the loss of my little child has cost me! You can be so low, so bad of heart—"

Umtippe interrupted her with a roar. "Don't talk any more! Leave with us the little White Cayuse, or I shall refuse all."

Narcissa sank back in her chair and, for a moment, hid her eyes with her shaking fingers. Then she moistened her lips, lifted her chin and looked at the chief with a hauteur that exceeded his own.

"All that we brought to Waii-lat-pu, including the body of the Little White Cayuse, shall remain with you."

"When will you go?" demanded Umtippe.

"One week after Dr. Whitman and his caravan reach the mission," replied Narcissa.

"You swear before the White Headed Eagle?"

"I will swear if you will swear," agreed Narcissa.

"I swear by the Great Spirit that the Indians shall not harm the caravan," said Umtippe.

"I swear"—Narcissa's voice was very low, "so help me God, that if Umtippe keeps his word, I will give Waii-lat-pu back to him."

There was silence in the room after this, until Dr. McLoughlin said, huskily:

"Will you order a couple of steers to be given for a feast, tonight, Archie?"

"Ah-ah!" breathed the chiefs, pleasantly, and the council was ended.

McLoughlin detained Narcissa after the others had left. "Madam Whitman, I have my own request to make," he said, with a grim smile.

"And what is that?" asked Narcissa, wearily.

"You will admit, will you not," eyeing her closely, "that I did all that lay within my power, although it was against my own cause, to protect your husband and his followers?"

"You did, indeed, to my undying gratitude!" exclaimed Narcissa.

"Madam Whitman, if that immigrant train, with its wagons and its thousand souls, reaches Oregon, I am a ruined man. I am fifty-nine years of age. All that was best in me for twenty-odd years I had given to saving this territory, to ruling the whites and the redskins for what I thought was their greatest good. It's for you to say whether or not I've been a wise ruler. I ask you now, I beg of you, to hasten immediately to meet your husband and deflect him into California before he reaches the Grande Ronde. I ask this as a personal favor, as a reward for, if you please, for saving your husband's life and the lives of a thousand other of your compatriots."

ANGER and compassion together held Narcissa quiet for a space. Then she said, gently, "Doctor, I couldn't deflect Marcus one mile from the course he has chosen."

Dr. McLoughlin brought his cane down heavily on the floor. "But you could!" he shouted. "You have us all beaten as a diplomat and you know it! It would be impossible for anyone but you. But you can do what you will with Marcus Whitman or Umtippe or George Simpson—if you desire to do it sufficiently." He paused, gazing at Narcissa with an expression so pleading, so eager and so sad that her heart died within her.

"Oh, Doctor, Doctor!" she groaned. "Do not ask it of me. Ask me to do anything else on earth and I will not hesitate, for I owe you my very life in gratitude for what you've done. But that, I cannot do."

"Cannot?" exclaimed McLoughlin.

"Will not!" replied Narcissa, sadly.

With infinite difficulty, Dr. McLoughlin pulled himself to his feet, and leaning heavily on his cane, he executed a low bow.

"Then I have the honor, Madam Whitman, to wish you a very good evening."

Narcissa swept him a curtsy, and left him, standing alone by the solitary candle.

Narcissa saw no one that night, and she left for Waii-lat-pu the next morning before anyone was up, save Charley Compo, whom Henry Spalding had sent in to bring her back to the mission. Charley brought her two items of news. Asahel Munger had died the previous day. And in the night following Narcissa's departure, Umtippe had burned the grist mill.

They held the funeral for Asahel as soon as Narcissa reached home. Poor Mrs. Munger, utterly forlorn except for her baby daughter, Mary, announced that she would now never leave Narcissa. Henry Spalding, half delirious with joy over Marcus's news and entirely ignorant of Narcissa's bargain with Umtippe, left for Lap-wai the morning after the funeral, and Narcissa began at once to make preparations for the reception of the great train of folks that must pass by Waii-lat-pu. Food she knew would be their prime necessity. The vegetable and grain harvest had been enormous that year and Narcissa had no fears of being unable to supply all reasonable needs.

She had William Geiger set up the stone hand mill that Marcus had used before the arrival of the larger grist mill from the Sandwich Islands. He ground every day until the storeroom was overflowing with bins of flour. Potatoes, turnips, and onions were measured and piled in huge quantities where it would be easy to distribute them to the hungry horde.

On the first day of October, Narcissa posted an Indian on the hilltop, with instructions to fire three shots from the doctor's old musket, whenever the vanguard of the caravan should appear. But not until early on the afternoon of the sixth did the signal sound. Instantly, Narcissa followed by the Geigers and Mrs. Munger rushed up the hillside.

FAR to the east, where the trail over the plains began to rise into the foothills of the Blue Mountain a line of horsemen had appeared, and as Narcissa reached the crest and shading her eyes with her hand peered over the familiar trail, the white top of a wagon appeared from beneath the first growth of timber on the purple mountain slope. In a moment another white top followed this, then another, and still another.

"Four," counted William Geiger, "Five—six—seven—eight."

"Hush!" exclaimed Narcissa. "I feel more like singing Doxology, than like counting."

So they stood in reverent silence while, one after another, the white tops glided down into the valley. Indians were joining them now, and the hillside was filled with comments and conjectures.

After a time, a horseman was seen to ride ahead of the long line of the caravan and move westward at a gallop.

"That's the doctor," said Mrs. Munger softly. "He aims to be here ahead of the others. You must go down to greet him, alone, Mrs. Whitman."

"It will be at least an hour before he can reach here," replied Narcissa, unsteadily. "Still, I think I will go. There are some little things I wish to finish before he gets here."

The little things—well—perhaps that was the correct phrase for them—! Narcissa hurried into the deserted house and changed her calico dress to the gray silk, still ample, in the skirt, after the tragic breadths had been cut from it three years before. She did her hair more loosely around her face before she donned the silk and stared long at herself in the tiny mirror and sighed over her work-roughened hands. Then she went out and stood motionless in the doorway that gave on the east trail.

She was motionless until, in the sunset glow, Marcus jumped from his horse, tossed his hat to the ground, and with a great cry of "Narcissa!" gathered her to his heart.

Then she flung her arms about his neck and lifted her lips to his. They clung to each other for a breathless moment. At last Marcus raised his head.

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The Aërial Weather Man

YOU'VE heard that "Every wind has its weather" and here we have a weather man for every wind. He's our bureau's latest addition—the aviator. His business is charting aërial channels and taking cloud-land temperatures, conditions far above us which are of prime importance to weather forecasting. Officially, R. J. Brown is called an aërographer. Soaring in an airplane two or three miles above the earth he maps the chilly strata of the upper air.

Every morning, while thousands of us all over the country scan the daily papers to see what the weather will be, this aërographer goes oaring aloft in an airplane to find the weather where it lives. For his precarious job is to ample it at its worst. The information which e gathers among the clouds is of tremendous mportance to us. His reports permit our weather forecasters to make their daily predictions with far more surety than was possible before the winged weather man's advent.

To supply those valuable records this aërographer must go to business rain or shine, always prepared to meet the ever changing conditions. Leaving a serene surface at ten in the morning, half an hour later he may be forced to ight a whirling windstorm raging far up in space. As he speeds across the sky the huge thermometer fastened to his airplane registers a freezing temperature, while far below on the ground we swelter under a summer sun. For protection against the upper elements this weather man must wear a heavy "Teddy-bear" of padded moleskin. When his suit is comfortable up in the sky it's too hot on reaching lower air levels.

Average temperatures the aërographer finds progressively colder as he mounts into space. And progressively as he mounts toward the thin air of the two-mile levels the pressure drops. For checking his work at different levels he carries an altigraph. The wind he encounters at one thousand feet may be a bare breeze while up ten thousand feet is a chilling gale, a potential rainmaker, for the faster cooling air expands more rapidly and when it cools past the dew point will pour its water to the earth in rain. Knowledge of these different air currents is what the forecasters must have. To assist in gathering his notes our weather scout carries in the cockpit of his ship an aërograph and an aëro-meteograph. The amount of sunshine, the speed of the various winds, the air pressure and the humidity, all of these vital statistics are used by the forecasters located at the various weather stations.

Rain or shine this aviator, R. J. Brown, with a cockpit full of delicate instruments, takes off from Anacostia to map the weather two miles up

Brown's job differs radically from that of the average person. Instead of going down to the office in the morning, the cloud reporter sits in his office and takes it up to his work. Let's have a look at him en route. He takes off the ground like any other skilled pilot, gains a little altitude, banks skilfully around and starts a long spiral climb. But if you could see him in the cockpit you would realize that the conventional one-armed paper hanger with the hives has nothing on him. Imagine being muffled in a clumsy flying suit, harnessed to a folded parachute, strapped to a seat, helmeted and goggled, driving a roaring demon through the skies and having all the time to take delicate observations that are difficult even in a well-equipped laboratory on the ground. For his flying office tearing

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The Champion Prize-Winner

MEDALS to most folks are bits of treasure to be cherished, and, when not on display, to be wrapped in cotton and tucked safely in a locked bureau drawer. But not to Irene Roth. She pins hers on one large pad of black velvet, which she rolls up like a medal salesman's sample case and sticks in her silver loving-cup. The difference is that most medal-holders have one or two, but Irene Roth has so many that if she kept them in boxes in the usual way, her bureau would soon overflow.

One would hardly guess it of this slim, sparkling-eyed girl, with the dimple in her cheek, but at seventeen she is in a position to compete for the title of champion prize-winner. If to all her medals, gold, silver and bronze, were added purses and awards of other sorts she has won, her average would approximate some half a dozen for each of her years. Her actual yearly average is higher than that, since her prize-winning record covers less than half of her life.

Irene Roth is a natural born prize-winner. When a competition comes her way, she is among the first to enter; and when the judges have announced their decision, her name, as a rule, tops the list. Having started out winning dolls and toys in children's races, she lately capped eight years of trophy-taking with a free trip to Europe. In between have come thirty gold medals and other achievements galore. The range of her skill varies from dancing to oratory.

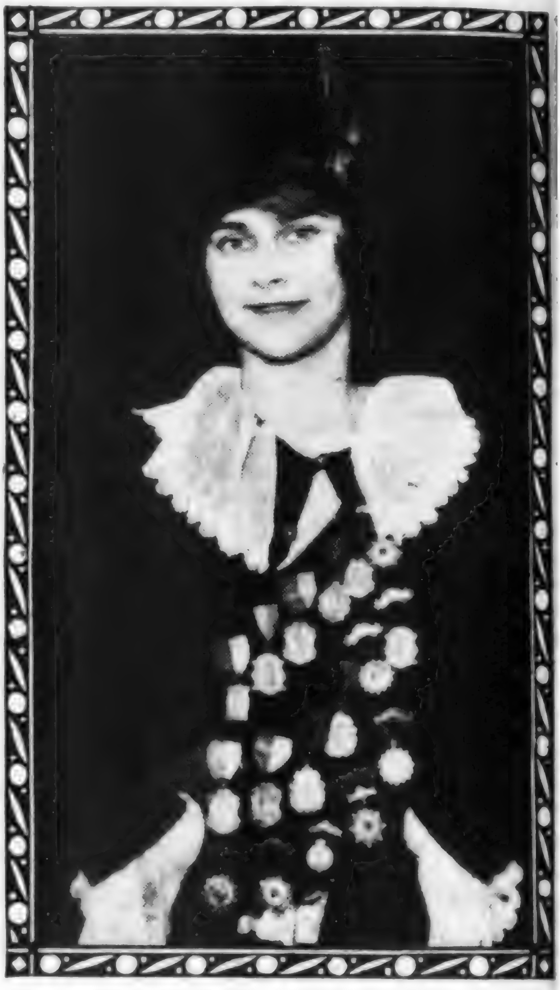
"Ow, ay, it's a fine Highland lassie," nods many a grizzled "Mac," watching Irene Roth dance for a prize. Some of them take their pipes out of their mouths long enough afterward to inquire:

"Fra' the auld North Countree, ma gurrl?"

She stares a moment, then smiles and replies: "From Brooklyn."

Though the champion Highland dancer wears the MacDonald plaid, she is not Scotch at all; nor does a drop of Scotch blood run in her veins. Still, she has mastered dances of which many children with every claim to the tartan hardly know a step.

Miss Roth got her start through the interest of Scotch neighbors when she was a fairy-like, blue-eyed girl. Like other children on her street she went to dancing school and, like them, learned the Highland Fling. But she did it with a difference that decided her father to let her specialize and he sent her to the best teacher of Highland Fling dancing New York could supply.



This "braw Scotch lassie"—Irene Roth of Brooklyn, natural born prize-winner at dancing and musical contests, has just won a trip abroad by her oratory

She used to go around with her Scotch neighbors to Caledonian games and festivals. When she was nine, they prevailed upon her parents to let her take part. Those were interesting days for the Roth household, just before the big event. Excitement reached its peak one morning when a parcel arrived with a strange post-mark and foreign stamps. Its wrapping disclosed the pleats, plaids and ruffles of a genuine Highland costume, complete.

Irene adjusted the jaunty red feather in the black velvet tam; and her sisters contributed suggestions on this and that. Finally the day came, the clothes were donned and off the Roths went to the picnic park, where the Eccentric Firemen's Association was holding its annual Scottish events.

Bands played, people swarmed and young folks and adults darted about in kilts and caps.

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A $60,000 Peony Bed

BECAUSE Gilbert H. Wild didn't know the meaning of the word quit, Sarcoxie, Missouri, has become the largest peony farm in the world. He believed there ought to be an extensive market for peonies; ere wasn't—therefore, he created one.

Away back in his childhood days several ndred peony plants were presented to little lbert Wild and his brother, but, after the ex- gement and interest of planting them had ssed, marbles and other childish games grew uch more important than cultivating flowers.

However, the plants, of a more than excellent riety, although neglected, grew and bloomed profusion until they attracted the notice of e of the hundreds of strawberry buyers who sit southeast Missouri during the picking ason. While commenting on the beauty of lor and rather unusual size of the flowers he ggested that the boys put them to commercial e instead of supplying the town and its visi- rs with bouquets.

Very much excited the boys clipped the whole t and sent them post-haste to market. Hav- g cut them at the wrong time the flowers attered and the trial was disastrous. How- er, the next year a crate of peonies, properly t this time, was included in one of the car- ads of strawberries leaving the great berry nter of the country for markets all over the ited States. The two Wild brothers anx- ely waited and hoped for a profit of eighty nts on the crate. Instead—they received ur dollars!

While delighted with their first little profit, lbert Wild's brother had no visions of any re- arkable success in the peony farm and sold s share of the beds for fifty dollars to his other, who still believed that big things uld be done with his flowers.

Persevering in that belief, cultivating, work- g, Mr. Wild kept on improving his great rden. It grew until now, during the three top- tch weeks, it averages two hundred crates day and many carloads during the season.

The little patch, once almost hidden behind e barn, has now stretched to fifty acres. hrough successful experiments Mr. Wild has rked out his present plan of adding each year t one acre of ground, set in new beds from ots dug in the fall. These for the first three ars are allowed to grow without cutting a ossom, but after that, for twenty or more ars, unless weather conditions interfere, they ll yield a good revenue. According to this stem only three acres of all the fifty are not oducing marketable blossoms at any given time. If, by mischance, the great fields of flowers are frozen or hail blasts the blossoms in early spring, or there is a particularly dry season (for Mr. Wild depends for sprinkling entirely upon rainfall) the roots can always be relied upon to sell well in a steady, reliable market. They range from five cents for the cheapest to five dollars each for the enormous compact rose type, a satiny pink changing to a lilac center with a glossy reflex, special and valuable.

These blossoms Gilbert Wild of Sarcoxie, Missouri, is cutting from his fifty-acre peony bed sell for as high as seventy-five dollars a thousand.

To allow space for plowing and cultivation, peonies are set out in rows five feet apart. Several men are employed on the Wild farms throughout the year, even after blossom time, to assist with the work. During the spring rush and in the fall about fifteen women and boys cut, sort and pack the partly opened flowers in paper cartons and the bulbs in

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Hers Is a New Profession

AT THE University of Michigan hospitals, a quiet little woman is doing work that stamps her as a leader in a new field. The field, however, will always be limited and the workers few in number, for it is the highly specialized field of illustrating surgical operations. It calls for high skill as a draftsman and much technical knowledge of anatomy and surgery. Of course, the woman artist must forget that she has such a thing as "nerves" and stick to her job of sketching no matter what the strain may be.

The increasing demand for workers in this field is due to the great progress made in recent years in medicine and surgery together with the more frequent open discussions and exchange of ideas among medical men. The demand comes from leading surgeons and physicians. Several of the more important hospitals in the United States either have one or more illustrators constantly at work or they are waiting to get one.

Medical illustrating includes the picturing of anything connected with medicine or surgery. It has a wide scope, ranging from the drawing of pictures of furniture, fittings, machines and instruments of the hospital and operating room to the drawing of all forms, normal and abnormal, of the human body, down to microscopic research, structurally, of animal tissue. This is done in black and white or in color and is used for record or for publication in medical books and journals.

Miss Perry happens to have had just the sort of wide experience that would best fit her to do this difficult kind of illustrating. She studied six years in Boston at the Art Museum and the Normal Art School and then had some years of modeling in her studio at Los Angeles. During the war she entered the service, expecting to model for the reconstruction work of mutilated faces. But they fooled her. Instead of doing this, she was set to work drawing for the nerve and brain specialists at Fort McHenry, Baltimore. When discharged she was so interested in her army job that she went ahead with further study at Johns Hopkins University. Later she followed it up still further at the University of Michigan. She was fortunate enough at Hopkins to study under Max Broedel. He had come to America as a young man from Germany, developed this line of illustrating beyond anything done before, and still stands foremost in the field.

"What training must the woman illustrator have for this work?" Miss Perry was asked.

"She must have art training as a preliminary background. She must be familiar with the drawing of the human figure, with perspective, with mechanical and some machine drawing. I should also include modeling. It is not required, but in my work I have found it an extremely graphic way of illustrating some things.

When Miss Perry sketches you in her antiseptic smock you are unconscious. She is an expert illustrator of surgical operations at the University of Michigan.

"The student at Johns Hopkins studies for two years or so the general subjects of Anatomy, Pathology, Histology, and Operations. Anatomy includes theoretical work from books and practical work from dissection. Pathology is concerned mainly with the appearance of the tissues as they are affected by disease. Drawings are made of normal and abnormal specimens, both human and animal. Enough Histology is required to enable the student to understand the representation of normal and

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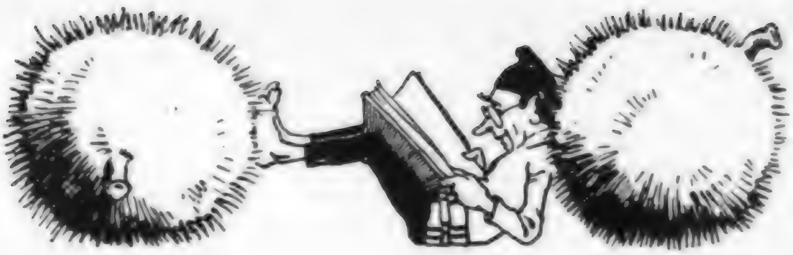


Everybody's Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE: Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped addressed envelope.

The Providential Snake

"Stranger," said Alkali Ike solemnly, "kindness to dumb critters always pays. Old Man Busby down to Deming found a big rattler caught in a slide. Did he kill him? No sir, he pried him loose, and that there snake was so grateful he follered the old man home ten miles. Couldn't drive him off the ranch. No sir, the animile was so plumb grateful he guarded the house like a reg'lar watch-dog. Come to be a great pet. The folks named him Wilbur.

"One night the feller woke up sudden. Seemed like there was choking sounds right by his bunk. He got him a light and what you reckon he seen? There was Wilbur coiled round the neck of a sneak thief. Yes sir! And the critter had his tail out the window rattling for the police."

Fair Enough

The woman engaged to clean house had just arrived, and her Lake Forest employer had been giving her a few instructions.

"Now, Mrs. Bebb," she concluded, "please remember that I am a woman of few words. If I beckon with my hand, that means 'Come.'"

"That'll suit me fine," answered Mrs. Bebb, "for I am a woman of few words too. If I shakes my head then you'll know it means 'Nothin' doin'."

'Oo 'Ooted?

A cockney employed at an American country estate on Long Island was being shown around on the evening of his arrival by a scornful native. As they passed a clump of trees there came a sudden hair-raising hoot.

"Ow, blimme me," cried the Londoner, "for 'eaven syke, wot wuz thet?"

"An owl."

"Righto, my good lad. I know hit wuz an 'owl, but wot the —— wuz 'owling?"

The Native's Come-Back

A small-town plumber in Maine who had been called out to one of the palatial summer homes in his vicinity to repair a leak in the water pipe, entered the place and began to work.

"Norah," said the woman of the house imperiously to her maid, "see that my jewel case is locked at once!"

"George," said the plumber, removing his false teeth in a significant manner and handing them to his helper, "take these back to the shop! It seems this place ain't safe."

Taking No Chances

The train came to a stop at a small town in Mississippi, and the kinky head of a gentleman of color protruded from the window in the Jim Crow car. Seated at his side could be seen a brown-skinned maiden.

"Does a cullud puhson by de name of Jim Brown live heah?" he asked of a station lounger.

"Ain't neveh heered ob no Jim Brown heah, an' ah lived in dis town fo' ten yeahs."

"Is yo' right sho' dey ain't no Jim Brown evah been aroun' heah?"

"Posilutely."

"Den," announced the arrival, reaching for a suitcase, "dis is whah his new son-in-law gits off."

Off and On

"You give your clerks two weeks' vacation every year, don't you, Mr. Tintack?" asked a friend.

"A month," grunted the eminent hardware dealer.

"A month?"

"Yes. Two weeks when I go on my vacation and two weeks when they go on theirs."

The Perfect Guide

C. S. Caverly, the English humorist, was a practical joker. One day when acting as a guide at Oxford for a party of American friends he stood under the window of the late Benjamin Jowett, master of Balliol College, and said: "This, friends, is Balliol College, reckoned to be the second oldest college in Oxford. The head of the college is called 'the master.' The present master is the celebrated Professor Jowett. That is Professor Jowett's study." Then, stooping down, picking up some gravel and throwing it up, disturbing the great man at his studies, brought him red with fury to the window—"and that, ladies and gentlemen, is Professor Jowett."

Silencing the Bray

A well-known political leader in the Middle-West completed a full course of study in veterinary surgery, but never practiced. He branched out into politics. During a campaign his political enemies referred to him with mingled sarcasm and scorn as "the Vet," and one day at a heated debate one of them asked, "Are you really a veterinary surgeon?" "Why do you ask?" queried the quick-witted politician. "Are you ill?"

Unnatural Selection

When Charles Darwin was visiting the country house of a friend, the two boys of the family thought they would play a joke on the scientist. So they caught a butterfly, a grasshopper, a beetle and a centipede, and out of these creatures they made a strange composite insect. They took the centipede's body, the butterfly's wings, the grasshopper's legs and the beetle's head, and they glued them together carefully. Then, with their new bug in a box, they knocked at Darwin's door.

"We caught this bug in a field," they said. "Can you tell us what kind of a bug it is, Mr. Darwin?"

Darwin looked at the bug and then he looked at the boys. He smiled slightly.

"Did you notice whether it hummed when you caught it, boys?" he asked.

"Yes," they answered, nudging one another.

"Then," said Darwin, "it is a humbug."

He Knew

"Get away from here, or I'll call my husband!" threatened the hard-faced woman who had just refused the tramp some food.

"Oh, no, you won't," replied the tramp, "because he ain't home."

"How do you know?" asked the woman.

"Because," answered the man, as he sidled toward the gate, "a man who marries a woman like you is only home at meal times."

One Last Fond Word

It happened last summer in the Adirondacks.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor.

The young couple who had been standing a little apart started.

"It'll sure be lonesome here without you!" he observed.

"And I'll miss you, too," she told him. "This has been the best vacation I ever had, and all because I met you yesterday."

"But just think of all the days we might have been together!" he wailed.

"All aboard," the conductor insisted.

"Oh, dear! I've got to go!" she exclaimed on the verge of tears.

He kissed her good-by, quite ignoring the persons who looked on with mild amusement.

"You'll write?" she called from the platform.

"Every day," he promised, as the train began to move.

And then he suddenly dashed after the train.

"Wait a minute!" he yelled despairingly. "What did you say your name was?"

A Touching Tribute

A curator of a certain zoological garden was on a vacation. He received a note from his assistant:

"The chimpanzee is sick. He appears to pine for a companion. We don't know what to do pending your return."

The Grasshopper Limited

A branch railway line in western Kansas bears the undisputed reputation of having the worst road bed in the United States. A ride on this line makes the wildest of the amusement park roller coasters and dip-the-dips seem like tame sport. One day during a particularly wild series of buck-jumps the train came to an abrupt stop and then started to back.

"W-wh-what are we going back for?" gasped a breathless passenger.

"Engineer's fault," said the conductor tersely. "Has to back up on that last station. He made a mistake and hopped over it."

Let Him Win His Spurs

Tony was having his second son christened and, being very anxious to have his name recorded correctly on the birth certificate, remarked to the clergyman:

"Pleeze will ya nama my babe same like I giva ya?"

"Of course, Tony, why do you make such a request?" asked the clergyman.

"Wella, ya see—itsa lika dis. My firsta boy I tella ya I wanta heem chris'nd 'Tom' and ya putta 'Tomass' on heesa paper. Now, I wanta dis boy nama 'Jack'. No wanta heem nama 'Jackass.'"

We Must March

[*Continued from page 132*]

"Ah, this is what I lived for! You, standing in the gray silk, in the door of the Waii-lat-pu! Tell me, are you glad I've come?"

"Glad! Marcus! Marcus!" Narcissa lifted her eyes to his.

At what he saw there, Marcus's eyes burned, but he burst forth as if he could tell the truth at whatever cost.

"But I didn't do in Washington what you planned, Narcissa."

"I can't help that!" declared Narcissa. "Whatever you've done or have not done, you're Marcus—Oh, my dear, my dear! How shall I show you what I've grown to feel for you?"

Narcissa's low voice had never before held overtones of such beauty. "I love you, Marcus," she said, "I love you."

"Now, indeed, I am blessed above all men," murmured the doctor, and he kissed her as if never before had he laid his lips to hers. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Geiger held back the Indians as long as it was possible, but even with their best efforts, Marcus and Narcissa did not have a quarter of an hour alone before the whole crew burst upon them. Narcissa, even had she wished to do so, would have had no opportunity to have told Marcus of the fate of Waii-lat-pu that night, for by the time he had freed himself from his Indian friends, the first of the immigrants were riding up to the gates.

Barrels of flour were opened in the yard and from these each immigrant was given his portion by William Geiger, while Marcus, with Charley Compo, handled the vegetables. The job was well under way and the yard thronged with immigrants and gaping Indians when Umtippe shouldered his way into the glare of the fire, by which the distribution was being done.

"What right have you to give away my food?" he shouted, violently striking a cup of milk from Narcissa's hand.

"You are a liar! You are a thief." As he spoke, Umtippe's lips were flecked with foam, and before Narcissa could move or speak, the old Cayuse struck her violently across the face.

Instantly Marcus, rushing forward, knocked him down. Umtippe scrambled to his feet, and flung his tomahawk at Narcissa's head. It cut across her braids and buried itself in Charley Compo's head. Compo pitched, head foremost, into the half-empty potato barrel. There rose a diabolical howl from an Indian in the crowd. Charley Compo's father rushed forward, tomahawk raised. Marcus seized his hand just in time to prevent his scattering Umtippe's brains, as long before Umtippe had scattered the te-wat's.

"Let him go, Doctor!" shouted William Geiger. "The old villian has got to be killed by someone." He seized Umtippe by the arms.

Umptippe thrust Geiger aside. "Let him go," he snarled at Marcus, in Cayuse. "I will not owe my life to you."

He jerked a small ax from his belt, and, as he made a rush at Compo's father, Geiger suddenly threw himself against Marcus, breaking the doctor's hold on the struggling war chief.

A moment later, with the ax of Compo's father in his skull, old Umtippe lay dead.

NARCISSA'S cheeks were bruised, and one of her braids cut, but she was unhurt otherwise. She was, however, terribly shaken and after the wailing Indians had removed the bodies of the two Indians, Marcus left the further distribution of food supplies to the Geigers and took Narcissa into the house. . . .

"You don't know all it means!" cried Narcissa, excitedly. "It's not only that he's been a nightmare to me for seven years. Not only that. That's the least of it. You don't know."

"Then tell me what I don't know, dearest," said Marcus, after he had tried vainly to beguile her to sleep.

Narcissa rose and, pacing up and down the room, told of her last encounter with Dr. McLoughlin and of her bargain with Umtippe. "Have I not said," she ended, cheeks scarlet, eyes blazing, "that the hand of God is leading us? Was this not Divine intervention? It could be nothing else."

"It was Divine logic," said Marcus, his voice husky with emotion. "The old man's cupidity killed him at the last."

He crossed over to Narcissa and took her in his arms. "Darling Narcissa," he said brokenly, "what can I say? How can I thank you?"

"How can there be thanks between us, you and me?" Narcissa spoke with a little sob. "There is that between you and me so much bigger than gratitude—after all these years, together—all that we have done and suffered and sought—" she paused, pressed her bruised face against Marcus's heart.

Outside, the immigrants were quieting down for the night. From the Indian village rose the wail of squaws, and far from the plains came the howl of circling wolves.

Marcus, with a great, tender hand, lifted up the flushed, beautiful face and gently touched the bruised cheeks with his lips.

"Dear, dear Narcissa," he whispered, and gathered her closer still.

THE END

The Man They Hanged

[*Continued from page 61*]

observing them together or when drinking or supping in wine shop or tavern.

For, heated, or in noisy company, or a-wenching, or in their cups, those tainted with piracy became bold enough, and seemed to make nothing of honest folk who might observe or hear them and their bragging and revelry and ribald songs.

If there were laws to bar out or take these careless gentlemen, I know not. But this I know, that they were tolerated, nay, even welcomed for the goods they brought and the money they spent ashore.

There was bribery. All knew it. And more than one governor received gifts of plate and jewelry and Arabian gold and Spanish, and bales of rich stuffs from God knows where, and how obtained God also knew besides the crew and captain.

I speak not of privateers with letters of marque, nor of men-o'-war, nor yet of merchants who sometimes took the craft attacking them; but I speak of folk whose only business was piracy; of captains known, unknown, and suspected—of such notorious buccaneers as Captain Tew who boldly came ashore and bribed the Governor of New York and even supped at his table and was his boon companion and reveled with him. And sailed again to the Red Sea where he did such deeds as would sicken an honest man to write of—

Again my pen flies too swiftly, and I must retrace my script along the river front to that July morning when, dressed and belted and my sword slung, I stood a-curling of my hair on an ebon stick, and examining my upper lip in a small French mirror to discover how the down grew darker and longer—but could not honestly believe it had.

Came that same Dutch girl who was becoming my plague and source of discontent—Maddaleen Wyck—in her cap, red petticoat, red stockings, and pattens.

"Good morning, Dirck;" says she, all eyes and dimples, and with a flash of white teeth; and stood a-twisting with both forefingers the yellow locks that lay against her cheeks.

"Good morning," said I uneasily, "and why are you so early?"

"Because," says she, unabashed, "you go early abroad and I see you so seldom lately, Dirck."

I continued to curl my hair and thought in my mind, "Now, hang this girl, for I do not know how to send her away and never grieve her!"

Now in our city of New York, unlike London, as all know, it is thought no loss to dignity to engage in trade or keep a shop. Margaret Philipse, the Patroon's Lady, and the richest, thriftiest and, perhaps, meanest woman in the Province, did not disdain to gain by trade. And many among our gentlefolk keep shop and buy and sell, such as Lysbet Reiner and the wife of Domine Varick, and even our late Governor Leisler's young widow who, when he married her, was the Widow Vanderveen; and Gerrit Bancker's widow, too, did buy and sell and dicker with the smartest.

So was it with Madame Anetje Wyck whose late husband had been a respected magistrate. She sold bayberry candles and pewter; writing paper, ink, powder, quills, sealing wax, wool, tobacco and gilt chains and lockets. And her handsome daughter sewed and darned for others and set my house in order every morning.

But the deuce seemed in the girl whom I had known, as a lad, at merry but boisterous frolics where we skated on the Kolch and made sleigh parties in winter and strawberry parties in May.

She was very fair of hair, and of skin, too, which was also rosy; and her eyes very blue and her arm a trifle plump—yet she had a neat and pleasing figure and a restless, shapely foot whether in pattens or morocco shoon.

Her nature was light and thoughtless, and she might laugh or languish with you or turn tease and plague you, and you never knew how much was meant or how much feigned. Yet hers seemed a tender spirit, too, and could not endure harsh speech, dissolving innocently and instantly into tears.

Which I knew, and would not hurt her, yet desired to be rid of her coming to my house, and lately more than ever—I scarce knew why, though I know the reason now.

Well, with my ebon-rod I curled my hair which I wore soldier-trimmed, that is, to the ear-lobes; and in the small French glass I could see Maddaleen watching me, and a little mischief in her eyes, and much provocation.

"When you sweep out the sand," said I, "you may find a button from my buff-coat."

"And shall sew it on for you, Dirck," says she, a-watching me out o' too bright eyes.

"Shall I curl your hair for you, Dirck?" says she very sweetly.

But I would not have her fingers a-fiddling near my face.

"Lord," said she, softly, "are you afeard to have me touch you? See how careful I shall be—"

She came behind me and rested her finger-tips against my cheeks; at which I felt the red heat my face, but said carelessly that I had done with my curling stick and must go to The Dark Ship for breakfast.

And so, turning from the mirror, found my body between her arms; at which she laughed and made no move; but I was reddening again and her eyes plagued me.

"Once," she said, "on the Kolch ice by starlight, you had a kiss of me, Dirck Hazlett."

I desired to kiss her yet did not desire it. Her face was near, but from such toying and caresses I had kept free—I know not why—and was no wencher, and wary even of the shadow no less than the grosser substance.

But she was a fresh, sweet scented thing, and had warmly perfumed breath, and: "What the deuce is a kiss?" said I carelessly, "that if we take it or leave it should concern us?"

"Oh," said she, "do you kiss so many?"

"As many as I kiss and no more, Maddaleen. . . . You have eaten cherries."

"No, my mouth is not like that. Touch lips, if they stick, then I have eaten cherries and pay you forfeit for the lie!"

"Why do you wish me to kiss you?" I demanded, striving to speak lightly, but my heart becoming loud.

"All desire to kiss you, Dirck."

"That is a most silly—"

"No; none as handsome as you in New York, Dirck—"

"That flattery is as thick as soupaan," said I, "—which makes me think on breakfast."

"Then—you *won't?*"

"Oh, Lord," said I, "—yes, I will, and heartily, too, you little baggage—"

And I gave her a smack which took her breath and which, God forgive me, troubled me and gave me a desire to repeat it.

So, out o' humor, I put on my shoulder-belt and sword and took hat and went out.

And there espied Captain Kidd come ashore in a small boat from his sloop, the *Sarah-O.*

Climbing the stairs he looked up and noticed me and waved his arm, and when arrived upon the street, clasped my hand with bluff cordiality, asking me how I did, and had I yet broken bread, and took my arm and carried me with him toward Wall Street.

"Dirck," said he, "I should make a small fortune on this voyage, and shall then, please God, have enough. And so, with this, and with the snug fortune of my dear affianced wife, I should live at ease and in tranquillity in our pretty city of New York, and hereafter make, at the most, but a single voyage each two-years to England. What think you, Dirck? Is not the prospect pleasing?"

"Charming, sir," said I gaily, "and all must deem you a most fortunate man!"

"I have been fortunate; yes; and I thank God for his gentle dealing with so rough a man as I be, Dirck."

"Are you rough, sir?" said I, smiling, "—for you seem wonderfully tender for a man."

"Lord," says he, "a sea captain must be rough at times, and often stern and always firm. Why," says he, "the crews we ship are often—the greater number—no better than unfledged pirates, and ready to become the mature thing at any moment. And many in my crews already have been so; and have sailed with Culliford and with Tew and many another who hoists black colors when it suits his purpose. . . . I know them all, Dirck; I know them on the seas and in port, in Madagascar as well as here in New York where I rub elbows with them on Broadway and drink with them at The Dark Ship and the Sea-Horse Tavern."

He shrugged his shoulders and motioned with his head toward a seafaring man in petticoat breeches and a red cap, who sat a-sunning him by an ale-house stoop:

"Yonder is John Wakefield," said he, "with his pipe and ale and an eye as mild and contemplative as a cud-chewing cow in June. Yet there, too, is one who took the *Flower-de-luce,* snow, and a French banker, too, when there was no war, and he had no commission of reprisal nor dared to show a French pass to excuse himself. . . . Yonder he sits a-sucking of a long clay, who slit a dozen throats that day and triced up a Spaniard for his crew to throw bottles at."

"Sir," said I, "New York cannot prosper if she always harbor such folk and wink at the goods they land."

"Ho," says he, "there be others in the Red Sea Trade who never walked a dock or felt the swell beyond Sandy Hook.

"There be solid burghers and merchants of this city—men of consideration, men of respectability, and of wealth—and some even of great wealth, who know more about the Red Sea Trade than some who trade there.

"That their money is invested in many a ship called privateer, but which flies the bones and death-head at the peak when a fat ship turns to run is certain.

"They not only buy pirate goods, but encourage these gentry by taking secret shares in enterprises. I know it. I know all these men, and have boarded and been boarded by them in every sea sailed by man—" He laughed, grimly. "I should know a pirate when I see him, and I do, Dirck, whether he be stalking his own poop, pistol cocked; or whether, like Wakefield yonder, he sit a-dozing over his pipe in New York City.

"Who should know pirates if I do not? Why, when I commanded a ship in the King's late war, and had done my best, and was commended and thanked by the admiralty, what fate overtook my ship? *My own ship,* too!"

"I heard," said I, "that your crew turned pirate and made off with your ship whilst you were ashore."

"They did, the lousy dogs," said Captain Kidd. "I knew when we were fighting that I had a pack o' wild wolves under me, yet did not think they would turn on me so soon after an honest victory. Well, Dirck, here is my lady's house, and you are expected, I suppose, to write her letters for her and cast up her bills and accounts—labor too rough for her pretty fingers too tenderly fashioned to guide a quill."

He laughed and clapped me on the shoulder; and we opened the garden gate and entered that way.

From thence Captain Kidd went into the basement by the back door, saying simply that he would return and summon me if all was clear.

So I sat me down upon a garden settle, but had scarcely done so when the basement door flew open and: "Oh, Dirck!" cried Sancia, and flung herself into my arms.

I THINK nothing ever so moved the humanity in me as did this young girl's unfeigned welcome, and at that instant God knows I felt as though I had been born her real brother.

I took her head between my hands and smoothed the bright, thick lovelocks, and, slowly, laid my lips to the band of curly hair across her forehead.

"Little Mistress Mischief," said I, "are you well?"

"Marvelously well, and so is mother. Have you breakfasted, Dirck?"

I said I had.

"And now are come to cast up accounts for mother?"

"Yes; but why do you not do that, Sancia? You are well schooled; you read and write and cipher—"

"I am not to be trusted when I cipher," said she, "and when I write I spell no word twice in the same manner. And as for reckoning in gold and silver and in brass or to take correctly the weight of Arab grains—no! For I cannot tell a Spanish pistole from a French guinea, or a moidre from a caroline. And if I am to allow four pence per grain for gold short of these weights, I do not know how to accomplish it—"

I was laughing and holding her by the shoulders, and now gave her a little shake.

"If you marry me it will be simpler ciphering," said I, "because there will be naught to count save brass farthings."

"Oh, Dirck, do you wish me to learn to cipher?"

"No, I can count my pennies on my fingers—"

She took me by the shoulders and shook me, too. "Did I not tell you about my dowry? I care not for your pennies or whether you engage in trade. No! For if you remain at your ease then we shall have the longer hours together!"

"O-ho," said I, "would you maintain a tavern slug, Sancia?"

"I count not what you are so that you are mine."

Every innocent word disarmed me the more completely; and her sweet candor was winning a most tender friendship and respect for so sweet a child who had in her mind no wordliness and in her heart no interest nor other motive than to give.

Lord! I never had been in love, never had experienced the tender passion—nor did I now, unless it were this sudden brotherly interest and ardent sentiment which now so filled my very empty heart and mind.

There was pleasure in it, and tranquillity, and warm desire to serve, protect, and cherish.

For never had I known so honest a maid and sweet as was Sancia; and maybe it was because we both were orphaned that we so quickly and naturally filled each other's hearts.

As for a subtle passion—love—no! She was far too young to experience it; and I not naturally so inclined. Nor could contrive to so consider our friendliness which seemed the sweeter for its tender immaturity.

Well, presently came the Widow Oort and Captain Kidd, and I went to kiss her hand which was soft as a child's.

"Now that you are steward here and master of accounts," said the captain gravely, "Sarah will know what this minx Sancia is costing her, and I shall have letters when I anchor in distant ports—"

"Ungrateful!" said his lady, laughing softly, "did I not send you letters when you were away before?"

"Stingy ones," said he, "—but you shall not be bashful or hesitate to confide to Dirck the chastely ardent sentiments you harbor—"

"Well, then," cried his lady, blushing, "I harbor none, William, and shall send you, for a letter, an exact account of my household—"

"An' you treat me thus, Sarah, I shall turn Mogul and install a wife in every port—"

"No doubt you have already done so—"

"Mother!" cried Sancia in horror.

We all were laughing now so gaily that Sancia perceived the jest and blushed hard in her turn, vexed with her own innocence.

"Nevertheless," said she, "men are men and like enough to do some devilish deed when distant. . . . And if I thought Dirck were so, then he never should lie away from me a single night—"

"Sancia!" exclaimed the widow, "where have you got such strange notions! Such speech is not modest—"

"I am modest, mother. But where it concerns Dirck I care not whether I be modest or—"

"What's in the world!" cried Captain Kidd, shaking with laughter. "Why, you saucy baggage, have you taken Dirck's kindness and condescension for a true pledge?"

"We *are* pledged! Are we not, Dirck?"

I looked at the widow and Captain Kidd. And I said: "All my heart and mind and strength are enlisted in Sancia's service, and always she can command me. Is there more to say?"

"I told you so!" said Sancia, casting a heavenly glance at me. "And, Mother, in a twelve month I shall require my dowry and the other house—"

"My God," said Captain Kidd, "this minx has undone you, Dirck, and never went lamb to slaughter as meekly as you go—"

"Well, then," cried Sancia, "Yes! I did woo him. Because I knew I was in love when first I laid eyes upon him! And could not dare to let him go out into the city and perhaps the world, unpledged. Was that carrying it too high? Am I too bold, Mother? But, O Lord! I seemed to know I loved him and, somehow, knew the danger of letting him escape me—"

THE captain leaned against the doorway and roared with laughter.

"Dirck," he said, "you're fair harpooned! She'll land you soon or late, my lad, so best come alongside gently and let her hoist you aboard for the flaying."

Sancia, flushed, breathless, defiant, looked from one to another:

"I care not," said she. "He's promised. And so am I. So you may tell the other young gentlemen, Mother, and that ends their perplexities and yours."

On the widow's pretty features the bright color of astonishment and embarrassment still lingered, and she seemed scarcely to know what countenance to lend to such behavior. Also, she seemed something ashamed and gave me an odd look of apology as though interceding for a wayward child and asking my indulgence.

"Sancia," she said, "you are but fifteen turned, and you are making out of a pleasantry an affair of serious complexion. Mr. Hazlett is a man, grown; while you are yet a child. It is not possible that either you or he could entertain those deeper sentiments—"

"I do!" said Sancia earnestly. "Do you not also, Dirck?"

What was I to say? I went to Madam Oort and kissed her hand, and, holding it, I said:

"I did not understand how lonely I was until your kindness showed me what a friendly refuge I have found among you. I honor you, Madam; I respect Captain Kidd; and, as for Sancia, I never knew so lovely a maid, and I do love her, and love you all—"

"Do you hear, Mother? He says he loves me!"

"I do," said I. "Let us grow up together, Sancia—for I am not yet very reverend, and have a career to begin and a livelihood to win; and you have some few years in which to sun you and so slowly ripen under magic skies. . . . Be at ease; I love you, Sancia. And you love me, I am persuaded. But only time shall reveal in what degree.

"And it shall reveal it, never fear. And, meanwhile, love is love. . . . And we are friends, Sancia—than which passion there is none stronger, none tenderer."

"That," said Captain Kidd, "is honest common sense, and finely said. And I say to you two children, yes, love each other and love us, and love honor and truth; and if God lead you not together in the years to come, then you shall not come together in any closer bond than that which now binds you together and to us. And all shall be content because it is God's will."

After a silence, Sancia cast a shy but confident glance at me.

"I know what God desires," she murmured.

It happened that, after dinner, some gentlemen of importance were to gather here in Madam Oort's house, they having desired a meeting with Captain Kidd.

As we were seated at table the captain mentioned it and asked me to remain and make one of them at this impending conference.

"For," said he, "you have a level mind, Dirck, and a cool head for so young a man. And I would have your opinion concerning these gentlemen and their plans and schemes and proposals. For," says he, "I am a good sailor, I think, and not too stupid in trade, but I confess I am not subtle in council, nor quick to penetrate those more deeply concealed motives that animate great folk in their great designs."

His lady said to me with her tender smile: "He is a very child in that he believes in all men until they prove unworthy. And, as for folk of consequence and in high places, Lord, Mr. Hazlett, he will not believe them capable of any guile or deceit or treachery or other dishonesty unless they flaunt their ignominy—as witness our governor—"

"I understand," said I.

We, having dined, lingered over our cherries and Curaçao liqueur. Sancia beckoned me to come and sit beside her, and slipped her hand into mine and teased me with great, fat cherries which she offered, then dangled just too high for me to attain a bite.

Captain Kidd and his lady were conversing in low voices, and I heard her say, once or twice: "I bid you have a care of any such affairs, William. I know you to be clean, but others might think different if you rub elbows with those whose employees are said to sail *On the Account* and ply their trade in the Red Sea."

And again I thought to hear her mention the name of Frederick Philipse, and of Robert Livingston.

"Are they coming hither?" I asked Sancia.

"I think so. But why does Mother wish you to sit in the parlor with these men when I need you so much myself?"

A servant came to announce Mr. Livingston.

THE several gentlemen who had been expected were now arriving, and Mistress Oort received them in the parlor, a stiff, strange room seldom used, and still retaining a musty smell though aired and sprinkled with lavender—as Sancia whispered to me while she sniffed the air.

First arrived Robert Livingston, as I say, manor-lord of the name, a cold, dark gentleman in a large dark cloak—haughty, often arrogant, yet of distinguished bearing and manners when he chose, and could be politely charming if it suited him to be so.

A servant took his tall-crowned hat and cloak and walking stick. He wore no sword. He advanced with sophisticated politeness, for he was equally at home at court, in manor-house, or in shop or cottage, and paid his compliments to Mistress Oort. To Sancia he bowed but did not kiss her hand, which I saw very plainly, vexed her. To Captain Kidd he said, most amiably:

"Well, Captain, I am glad to see you," and shook him by the hand.

Then noticing me, he hesitated not an instant but bowed most courteously and I rendered him his salute the lower still.

Well, he knew me as the son of my father, and also was aware that my father never had liked him. He was, if he chose, at liberty to recollect my sauciness to him on that dark morning when they hung Leisler in the rain.

But it was plain to me that Mr. Livingston had come here to be agreeable, for he said very civilly to me:

"Mr. Hazlett, I am at ease to see one of the Derringdales again, for the present Lord is a friend o' mine, and also I knew your father."

"Who knew my father," said I, "may be counted honored, Mr. Livingston, but as for his Lordship, I know nothing about him, for he never has bothered his head about me and is not likely to."

So we "got over the bar without capsizing," as Captain Kidd remarked to me later; and we both ignored our late unpleasantness on the Common.

Came pleasantly to this conference the Phillipsburgh Patroon, and wore his mourning for Margaret who was dead in June—a grossly made Dutchman with the figure and face and thumbs of a carpenter—which he had once been—but his was a shrewd eye and a chilly one; and God knows Frederick Philipse was both of these, a remorseless contriving and secret man.

He made his manners boorishly, and then shook my hand, for all in New York had known my father, and all knew who I was, whatever they might think about my conduct as tavern idler prone to high spirits and to quarrels.

Then entered Pell of Pelham—he of old England, I mean—and nephew to him who was served the writ by the Court Messenger Van Elslant, with Albert the Trumpeter at his booted heels. He had a pointed nose and green eyes set too near his nose; and his head was as round as a bullet.

Etienne Delancy arrived last—graceful and animated like all Frenchmen, yet with the dour iron of the Huguenot and his straight limbs and figure—and always I felt that here was a real soldier, and would beget soldiers, and was fitter to be a sword-master than to build mills and trade over-seas.

Well, now that these very great folk had gathered, I was already arrived at an opinion concerning why they came here.

Colonel Philipse had been for twenty years a counselor. His and Margaret's business ventures were in the East and West Indies, as well as among the Iroquois and pelt traders of the Mohawk Valley.

He could say what he damned pleased, but my father told me that Frederick Philipse and Margaret had direct dealings, also, with Madagascar which, as all know—is the most notorious nest of pirates in the world.

There could be no shadow of a doubt that Frederick Philipse's ships supplied pirates with gunpowder, spirits, flour, weapons, and other necessities at shameful rates, and that he took his pay at usury in gold, silver, jewels and merchandise captured from honest traders by these same pirates.

It seemed strange that such illicit commerce should be winked at and condoned and not be considered dishonorable by honest men in New York. However, I know that my father deemed it a filthy business, and was at no pains to conceal his opinions. Yet, Robert Livingston, and John Pell, and Etienne Delancy, also, did countenance it, and were privy to it, as were many high officials of the City of New York, including the governor himself.

And so New York had become a resort for pretended privateers and other dubious craft which truly were no other than real pirates, and flew the death's head when it suited them. And it seemed to suit them the greater portion of their every voyage.

Well, all having arrived, and wine and cherries and cakes and coffee having been served, Madam Oort rose and, in her pretty way, took leave of all, and Sancia made many curtsies and withdrew reluctantly, looking pettishly at me.

There was a brief silence, and Colonel Livingston turned slowly to me as though politely questioning my presence, which Captain Kidd noticed, and said in his hearty way:

"As Mr. Hazlett is like to join in business with me, I think it best that he should know all I know concerning affairs—"

He caught Mr. Pell's stealthy eye and seemed to read it, but went on without pause, "—Because gentlemen, there is nothing secret in my business, but my log and accounts will all bear daylight, and I had as soon you should inspect them as myself. Now, gentlemen, I am hove to, and you may come aboard me without a shot!"

HE LAUGHED at his own wit, loudly, frankly, and drank off his coffee from the saucer where it had cooled.

As for me, I remained confused and surprised at his kindness, because I had not known he really meant to make me even a petty part of his own business.

I said nothing, however, the gentlemen looking at me, at Captain Kidd, and then at Mr. Livingston who seemed to be recognized as their spokesman.

"Well, then," said he with seeming candor, "as all here are gentlemen of honor and honest merchants, let us consider the enterprise which brings us together. So, gentlemen, by your leave, I shall briefly unfold what is in our minds in general and what, in particular, concerns our worthy and honorable fellow citizen, Captain Kidd."

He paused, sipped his Madeira, set aside the glass, and addressed himself directly to Captain Kidd:

"Sir," said he, "all in New York City know you as a man of probity, of courage, of enterprise, of solid substance; I may even take the liberty to add, a man of considerable wealth."

"I am well to do," remarked the captain frankly, "but as for further eulogy upon my enterprise and courage, I fear you are too kind, Colonel."

Livingston smiled and bowed. "Sir," said he, "all know what Colonel Hewson said of your bravery in the late war in the West Indies, and how Mr. Cooper spoke of your behavior when, aboard the *Lyon*, he saw you bring your ship into action and fight Monsieur Du Cass all day long, gun for gun—"

"Tush!" cried the captain, "—any loyal sailor would have done the like! Come, sir, let it lie so that I am no greater coward than others, so open your ports and run out your guns, Colonel, for you've the weather gauge o' me and you know it!"

He roared with laughter, Delancy laughed, Pell screwed his features, and Philipse cackled.

"Very well," said Livingston, "this, then, is our proposal, that, as there are at present four stout vessels in this port which are fitting for the Malabar trade, and commanded by known and enterprising men—firstly, that we five merchants participate in the cost of fitting these said four vessels; secondly, that each among us does subscribe eight hundred pounds toward this enterprise, which is £200 apiece to each vessel; and that, if this proposal and general scheme be agreeable, we examine into it further and consider it in detail, and summon before us the four captains of these four vessels—which four craft be two brigantines, a top-sail schooner and a sloop—"

"Sir," interrupted Kidd sharply, "You name those four captains when you describe their vessels. I know whom you mean. You speak of Thomas Tew, John Ireland, Tom Wake, and Billy Maze.

"And is it with these gentlemen that you purpose to compound in the Malabar trade?" He laughed and shook his head, "No, gentlemen, not I, then."

There ensued a silence. Then Livingston said suavely, "Letters of reprisal shall be procured, of course, and all due legal steps taken and all forms most scrupulously—"

"Sir," interrupted Kidd, bluntly, "I'll not touch it." He got up from his chair abruptly, and walked up and down the room, and returned again to his chair.

"Since I've been a-sailing," said he, "every month o' the year, and every year, too, such opportunities are offered me. I've had none o' them; I'll have none o' them."

"But hearken, sir," began Colonel Pell, when Kidd cut him short:

"Hearken? Why, sir? To what purpose? I shall embark in no such enterprise. I care not for the law of it or for the letters of reprisal, or if it be the Malabar trade or the Red Sea trade you call it. I care not for the gain of it, or if I am like to find my fortune in the hold of Tom Tew's *Wildfire Brigantine*, or in the guts o' Jack Ireland's sloop, either.

"No, sir, I shall not participate with anybody if he were the King of England himself, in any enterprise conducted by Mr. Tew, or Mr. Wake, or Mr. Ireland, or Mr. Maze."

"Well, damme," broke in Philipse harshly, "to hear you speak one would suppose these four captains to be very pirates."

At that Kidd turned on him, red in the face and his blue eyes ablaze.

"Then you shall have it if you ask for it, Colonel Philipse," cried he, "yes, every one o' these four captains has sailed *On the Account*, and, whatever the law and form and purpose of this Malabar affair, I shall not invest a penny in it."

HE GOT up again and began to walk about still talking:

"I care not what has become customary in New York, and what is deemed fair trade and honest. I do not criticise those who care to embark on such an enterprise. But, as for me, no; I will not. Because such a business does not suit my taste. And, also, because I know something of men in the Red Sea traffic and gentlemen who sail *On the Account;* and it makes them not a whit better in my mind, that they carry letters o' this and that and show Dutch or Spanish or French passes with their booty. No, by God!—"

"Very well," said Livingston, calmly, "if you are averse to privateering, then we can scarce hope to persuade you. . . . And I for one am sorry, Captain Kidd, for you are a man of courage, honor, and substance, and we had hoped even to have your aid in person—I mean you and your ship to lead a trading fleet to Malabar—so honest do we deem this enterprise; and, even had we any glimmer of doubt, we, with you as admiral would feel secure, that you would and could control any hot-head captain—"

Kidd, who had been staring at him in astonishment, burst into roars of laughter.

"Control such men as Tew? As Jack Ireland? As well give me a pack o' wolves and bid me have a care that they bite nobody. Why, if I led them, and we met a Dutchman, and if I set signal to salute and sail on, why, then, they'd salute *me* with their shotted broadsides and sail to hell in chase o' that same Dutchman. Yes, sir, Dutchman, Portugee, Spaniard, or Mogul—or Englishman, for that matter—I believe it, I know it in my mind and heart, so help me God!"

At that Mr. Livingston looked very grave, and presently rose from his chair. But he was all smoothness and courtesy, and he gave his hand to Captain Kidd and bowed to me, as did the others, and so took their leave with all ceremony but with no more words than politeness required.

"Sir," said Colonel Livingston, who left last, and who paused at the door, "if perhaps, you are somewhat old-fashioned, Captain Kidd, and perhaps over-fastidious in affairs now recognized as legitimate, nevertheless, your scruples recommended you highly to me, and I shall know where to look for an honest captain when I require one."

"Lord," cried Kidd, laughing, "there be no lack of honest sailors, Mr. Livingston, and, as you say, maybe I am old-fashioned. I think I am. So, sir, when you have need of an old-fashioned sea captain, why, you may remember me, and I shall be very happy to engage with you in any old-fashioned enterprise of trade."

Mr. Livingston bowed and gently closed the parlor door behind him.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Last White Line

[*Continued from page 33*]

Dolly sensed the current of adverse comment which was sweeping the Woodland cheering section. He knew instinctively that they thought he was yellow—a quitter—a front runner to star when things were going well and to lay down when the breaks were against him.

The half ended with the ball in the middlefield. Bill Boswell scarcely knew what to say. He did not discern the total lack of teamwork: he, too, saw only that the team was playing brilliant individual football—and that Dolly Parker was not getting away as he should. He didn't want to ride Parker. . . .

The Woodland squad was not ashamed, because the Woodland squad didn't know what it was doing. Its actions were reflex—born of resentment and nurtured in bitterness. Each man was putting everything he had into each play . . . only Dolly Parker understood—and there was nothing he could say.

The second half opened with a fierce succession of scrimmages and a fruitless exchange of punts. Then Markham got the ball and ripped and tore down the field. And this time the kick from placement did not go wrong. Straight and true, spinning end over end from the toe of the big lineman who was called back for the try, it sailed over the very middle of the crossbar and the Boy Scouts at the score board altered the total to read:

MARKHAM—10, WOODLAND—0

Woodland received. Dolly barked the signals for one of their pet plays, a sweeping run around right end, with a backward pass and then a long toss across the line of scrimmage to himself. The play failed—came within an inch of being intercepted. Another trick play was tried: a big guard came lumbering through and Dolly was thrown for a loss. He dropped back at the triple threat point of a punt formation—and his punt was blocked. Woodland received by sheerest good luck and it was fourth down with twenty-two yards to go.

Dolly Parker rose from the ground, he was quivering with futile anger. He signaled the referee for time out. And then he called the team about him.

They came reluctantly enough; all except Reb Rogers. The giant tackle stood where he was, indifferent to the summons of his captain. Dolly's voice rang out sharply:

"Rogers! Come here!"

Rogers came, his face red with fury. And then with a voice which trembled with outrage and with bitterness, Dolly Parker spoke to his men. His eyes were blazing and his teeth clicked together—clipping his words sharply.

"Just a word! And no interruptions. I want to tell you just what I think of you.

You're a bunch of yellow dogs! You're quitting! Laying down! And you're doing it because you're sore at all the notice and attention I received last year and this!

"Bill Boswell don't know what's the matter. The studes don't know. But you know—and I know.

"I've known for some time! You're laying down on me—quitting like a bunch of curs!

"Yeh—get sore if you like. You ought to. Now listen to me: and this means specially you, Reb Rogers! Listen—"

He thrust his head forward viciously.

"You know what you're doing? No? Well, I do. You're playing traitor to Woodland, that's what. You're throwing down your college to get even with me! I guess you're having a fine time knowing that the spectators think I'm laying down under fire, eh? That's what you want, is it? Well, by God! you're going to get what you want.

"Me—I'm going to lay down. I'm going to quit. But I'm not doing it to betray Woodland. We've got a three touchdown better team than Markham. And I'm going to quit because I want to see Woodland win."

They were staring at him wide-eyed and speechless. There was something inspiring about him as he stood there, feet spread, eyes flashing, slim and straight and regal.

"The college is bigger than I am," he said in a quieter voice. "You fellows have been gunning for me—you've been throwing the school down. Well, I want to see Woodland win. Reb Rogers—from this minute on, you're captain of the team! I'm taking myself out!"

He turned and walked proudly across the field toward the Woodland bench. For a few seconds the team did not move—then three of them headed by Reb Rogers darted in pursuit.

"Dolly! For God's sake don't do anything like that—"

"Get away from me. I'm out. Now see what you can do, Rogers."

He reported himself out of the game. Bill Boswell sent in a substitute. He dropped on his knees beside the lad.

"I knew you were hurt, Dolly: I knew it all the time."

"Yeh," Parker's voice was scarcely audible. "I am. But there ain't anything wrong with me physically."

A newspaper man rushed up for an explanation. Dolly gave it. "I took myself out," he said crisply. "I wasn't any good."

The reporters returned to the press stand. Word filtered through the crowd. Meanwhile, on the field the referee's whistle shrilled and play was resumed. Woodland punted—and then the game really started.

Under Reb Rogers, the Red and Black played as a unit—and it played inspired football. Markham failed to gain and was forced to punt. The kick was hurried.

Woodland unleashed a flashing, brilliant attack. Every play went off perfectly. Down the field they drove with a hint of the football which had made their preceeding season glorious. It was a brilliant, epic sight—and hoarse-voiced humorists in the stands made themselves heard whenever the cheering abated for a moment.

THROUGH it all Dolly Parker sat motionless on the bench, staring at the field. Closer and closer to the goal line—ripping, tearing, flashing trick plays when least expected . . . a touchdown near the end of the third quarter; another at the beginning of the fourth period and a third one just before the closing whistle for a final score of 19-10, and of the third Woodland victory in three years.

The crowd swarmed down on the field as the team filed toward the exit gates. Spectators congratulated the team members, howled approval to Reb Rogers. And everywhere could be heard caustic comment against Dolly Parker. Oh yes indeed! the public understood everything now—quite everything! It understood clearly that Parker never had been any good—that he had received credit for what others had done. That was very clear. . . . .

The team reached the shower room. Dolly was seated alone in the corner. The other men eyed him guiltily. No one spoke. Reb Rogers came in—and there gleamed in the eyes of the big tackle a suggestion of that light which had flamed from Parker's face on the field when he took himself out of the game.

Reb Rogers walked across the room to Dolly Parker. The slighter man rose—waiting.

Rogers dropped both hands on Dolly Parker's shoulders. He spoke in a voice which was not at all steady.

"Dolly," he said, "I've been talking to the newspapermen. I—I've been sort of explaining to them that Dolly Parker licked Markham single handed today. I've been telling them—telling them—"

And then a strange thing happened—a thing which was beautifully sentimental and silly.

They faced each other there in the shower room, in the center of a ring of battered, grimy football players, in an atmosphere which reeked of dirt and liniment. And quite suddenly and simply—without shame or embarrassment—these two blooded, streaked, sweat grimed men put their arms about each other and cried like babies.

And old Bill Boswell—Bill Boswell the hard-boiled—was the only spectator who commented.

"God!" he whispered reverently, "Ain't that beautiful? Ain't that just simply perfectly beautiful?"

Football Fans Can't Crash His Gate

[*Continued from page 16*]

stagger. But they have the seats. There is no public sale of seats for the Harvard-Yale match, and you won't find many seats in the hands of speculators. Almost none at all. Why? Fred Moore.

"What is the reason the general public isn't admitted to this game?" I asked him.

"Question of seating capacity solely. We have to provide first of all for the Harvard graduates. There are forty to fifty thousand of them, and when Yale gets her allotment here in the Stadium we have only thirty thousand seats at our disposal. If every graduate applied we would have to refuse nearly half.

"How many actually apply?"

"About twenty to twenty-five thousand. Fifteen years ago ten to fifteen thousand applied. There are more graduates now, but the seating capacity of the Stadium remains the same. That is why we had to enforce the personal occupancy clause."

"The what?"

"The personal occupancy clause." His eyes twinkled as he picked up a small printed blue envelope, an application for seats for the game, and pointed out one sentence:

"I apply for a seat for the Harvard-Yale game for my personal use and agree if I cannot attend the game to return all tickets allotted to me."

"Some years ago we had reason to suspect that many men were not living up to this clause. We checked up by making every man at the game sign his name on a slip of paper. Then we spent the winter comparing those slips of paper with the signature cards we have filed away of every graduate who applied for seats. We caught about twelve hundred men, some of whom we warned and some of whom we put on the Black List."

"What is the Black List, Mr. Moore?"

HE SMILED. He won't talk much about the famous Black List. But others will talk more freely of it. And more vehemently. The Black List is a list of graduates and undergraduates who have been discovered speculating or disposing of their seats to the game.

"It seems a little hard," I ventured, "that a man can't give away a seat that he has bought and paid for himself, if it belongs to him. Seems drawing a fine line to say that he cannot give it to a friend, or to—"

"It isn't," he interrupted. "You see we are working here to protect the interests of the graduates at large. Originally every man had as many seats as he wanted. Then the number was reduced to four, then to two. Now many only have one. Soon each man will have a half; that is one every other year. When someone sells his seat, or even gives it away, he is preventing another man from taking his wife or son to the game. The year we caught the twelve hundred men it meant that twelve hundred others had to go alone instead of with their families. We had warned these men repeatedly and if they did not heed this warning they must suffer."

"Well, just exactly what does it mean to be put on the Black List?"

"Simply that the privilege of getting seats for the game is forfeited."

"For good?"

By now the long line was crowding at the door, and while I retired to the background, Mr. Moore filled his pipe and turned to the first man before him.

"What seems to be the trouble?" this suave diplomat of the athletic world demanded.

"Well, it's like this. My tickets were stolen last year, and I was put on the Black List. I don't think it's my fault, and I wish you'd take me off. My name is H. K. Smith, 1911."

"Are you sure your tickets were stolen?"

"Oh, yes, they were stolen the day before the game in the Park Street subway."

A pause. "That's funny. We found them in the hands of a speculator on Washington Street on Tuesday, four days before the game."

"Oh—er—yes—that's right, I made a mistake. But they were stolen just the same."

"Where from?"

"My pocketbook. Everything was taken."

"Your pocketbook gone, too? Then of course you reported the thing to the police."

"Well, no, you see—"

"Sorry, we can't do anything for you."

The next man was a fresh faced young man.

"Mr. Moore, I am on the Black List because I sold my seats."

"Well, you knew the rules. What's the kick?"

"None at all. Only I sold those tickets five years ago when I was a sophomore in college, working my way through and badly in need of money. A guy came around with a hundred dollar bill and I fell for it. Thought I'd never want to see a game again. A hundred dollars was a lot of money then and it helped me over the rough places. Now I'm earning my money and on my feet. And I'm here on my honeymoon with my wife and anxious to see the game. I know I've broken the rules, but I'd like another chance."

The elder man looked at him for a moment. Then he scribbled something on a slip of paper and handed it to him. "Take that out to Mr.

Getchell." And as the fellow went out with a lighted countenance, "There's a man who has learned his lesson. He won't speculate again."

The next claimant was now waiting and Mr. Moore turned to find a belligerently irate gentleman insisting that he had been wrongly put on the Black List.

"Why I sat in those seats myself. Went with my brother from Cleveland. And now you go and put me on the Black List. It's an outrage, I'll go to President Lowell about it."

"H'm, I'm sorry we made a mistake. Let's see, your signature you wrote at the game doesn't tally very well with the signature on the card here."

"Well, no, you see I was a little late getting down, jam in the subway, you know. I guess my brother signed my name, I didn't get in until the second quarter."

"I see. By the way, that was the quarter Yale made that touchdown in wasn't it?"

A pause. A long pause. Finally a feeble "yes."

"And just which end of the field was it made at, do you happen to remember, Mr. Y?"

Another pause. He knew he was licked. "The end near the bowl."

"All right. We'll go over your case and communicate with you." The man went quickly out. His bluff had been called and he knew it. Fred Moore looked over and laughed. "Yale didn't make any touchdown in the second quarter last year. You see we give every man a chance to prove himself right. When they have speculated, however, we have the goods on them, and they only succeed in proving themselves wrong. Hullo, Jim."

"Hullo, Fred." A tall man entered the room with a worried look on his face. "What's all this about my being on the Black List? Must be some mistake about it."

The other searched through the files. "I'm afraid not, Jim. Your seats were found in the speculators' hands just before the game."

"That's funny."

"What did you do with them?"

"Gave them to my partner in the office. I intended taking my wife, but she was sick and couldn't go. So I gave them to him, because I didn't want to go without her."

"Did he use them?"

"Why, no, come to think of it, he didn't. He gave them to his chauffeur because he was called out of town the last minute. I think the chauffeur used them."

"I'm sorry for you. The chauffeur didn't use them. He sold them and that's how you are on the Black List."

"Then you mean there's nothing to be done?"

"Sorry, not a thing, old man."

Shaking his head, a very disconsolate man left the office. Mr. Moore appealed to me:

"Now, there's a hard case. That man is a friend of mine. In addition he is an alumnus who has done a great deal for the college in many ways, given money and so forth. Yet he broke one of the rules under which we issue tickets. He knew when he gave the tickets away he was taking a chance of having them fall into the wrong hands. They did. And there's nothing I can do but apply the penalty."

For an hour I listened to these demands for reinstatement by men who were wrongly on the Black List as well as those who were rightly on. Among the crowd were many who had forgotten to apply for seats at the specified time, who had bad seats and wanted good ones, who wanted two seats when they only had one. After some time they sent me out to Carl Getchell who has charge of the actual distribution of the tickets.

Here I saw the thirty thousand odd signature cards of every graduate who applies for tickets from Frisco to Fitchburg, from Paris, France, to Paris, Kentucky. It is here, too, that many kicks come about the location of the seats. Thus one facetious graduate wrote in: "I received the two seats for the game this morning. I will be able to hear the cheering, and the band quite nicely, and I can read all about the game in the papers next morning."

And so it goes! At the present each graduate is sure of getting but one seat. And in order to be sure that each applicant has a fair chance for a good place to see the game, each class in college is put in a special section for the big games, drawn every year by lot.

Just how tickets are obtained from speculators, just how numbers are found out, and offenders thus tracked down, for, of course, his office has the number of every seat in the stadium and exactly to whom it was issued—all this is something Mr. Moore isn't anxious to have talked about.

At the start of this article Mr. Moore was called the man without a boss. He is responsible to no one. Not only is the vast amount taken in at one big game—the Harvard-Yale clash at New Haven last year brought in nearly two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in one short afternoon—dispensed by his authority alone; but he is in absolute charge of the distribution of tickets for all the contests at Cambridge. Yet no one has ever charged him with unfairness or favoritism, although at times the pressure that has been brought to bear on him has been stupendous. In fact, as a man who worked with him many years ago when he was first installing his system of ticket allotment said:

"Fred Moore is one of the kind of fellows it doesn't do you any good to 'know.' If you've done wrong, and come before Fred, chances are he'll be just a little bit tighter, just a bit stricter in applying the rules than he would be if he didn't know you at all."

You've Got to Have Nerve

[*Continued from page 43*]

gamble, put it on in stock in Hartford. It was a success."

Mr. Poli was one of the first theater men to show moving pictures. Back in 1895 they were just babies. He made a contract with the French Cinematograph Company, and put pictures on in his Wonderland theater.

"About all the people in New Haven came driving up in their coaches to see them," said he. "My first contract was for three weeks. Then I stopped showing them. Why? My showman's instinct, I guess. To let down the interest for the purpose of reviving it. In a few weeks I put the pictures on again. And I have run motion pictures, the best on the market, practically from that day to this.

"People want them. Three of my houses run pictures exclusively. Each of my vaudeville houses runs a picture at the end of the show. One man buys the pictures for all my theaters. We show from eleven hundred to twelve hundred and fifty a year."

It is as a producer of vaudeville that Mr. Poli's name is best known. The majority of his theaters are vaudeville houses. When he opened Poli's Wonderland in 1892, vaudeville was just in its infancy. Mr. Poli had the wisdom to see that it was the coming form of amusement. It was quick; it entertained.

Mr. Poli's first taste of paying what he thought were high prices came when he put on the "Beaux and Belles Octet." He had heard that it was good stuff. He had also heard that it cost a lot of money.

"I sent my booker up to Syracuse, New York, to see the act," said Mr. Poli. "He wired back that it was good, that it would make a hit with the Yale students, but that he did not think it was quite worth four hundred dollars a week. Four hundred dollars! I almost dropped dead at the price. However, I paid it. The people of that act are all famous now. One of the dancers, Jack Mason, puts on all the dancing acts for the Shuberts.

"Times have changed. Seven acts in 1892 cost less than we pay for one act now. Today we often pay as much as three thousand dollars for a headline act. In the old days, we put on a whole show for six hundred dollars a week. Take our Waterbury theater, for instance. In its first years a show would cost at the most five hundred and fifty dollars. Today we can't put one on for less than four thousand dollars a week.

"The greatest problem in running vaudeville is to get good comedy. There are plenty of comedy acts, but the good ones are scarce."

If you ask Mr. Poli what constitutes the
sustaining power of his organi
in, year out, he will answer witho
"Largely system. I make my me
point to pick wide-awake, trustw
I take them from the ranks of
porters because they, for the m
carriage, pep, conversational
ability, and imagination. I tra
either in New Haven, or in Bridge
personally, can keep my eye
watch their development. If, in si
they have shaped up satisfactoril
out to a real job in one of my ot

Mr. Poli's employees stick. S
with him for over thirty years, o
eighteen to twenty-five years.
surance for each employee. This
hundred dollars for each year they

He explained how this has wor

"As I went along from year to
mistakes, naturally I learned so
methods improved. Finally I
evolve a system that has been p

"It is essential for me to ha
organization. I do not visit
theaters for six months at a ti
need to. I have confidence in a

Mr. Poli takes great interes
struction of his theaters. He of
architects' plans for the interiors.

"The architects' plans are bea
me, "but often their theories are
my practical experience when it
inside of a theater. For exampl
having my staircases built with
higher than six inches. I hav
floors in some of my theaters, in
side views of the stage shall be
work out the number of rows of
distance between them. This
me. It gives me great satisfacti
I have solved some of the probl
up a comfortable theater. W
theater I build, I find there's so
improve on.

"I have thought that I woul
easy for a change. But I can
keep busy. When Mrs. Poli an
ing, we sit a long time over our
cheese. I've often said to her
back home, I'm not going to
so. We'll sit over our meals.
of the European idea of leisure

"It doesn't work. Before
American soil an hour, I'm rushi
it. It's part of America, the push
go. European customs are all r
but drop them when you come

He's Won 6,000 Horse Races

[*Continued from page 76*]

by an act of Henry VIII, which decreed that all wild horses below a certain size and conformation should be killed.

Thus it was that by a peculiar combination of circumstances England was able to evolve three superb lines of horses—the Eclipse, Matchem and Herod strains, which constitute a separate breed of horses for all time. Each of these lines gradually assumed peculiarities in breeding. Through neglect or rule-of-thumb breeding, much of the Herod line has been lost in England.

In America not only are all our race horses descended from this thoroughbred stock, but also our hunters, polo ponies, the best cavalry mounts and carriage horses go back in greater or less degree to the same strain. Nearly all American blood horses go back to a son of Diomed, Sir Archy, foaled in Virginia in 1805. The famous American trotting horse goes back largely either to a thoroughbred named Mambrino, a descendant of the Byerly Turk, or to some other thoroughbred. This applies to the Hambletonian, Mambrino, Morgan, Star, Black Hawk and other strains, though not so much to the Clays and Bashaws which derive directly from an Arab stallion named Grand Bashaw. It is doubtful if the world has ever seen a more astonishing example of what can be done in two or three hundred years by selective breeding, and it is only now that people are beginning to realize its application to the principles of heredity.

Any discussion of heredity naturally calls to mind Mendel's law, which asserts that it is possible to fix certain qualities in plants or animals by selective breeding. On being asked, "Have you heard of Mendel's law?" "Why yes," said Mr. Madden and stopped, as if dismissing the subject. Then he smiled, and added: "In theory, by applying that law you might get a race of horses to run backward, if you could start with originals having a strong tendency in that direction, say balking."

You remember that Gregor Johann Mendel was an Austrian priest, with a scientific education, who published, in 1865, his discoveries on heredity, showing that breeding may not be a harum-scarum affair. His work seemed to have died with him. Then, around 1900, it was rediscovered and created considerable furor among scientists.

Briefly, Mendel took a tall sweet pea, six to seven feet high, and a short one, less than a foot high, and "bred" them, as the parents. The children were all tall, and the grand-children tall, in the proportion of three tall to one short pea. Experiments in growing these short children and grand-children, brothers and cousins of the tall peas, showed that they continued short, or, in other words, obeyed the dominant characteristic of the short family. Another way of expressing Mendel's law is to use the old phrase, "like begets like," though in the mass and not in the individual case.

It is obvious that Madden, who has handled heredity in his own way, has been deliberately exercising the selection that nature has so long done haphazardly. Then, too, he has expressed the same truth as Mendel in a very broad, sweeping phrase. "A family is stronger than the individual." Madden, however, is not trying to prove any particular theory. He is hunting for the ideal type of fast race horse.

IN ONE respect his experiments have been more conclusive than Mendel's. Mendel could not know, did not need to know, the ancestry of the sweet peas he bred. This ancestry Madden needed and in part he has known it in the case of each individual he has merged into others to get speed. To read the riddle of heredity, with an objective, we must have knowledge of past generations, and he has had this advantage with his horses, already selected types.

Remember, however, Madden's statement: "Exact mathematics cannot be applied as a system of heredity when there is *one* offspring at a time."

That is why Mr. Madden cannot directly apply the Mendelian theory to horses. Mendel was using sweet peas or guinea pigs that yield a multiplicity of progeny at the same time and, therefore, he could make fixed observations on groups. It is evident that with one offspring at a time, it is impossible to forecast or establish which traits of the parents will dominate, it not being possible to see how the Mendel proportions of three to one to come into play.

This is the elusive factor in the riddle of heredity which has so baffled Mr. Madden, as it has students of human heredity, and which scientists are coming to consider in connection with the Mendel law.

Says Mr. Madden: "It is plain that if you take two parents, each possessing certain traits of their own, plus those dormant in their blood, you can't say which will dominate in the offspring."

With reservations, Mr. Madden's process of getting desired horses, is by returning the strongest strain in the dam to the strongest in the sire. He selects a sire, of known speed, and a dam with an ancestry of staying qualities. These two probabilities produce, let us say, one foal with speed but not distance. He tries again, and another foal results with distance but not enough speed. A third trial may produce a foal with the double qualities sought.

Another combination is to take one of the progeny of the sire and dam, say a filly, without enough speed, but possessing distance. She is bred back to a stallion with blood lines similar to those of her sire and the progeny is reinforced with speed. From a commercial point of view, such pains naturally pay because of the high earning power of a valuable horse.

The conclusion of Mr. Madden that the sire strain and not that of the mare dominates the character of the foal, is regarded as one of his most scientific, definite contributions to the breeding of horses. "The stallion dominates almost one hundred per cent.," he declares firmly. "My records prove it. Let those who disagree with me take an unsuccessful sire and breed him to a great mare and see what they get.

This dominance of the sire doesn't mean any discounting of the dam, in the sense of neglect. Indeed, the brood mare is one of the most important pillars of Madden's breeding structure.

In this field of selective breeding there have been many theories and many practical attempts to work them out, always for the purpose of producing a speedy horse. Many men have failed at it, turned out unsound horses and lost their fortunes.

Mr. Madden uses all these theories as references, including that of Mendel.

The work of Mr. Madden to find and preserve the fit, to eliminate the unfit, evidently has a far-reaching value to horsemen and to any breeder of animals. It is interesting also to remember that horsemen have long argued that even their rough rule-of-thumb methods to secure fit horses ought long since to have been applied to the human family. Scientists are coming to realize that much human misery is not so much an economic as a breeding problem. The material measures of our civilization perpetuate the weak. They start life's battle handicapped from the start. When men like Madden with all the resources of his knowledge have so much difficulty in producing fit horses how can it be said that the survival of the fittest is a law of our modern world? What do we do to preserve our Lexingtons?

In talking over these points with Mr. Madden, and he has never as fully discussed his experiments heretofore, he observed: "When bad blood is mixed with good, the bad dominates. It is true that once the fit are produced, they dominate, as in the race horse. But they don't, can't breed as fast as the unfit." Heredity is not only astonishing in its results, it may be appalling.

For the human side of the problem, he recognizes there are many rivers yet to be crossed in such a discussion. The trail of heredity is lost in the mists of time. Yet we can use what we know. Madden is certain that the family must be the basis of everything, and he says:

"Restore pride in the good family. Build more healthy families of good blood and make it possible for them to have many children. That is the necessity and the solution."

Not Without Honor

[*Continued from page 15*]

And you've just come from Pasadena. You've sold and closed the mines—and serve the town right."

The Southerner did not answer at once. He gave one quick, cautious glance at the door, then reached into the inner pocket of his waistcoat; extracted a flat case; drew from that a package wrapped in parchment paper. He snapped off the rubber bands which fastened it, poured out into his hat a flashing, green cascade. We crowded round him.

"Mines that produced those aren't closed!" he said. "Six months after the event I've been relatin', that English syndicate broke up. Sidney Steckner has begun competing. We made a preliminary agreement with him, and got enough money to start up. I went out to Pasadena for the purpose of signin' the final papers. Abe is doing something at last!"

"It must come hard," remarked the Westerner, "to whack up with that Gurdy insect!"

"In that matter," replied the Southerner, "chance has intervened in a most fortunate manner. Some six months after he jumped a train to escape me, Jim Gurdy was visited in his seaside retreat by an agent for oil stock. This gentleman was a native-born, Gentile, white American with a violent aversion to all other classes of the population. He and Jim got on splendidly. Before their intimate and congenial acquaintance terminated, Jim Gurdy traded his interest in the Morgan County mines for ten thousand shares of oil stock—Brax Oil Company."

"Brax oil!" exclaimed the New York broker, and then broke into whoops of laughter.

"And that introduces a strange coincidence," he said, "a ve'ey strange coincidence. As I must have shown you, Morris Leaventritt, Abe's cousin, is conservative by nature. But they say that every business man, no matter how conservative, takes one foolish flier in his life—just as every horse must have his one runaway. About three years ago, Morris had his little fling with wild-cat stock. He bought ten thousand shares of Brax oil. . . ."

The Champion Prize Winner

[*Continued from page 134*]

Presently Irene found herself on a platform with several other children of her age and a crowd of spectators all around. Pit-a-pat, went her little heart. Then the music of the strathspey started and Irene began to dance. She danced the Highland Fling and then she danced the sword dance, and when all was over she went home with two medals, a silver and a bronze, and the proudest feeling in the world.

"I thought those medals were the most wonderful things!" she says. "I believe I think more of them than the gold ones I have now. You see, it was the first time and I never dreamed of getting a prize."

The following year she stepped up to the front rank and won first prize in her age class, from the Caledonian Club of New York. It has been a case of gold medals for her ever since. Year after year she has added to her collection, always entering two or three meets a year and sometimes as many as five or six. Her victories have not been confined to New York City. She travels to many places for the gathering of many clans.

When the bands and the bagpipes strike up in the streets of Boston and "Canary girls" flaunt their black and yellow tartans on parade, another contest is at hand. The girls nervously ask each other: "Is Irene Roth here?" But by evening they know, when the many-ringed Scottish circus is over and Miss Roth is called to the platform for her prize. Perhaps she gets several prizes, for she excels in the reel and the intricate scheantreuse—the celebration of a young man just acquiring long trousers—as well as the sword dance and the fling. Once a competitor appeared who claimed to be the champion Highland dancer of the Pacific Coast, but Miss Roth outdanced even her.

She has taken prizes in Philadelphia, Providence and Atlantic City. Two years ago she established herself as America's best girl Highland dancer, when she won the Carnegie silver cup in competition against all comers. At contests, when the dancing is over, she often has wind enough left for the "pipes," and again gets another prize. Her entertaining skill, moreover, is not exclusively Scotch, since several medals testify to the quality of her Irish jig.

After acquiring a few dancing medals, the youthful Irene began reaching out for awards of other sorts. When she was thirteen she entered her first essay contest, for the schoolchildren of Brooklyn, writing on Fire Prevention. She won the medal. That same year, her last at elementary school, she took competitive examinations for a scholarship to St. Angela's Hall, Brooklyn. Again, she won. Commencement that June brought her, as well, a gold medal for general excellence in all her school work.

This past June she graduated with honors at St. Angela's Hall, having completed the high-school course in three and a half years. Just after that came what she terms the "best prize of all." The Franco-American Branch of the American Good Will Association was offering ten six-weeks' trips to Europe as prizes in an oratory contest. Four each were to go to the high schools and two each to the parochial schools of Brooklyn and New York. The schools were to hold an elimination contest at home, then send their best orator, boy or girl, to compete with the best of all other schools of their section and class.

St. Angela's Hall had a recognized orator who had studied elocution many years. The school thought of selecting her without trying any others. At the eleventh hour, however, it was decided to hold a contest, "just for fun." Here was a chance for Irene Roth, who liked contests anyway, and was particularly eager for a trip to Europe. She entered, with four days to compose, learn and practice her speech. She went at it with her usual vim. The family could hear her muttering things behind locked doors, but her ears were deaf to their pleas to let them hear her speech. Then came the night! It was a foregone conclusion, generally, that the established school orator would win. But Irene Roth had learned the trick of winning competitions. Her speech made the most favorable impression on the judges and she was selected to vie with the best orators of fourteen other schools.

You could have heard a pin drop at St. Francis Xavier's Hall on the decisive night, as boys and girls followed each other to the platform to speak.

"I didn't mind all the people there," said the representative of St. Angela's Hall. "I'd been on platforms enough to be used to all those eyes. But my voice sounded so funny in that big, strange place."

The judges, however, thought otherwise, for after sufficient suspense, the spokesman's address reached the prize-winner's name, Irene Roth.

"I was never so thrilled in all my life," exclaimed the winner of scores of prizes.

Beside her anticipation of a European trip, the glamor of gold medals might seem somewhat dimmed. But if it had been only another medal, the thrill would have been little less. All her triumphs have not spoiled Irene Roth. At any sort of contest, her ardor runs high, even in

Highland dancing contests where she is almost sure to win. She never looks at things from that point of view.

"You can never tell how you'll strike the judges," she says.

That thought suggests a reason for her success. She keeps her eye on the fellow who hands out the prize. Others may lose themselves in the limelight and applause, but Miss Roth thinks primarily of the judge. Still, she does not take contests too hard. She cannot keep practicing every day, she explains, because there is no one to provide the music. Her older sister, the pianist of the five Roth girls, says she tries but cannot keep up with Irene's feet.

Just before a meet is scheduled, she goes back to her teacher, to brush up, and at all times she tries to keep in trim at basketball, swimming and social dancing. In other kinds of competitions, she follows the same procedure, keeping in trim all the time, then buckling down for special preparation at the end. Her record for prizes stamps her method correct.

Miss Roth has the high expectations of others as well as tradition to live up to in future contests. Her father declares "We don't think she is through winning prizes yet." Perhaps untried fields await her as a conqueror. Next year she is planning to prepare herself in college or training school to become a teacher, and ultimately she hopes to succeed as a writer.

—FRANCES DREWRY MCMULLEN.

The Aërial Weather Man

[*Continued from page 133*]

through the clouds is a laboratory of delicate machines. And as he climbs from one level to another he must watch each machine, make sure it is functioning properly and take its different readings.

As he works, the world below contracts to a miniature map, hidden now and then by passing clouds. The busy aërographer as he jots down his readings is speeding through space at some two miles a minute, and one careless touch on his control stick might throw him into a dizzy spin. When the day is clear no one has so fine a view from his office. But when mists and rain suddenly enveloping his workshop shroud the entire ship in a gray void, he must bend close to his work in the dim light while the wet spray swirls about his helmeted head and clouds his goggles. And all the time he must carry clearly in his head an accurate sense of direction and balance, lest he be completely lost or come tearing out of the twilight fog upside down, diving madly to earth.

How often have you watched the clouds moving in one direction while the ground breeze was directly the opposite? If it were not for those clouds the upper wind might blow a gale and we should be none the wiser. Sometimes a rain cloud will burst on us from above without warning and storms sweeping across the country often ride over one section only to dip down unexpectedly farther on. Our forecasters must know the conditions causing these changes. Up among these elements the flier secures information which later warns the man on the ground what he may expect on the morrow.

To fit a man for the job of aërographer takes time. Men like Brown, loaned to the weather bureau by the United States Navy, spend more than three years in aërological work. In addition they must take a four-months' intensive course at a naval aërological school. After passing all this work they are ready, with a little seasoning, to hold their lofty positions. The Navy furnishes them with the necessary transportation, and planes as well as the expert knowledge.

This business of air mapping had its first great impetus from the late war. Then knowledge of forthcoming weather was imperative to our battle maneuvers on land, sea and in the air. A fog approaching, a rainstorm within twenty-four hours, and the best laid plans might be useless. Here knowledge of the upper strata solved many air secrets for the forecaster.

Before the aërographer's advent upper air information was obtained from watching cloud movements, from balloons cast adrift and with special recording instruments sent up by balloons or kites.

Today we find weather stations everywhere and our Navy airplane carrier, the *Langley*, is equipped with a complete plant. This aërographer's reports are used by the Navy as well as the weather bureau. When a huge naval dirigible such as the *Los Angeles* goes out they, as well as the ships on the ocean, know what the four winds have in store for them.

When the sky is clear you may see aërographer Brown at his work far above the Anacostia Naval Station at Washington, D. C. His reports go to the bureau at the national capital. The only other aërographer takes temperatures of the western coast. His base is San Diego and his readings go to San Francisco.

Like our aërial postman this chap is pioneering, and the rapidly growing commercial air lines add another business which is vitally interested in his daily data. Less than thirty-five years back the ground-hog type of forecasting was relied on to a great extent. There is a job for the statistician figuring the added conversational value this aërographer will lend to

First—Last—Always!

MEN have been known to go for months without shelter, for weeks without food and for days without water, but no one can live for more than a few *minutes* without air.

AIR!

Baby's first cry! However it may sound to grandmother's ears, it is music to the baby's mother. Under the spell of her eager imagination that thin little cry is a a call for her. But what he really is crying for is *air*. In the Land of Unborn Babies he had no need to use his lungs. But here, in the great wide world, his first need is air and through every moment of his life he will demand air.

Breathing is the first necessity of life—yet few of us know how to breathe to develop our bodies and to improve our health. If we could be always in fresh air taking plenty of exercise, our usual undirected, instinctive breathing would naturally develop to give us better health. Nature would take care of us. But the conditions in which we live, the stress of present day life, cause us to accumulate an excess of poisonous waste products in our bodies. To help dispose of these we should go beyond instinctive breathing and at frequent times during the day mentally direct the breaths we take.

Count Your Breaths—

How many breaths a minute do you take? Stop now with your watch in hand and for 60 seconds count them. Fifteen to twenty short, top-of-your-lungs breaths? You are not breathing deeply. Occasionally you should take six or eight long, leisurely breaths a minute—so deep that the diaphragm is expanded and the ribs are barreled out. Several times a day stop what you are doing, stand straight with head up, shoulders back and *breathe*—always through the nose.

Try it this way—inhale, one, two, three, four; hold, five; exhale, six, seven, eight, nine; relax, ten. This will give you six breaths a minute—quiet, unhurried breathing. After a time your unconscious breathing may become deeper and you will begin to feel a new and delightful sense of buoyant power.

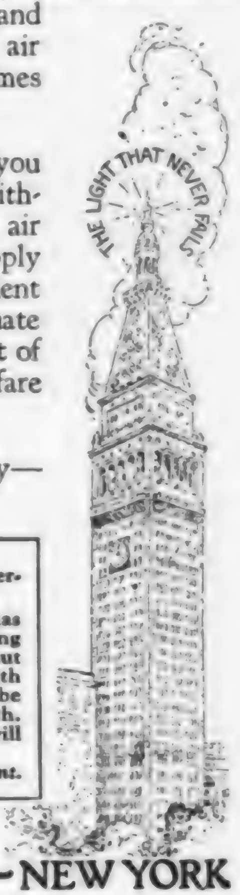
Deep breathing exercises should be taken night and morning. Empty the lungs with each breath. This is important because fresh air removes harmful waste matter in the blood.

That "Stitch in the side"—

Have you ever felt a stitch in the side when running? This is a warning—not always that your heart is weak, or that you have indigestion, but sometimes that your lungs are unaccustomed to being filled to their full capacity. One-third of the lung cells of the average person is unused. These cells tend to collapse and stick together. When the air is forced into them, it sometimes causes pain.

Your health demands that you should breathe properly. Without deep breathing of fresh air there cannot be an ample supply of oxygen. Without sufficient oxygen there cannot be adequate growth or repair of any part of the body, nor vigorous warfare against disease.

Begin today to breathe deeply—breathe for health.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

About one out of six of the total number of deaths in the United States each year is caused by diseases which affect the lungs. Pulmonary tuberculosis and pneumonia claim more than 210,000 victims annually. Ten years ago the death-rate from tuberculosis was sixty per cent higher than it is today. Only a short time ago it was thought that fresh air must be kept away from patients suffering from lung troubles! To-day it is known that fresh air is one of the main aids in getting well—and this knowledge has helped to produce the marked decrease in tuberculosis death-rate.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a booklet giving simple and interesting health rules, including scientific advice about fresh air and proper breathing. These rules, with the simple breathing exercise given above, can be followed by anybody who wishes better health. Send for a copy of "How to Live Long". It will be mailed free.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

that grand old topic, the basis of so many conversations, our weather.

Although cloud charting is interesting it's a dangerous business. A parted flying wire, a stalled motor, any of a dozen complications may force the weather man to knock off work in a hurry. For his elevator the aërographer has a slim silk parachute. It is the only thing between him and destruction in case of accidents. Stepping out into space on a two-mile trip to the ground floor is not a pleasant sensation. The parachute either will or will not open at the proper time. You never know. If the elevator is operating today he has a good chance of going up again. If not—the bureau will need another aërographer—good to the last drop. This is just one more pleasant thought to carry with you every day at the office. Here at least is one weather prophet who takes his own medicine with a vengeance. Q. WOOD.

He's "Bill" Jardine in Kansas

[*Continued from page 34*]

career, as they say in diplomacy. Not for worlds would they have done anything except cowpunch. But Jardine was not that sort.

He was part cowhand and part dairyman and farm laborer and horsebreaker and fence builder and haymaker. Precisely as is the average youngster on a mountain ranch today. He could and did ride better than any one in the neighborhood, which was an area about sixty miles one way by twenty another, and laid in a cup in the hills. But he also pitched hay. For there was an overhanging mortgage and a family of younger children and a game old father so twisted with rheumatism that he used to roll on the floor though he usually got out to the field the next day. And now let's get back to France.

The Jardines — and it is Jar-dyne, if you please, and never Jar-deen — were weavers in Scotland. Generations of them, perhaps. Shawls come from Paisley, you may remember, and Jardines wove them. When France wanted to install a new industry some of the Scotch weavers were coaxed over to Lyons to show the Frenchman how to run the new looms. Perhaps it was in France the Jardines picked up a little of the Latin lightness of spirit. They learned to leaven toil with laughter. Yet it may be that Scotchmen are not as sour as we have always been told. At any rate they returned to Scotland, and the grandfather of the present Jardine was born at Paisley.

THEN his father came along. A cheerful, indomitable, singing and dancing, hard-working, old-fashioned man. He lacked education—weavers' sons seventy-five years ago were not apt to be over-educated—but he had a fine natural intelligence and a brisk alertness. By calling and election he was a railroad man. The romance and color of the almost new profession drew him irresistibly. One night at the gym another wrestler threw him over his shoulder and something broke inside. When the doctor told him to emigrate or die—there seems to have been an underlying thought that he had best not die on the premises—he sailed for America. He was so ill that his father made three trips from the street to the steerage hold, carrying the baggage on his back, before he tottered down the same path.

This may seem prolix but it is not needless. It aids in fixing the background against which young Bill Jardine was to appear later. There were no Friendly Societies then, waiting on every corner to help an immigrant across the street. If he crossed it was under his own power. The Scotchman had no money and no friends, although his health had improved mightily. It was not the climate that had cured him, however, but a chew of tobacco some amateur diagnostician coaxed him into taking one night on shipboard, when his inner hurt was at its worst. The treatment is not recommended, but it cured him. His only ailment thereafter was the rheumatism. He followed the line of the Union Pacific road West—he went as true to steel rails as a pigeon would to its loft—and finally settled at the little town where it met the railhead of the Western Pacific. Young Bill Jardine was born at the ranch on Cherry Creek, twenty miles away.

"We Jardines were never good farmers," the Secretary of Agriculture reflects.

There were not many good farmers in those days. The job was to make a home. The rich land was skinned. The Jardines raised a little hay and grain and potatoes and got together a small herd of cattle. During those early years money was—by modern standards—unbelievably tight. Butter sold at ten cents a pound and eggs at eight cents a dozen. Young Bill was glad to make an occasional quarter by breaking a horse. Not merely riding him once but riding him until he was gentled. Because his father feared he might have a foot caught in the stirrup he rode 'em with a surcingle.

"I used to sneak off and cry," he said once. "They shook me up so. Hurt me."

He earned his first dollar at this time. A neighbor offered fifty cents a day for haymakers. Young Bill was thirteen years old and as a wiry youngster on his father's ranch he was accustomed to doing a man's work. He had to, for there was no one else. His father was helplessly crippled much of the time, and his three

"BEFORE I BEGAN TAKING Fleischmann's Yeast my face and chest were in a terrible condition with pimples. Finally one day a young woman asked me if I had ever tried Fleischmann's Yeast. After all my failures I thought I might just as well experiment some more . . . After taking Fleischmann's Yeast for three or four months my skin began to be softer and better to look at. Soon my friends began remarking about the change. Now I am in a perfectly healthy condition."

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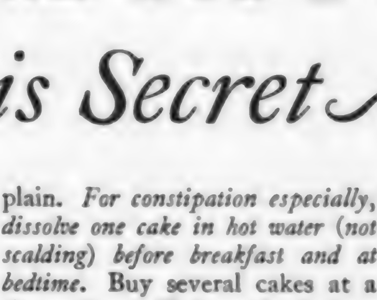
Clear eyes, strong bodies, a new zest in living—all through one simple fresh food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. Z-22, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



This famous food tones up the entire system — banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders.

"I WAS A CHRONIC SUFFERER from constipation and a slave to cathartics for years. A cousin induced me to use Fleischmann's Yeast. He had taken a trip to Europe, and while in Germany he had visited a specialist for stomach trouble and constipation. This specialist informed him that the real treatment for his case was to be found in his own country—just plain Fleischmann's Yeast . . . I now have no more headaches. My body is all cleared up from pimples and all other eruptions of the skin. That dull, hazy and dizzy feeling that used to pass over me several times a day and ruin my life, efficiency, and disposition, has entirely left me."

M. A. ZETT, Electra, Texas

brothers and three sisters ranged downward in age and size. For the first two days he would not come in from the hayfield for the noon meal. He feared he might be fired if the owner discovered what a little tyke he was getting for his fifty cents a day. But he held the job.

The Jardines suffered no real privation, of course. There was always enough to eat. Trout and grayling in the streams, deer and elk in the mountains, cattle on the hills. There were milk and eggs and bread in the larder and, on occasion, pie and cake. Clothes were the hardest to come by, but once bought they were worn hard. Jardine was formed by this environment. Even today he loves to fish, but only to catch enough fish for the dinner frying-pan. He hunts for meat. When he has killed his deer he shoots no more. I have said that he was an old-fashioned man in some respects. This was an old-fashioned community.

Neighbors lived miles from each other, but each owned saddle horses and farm wagons. Many were Welsh, once coal miners, who had brought with them the culture these strange Celts always bring. They had their little singing societies, and in the winter, when farming was at a standstill, they met at the schoolhouse in competition. Papers and magazines were few, but of quality. Not a family but had some worthwhile books and they knew on Cherry Creek, perhaps, more of the great movements of the world than did those who lived nearer the centers. They had the advantage of perspective.

Social life in Cherry Valley seems to have been a quaint combination of Scotland and Wales and Early New England. Thinking was prevalent. Aspirants met in debates at the literary societies, and at the spelling bees spelled each other down amid laughter. Some of the older men and women were notable practitioners of the step-dances of old England. Plays were given by local talent. Father Jardine knew all of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas and Uncle Jim might have been a comedian if fate had been different. He was a bright, alert man with a real talent for mimicry, and was the favorite actor of Cherry Creek.

The children worked as a matter of course from the day they were big enough to handle a hoe or pull a rein. Modern theories about child labor had not reached Cherry Creek. But their work was wholesome and there was opportunity for recreation and companionship. It is from this period that Doctor Jardine dates his belief that responsibility is good for the young human animal. All play and no work softens Jack. He thinks the boy who works gets a sounder outlook than the boy who loafs.

Another interlude. I may be stepping over into forbidden ground a bit, but he is bringing up his own son Bill in just that way. Bill goes to school, but he also works. It is not his father's idea that Bill should be loafing about Washington, riding in government automobiles, merely because W. M. Jardine is in the President's Cabinet. Last summer Bill worked on a ranch. And the summer before. This summer he worked on another. Next summer he will work somewhere else. When he needs money he earns it. It is with a deep chuckle of amusement mixed with pride that Secretary Jardine relates that Bill always gets it.

"Once," grins the secretary, "he sold silk stockings to the co-eds in the fraternity houses."

There were three or four months' school each winter on Cherry Creek, and by good fortune the teachers were always mature men, who not only had the knowledge necessary to teach, but back of that had a fund of experience. Sometimes the secretary wonders where they came from—what stories were hidden in their taciturnity. Without exception they were good teachers. Jardine learned more from them than he could have learned from the greenwood of youth. Not only the three R's but something of the world was included in the curriculum. Some of them urged him to go to college. Maybe his vanity was flattered and his curiosity was aroused, but I do not gather that he took the project at all seriously.

Between intervals of farm work he drove team on the Bear River canal, then building, and handled an old-fashioned Slusher scraper. They are just as old fashioned now as they were then. After some days of flipping the scraper a crack comes in the fleshy pad of the middle finger, which gets deeper and more painful as time goes on. But the scraper must be flipped on each round of the dragging team. On the Fourth of July he climbed the greased pole at the neighborhood celebration. When he was seventeen he went with the horse herd to Butte.

THE Cherry Creek farmers used to send their surplus horse stock out to be sold each spring. In Butte the horses were held in the Farmers' Corral, and Young Bill, as the best rider of Cherry Creek, showed them off to prospective purchasers. Each year the unsold remainder of the herd was driven through Horse Prairie to Big Hole Basin, an isolated heaven in the mountains, where the meadows were fat and the chinook kept the winter grasses free from snow. W. A. Clark, who was later to become U. S. Senator, used to fiddle for dances in the little country store by the dim light of oil lamps, and when such men as Mark Barrett and Marcus Daly quarreled the whole basin shook.

After a little Jardine went to Big Hole Basin to stay. A sister had married there, and it began to seem almost like home. Still no thought of college. He was a hardy, rawboned, fleshless boy of eighteen, black-haired, high-cheeked, with a lively, adventurous, fearless eye. He did the work on a dairy farm where thirty

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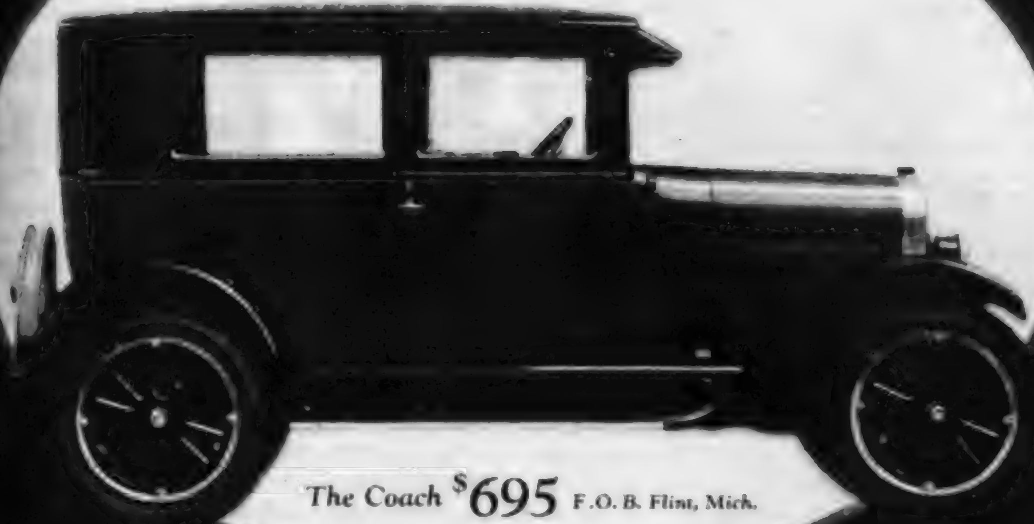

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

cows were milked. Between times they kept up the fences. That first summer, when he was eighteen years old, he was sent alone into the mountains to cut poles.

"Never was so scared in my life as that first night," he says. "My first night alone."

He thought the bears were after him, but they may have been merely squirrels. By and by he got used to alarms, but when the old boss came with the wagon he welcomed him. Before he considered that job done he had not only cut and stacked the poles, but he had opened roadways to them. Jardine thinks this sort of thing helps in character building. Once his team ran away and smashed the wagon-tongue, spilling young Jardine and the poles over a considerable space. He made a new tongue and came in with the poles. The point is that no one thought anything of it. It is not even likely that he bothered to tell any one about it. He had been sent out to get poles. Very well, he got the poles.

He was twenty years old in 1899 when he learned that Bill Mifflin, buddy and friendly rival, had gone to college. The matter stirred him up somewhat. He could always do and had always done anything that Bill Mifflin did, from bronco riding to reciting pieces at the Literary Society. If Bill Mifflin could go to college, he, Bill Jardine, could go too. Mr. Mifflin had stolen a march and was already in college, but that made no difference. He could catch up. He told his father about it.

"You are a darn fool, Bill," said his father, with engaging candor. "Education doesn't do any man any good. If he is going to be a farmer he doesn't need it and if he isn't going to be he won't either. What's in a man is sure to come out."

"It'll come out quicker if he's educated," said Bill.

His father was badly crippled with rheumatism that year and was probably influenced by his need of the boy at home. But Young Bill had thirty dollars, with which he went to Salt Lake City, bought a suit, and matriculated at the Utah Agricultural College. He left the details of food and lodging to further consideration. Bill Mifflin gave him some advice about what he should know to pass the entrance examination. However, he would probably have passed anyhow. At this stage in his career young Jardine would tackle anything once, and if thrown he would tackle it again.

Things happened at college. He had never studied algebra, but after he got the hang of it the thing seemed reasonable. One day he showed the professor of mathematics where he was wrong, which was a fine, courageous thing to do but not diplomatic, according to the president of the college. He said he liked Bill, but that Bill's hand was a bit heavy on the professors. The affair was patched up and Bill got back into the class in mathematics. During this time he paid $2.75 a week for board, including washing and mending. He only had the one suit of clothes, but then he only wore one suit of clothes. At the end of the term haymaking was so far advanced that he could not wait over for Commencement Day, but walked and rode back home. On Commencement Day he was out in the field with a fork. The president of the college wrote to Dad, telling him that he had rather a fine sort of a son and urging him to send him back to college. Dad had no thought of sending Bill anywhere, but he said Bill could go if he wanted to.

"Next time I'll go clear through," said Bill. "No more one term at a time for me."

His summer work on the farm brought him no money, of course. That was a part of the job of being the responsible Jardine. When fall came and the farmwork lightened he went to the county superintendent of schools and asked for a place as teacher. The county superintendent was a man with a lively sense of humor.

"You don't know enough to teach school, Bill," said he.

"I don't know much," said Bill. "But I know enough to teach your school."

USUALLY that school broke up early in October, by which time most of the grown-up pupils had licked the teacher. They did not lick Jardine, because he got them interested in so many different things that they were afraid to lick him, for fear he would get angry and go away. Anyhow, there was no certainty that any one could lick him. The next winter, by request, he took the school in his home town. Each month he received two twenty-dollar goldpieces, which he banked in the bottom of his old trunk. When school closed he went to the Head of Malad to shear sheep. The man who had the machine next to him was a tough old Australian, and all the best shearers come from Australia.

"I swore I'd keep up with him if it killed me," said Jardine later on. "It mighty near did."

He was twenty years old, had had one term in college. He stated the case to his father.

"This is your farm and I'm not going to quarrel with you," he said. "But I think I'm a better farmer than you are. I'm going to go to school and I must make some money. Let me make it on the farm. I can do it if you let me run it."

Dad sputtered a good deal but agreed. To save his face he went away on a long-postponed visit and Bill dug into the education fund of goldpieces for the money needed to make the farm pay. He made good and went to college. There he found that football had come in and although he had never seen the game in his life he was chosen for the team, because he was

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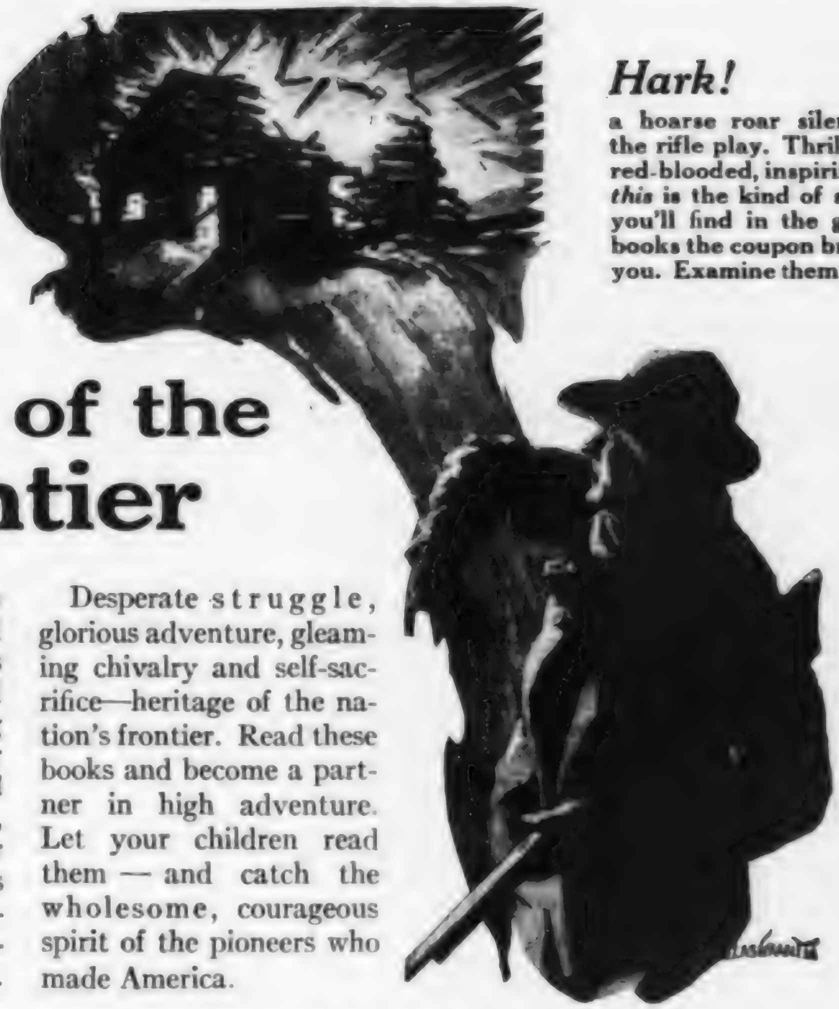

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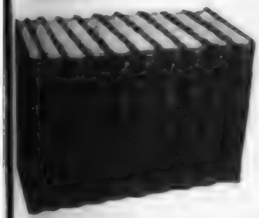

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Persons under 21 should have parents sign this coupon rangy and had a fighter's eye. Football in Utah then was a sport for a hardy man. The playing field was covered with stones ranging up to buckeye size and the players had no uniforms and no padded shoulders and no hot baths. Jardine thinks they did have some sort of pants. Most of them had been raised in a country where sturdiness is a heritage.

One of his schoolmates recalls that Jardine played in every game, because he could score against any team. Not a polished player, perhaps. Merely 168 pounds of rawhide and emotion dominated by a total lack of care. Doctor Jardine himself admits that once he had to be carried off the field. He wasn't unconscious, but he was so bruised that he could not walk. But the game was over, anyhow, and next day he was in it again.

Dad began to hear about these things. He had had a pretty hard year and some one opined that he would have to take Young Bill out of college.

"Not by a damn sight," said Dad.

Bill had started as a student in engineering, but six weeks carrying stakes convinced him that he did not care for it. His bent was always toward farming, and just then a good deal of fuss was being made about teaching farmers how to farm. He shifted from engineering into agriculture and was heavily looked down upon by the engineer students for his desertion. The college president, however, said that he was right and made him assistant to the professor of mathematics, with whom he had once had a battle. That paid him $40 a month and he could even send money home. A summer job at the State agricultural experiment station helped.

Other positions followed. In 1906 he crossed the mountains for the first time, to attend an agricultural school in Illinois. He had an argument with another agronomist—he had become an agronomist by this time—in a Pullman smoker and the then Secretary of Agriculture happened to overhear it. He asked Jardine to come to Washington as Assistant U. S. Cerealist. The youngster expected a welcome when he got to the capital, but those who shook hands with him at all gave him hands like dead fish.

"There is your desk," the head cerealist told him. "Help yourself. I'm going away for a month."

There was nothing to do except keep a stiff upper lip. He learned the work by the process of doing it and eventually found out that he had been caught in a political whirlpool in the department, which accounted for the cordial lack of welcome extended him. He did not care much when he found it out and does not care now. Most of the men who got in his way then are his warm friends now. It happens that way in politics. Philosophers get used to it.

Many men end their careers as assistant somebodies in a government department. This is not said in depreciation. Some of the most useful citizens we have are buried to fame in Washington. Buried to everything except devoted and admirable service. But Jardine had become a figure in the West. In Idaho and Utah they knew him and listened to what he said.

Wait a minute. There's a trap in that sentence.

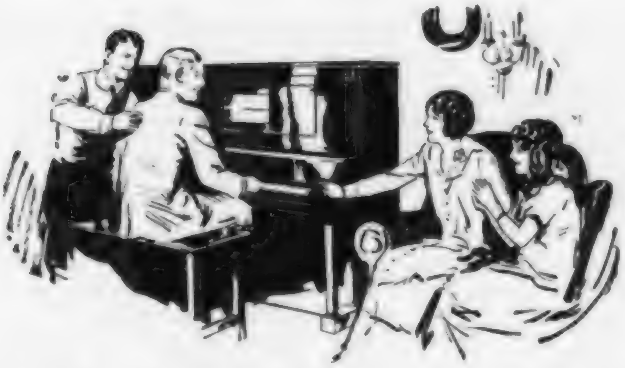
They listened to what he said. But very often after he had said it they began to throw bricks. Jardine never learned to be diplomatic. He never even tried to learn, so far as any one can discover. He has always earnestly tried to learn the truth and then he has dragged that truth right out in the front yard and gnawed it. Right where it would give the utmost possible offense to the largest possible number. It is probable that Jardine has few personal enemies, because there is nothing mean or petty about him. He does not take time to make enemies, but just goes barging ahead. However, there are a great many people who do not agree with him and they get right out on the street corners to do their disagreeing.

A president was needed for the Agricultural College of the State of Kansas. A mighty State, Kansas. Getting mightier. It breeds and respects men. Pussyfooters and yessers do not get very far out there. Jardine had displayed qualities that Kansas likes. He was up and coming all the time and he talked right out in meeting. Kansas may talk back at that sort of a man, but she likes him. So Jardine was picked for the presidency and after thirteen years he is still so well liked that when he became Secretary of the Department of Agriculture he was given a leave of absence, so that he could come back when he liked.

DURING his presidency Kansas boosted her wheat crop from sixteen bushels to twenty-seven to the acre and the corn crop was raised from thirty-five to fifty. It may have been only a coincidence. Farming methods are getting better everywhere. But Jardine has given the Kansas farmers the word with the bark on. He has never been afraid to speak the truth as he sees it. Congress cannot repeal natural laws, he maintains. If more wheat is produced than the world can eat the price must go down. If a farmer is sloppy and shiftless he will lose money.

"The inefficient unit must go. Whether it is a farmer or an acre or a tool. Progress scraps the dead one."

Jardine insists the farmer is in a competitive business. He must produce the most and best at the least cost. Then he must see it to market. He would have farmers sell through cooperative



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The Nat'l Ass'n of Piano Tuners recommends that all pianos be tuned twice a year. Your Gulbransen deserves this care agencies and he would keep tab on the transportation interests. But he does not go whooping down the middle of the street, shooting at the railroad lights. That might be popular but it would also be foolish. He thinks the railroad must make a fair profit and haul at a fair price. If it does not something is wrong.

He was getting along fine in Kansas, running the college and taking pot-shots at inefficients and theorists and insincere politicians. He thought the farmer should have a higher standard of living and told him so. More art in the sitting-room means better cooking in the kitchen. Thinking is as important as sweating. More telephones, newspapers, magazines, radios, the doodads of modernity, will not only keep the young folks on the farm, but will liven up the farmer.

JARDINE ran a course of instruction in farming by radio and gave diplomas to the graduates. No one had ever done that before. He was the only president of an agricultural college who dared fight the McNary-Haugen bill which was based on the uneconomic plan of guaranteeing the price of wheat, thereby making further over-production certain. He let the world and the farmer know just where he stood. He had not learned to play games on the stone-covered field of Utah Ag. for nothing.

That is why he was made Secretary of Agriculture. President Coolidge likes men who speak their own minds. He came on to Washington with a perfectly open mind, fancy free, not caring particularly whether he stayed or not, but determined to say what he had to say while he was there. His friends say he did not expect to last six months when he took the job.

A certain amount of housecleaning was needed in the Department. That is always the case when a new secretary takes hold. Usually the unwanted men are kissed out. Sometimes better places are found for them somewhere else. Jardine sent for them.

"We cannot work together," he said. "I'll do whatever I can for you. But you'll have to get out."

There is a finality to that phrase. Jardine has to pick his men for himself, because when he gets them he piles work and responsibility on them. He learned that when he hauled poles. No secretary in Washington has ever delegated authority so freely. If the man makes good he is promoted or rewarded in some other way. If he fails to make good he gets out. The system is a perfectly simple one and therefore not in use anywhere else in Washington.

Doctor Jardine brought no ready mixed panaceas into the Department of Agriculture. His talk is all of common sense, fair play and the modernization of methods. He does not believe that laws will make up for the lack of cultivators in the corn. But there are things which should be done in order that the efficient farmer shall have a fair return for his investment in labor and money.

Doctor Jardine believes the Government should help in every proper way the modern tendency toward standardization. Apples and oranges did not become profitable crops until their growers learned to grade them and pack them in grades and make the labels on the boxes tell the literal truth. They are only profitable today where such things are done. He believes that other crops should be graded before marketing. Buyer and seller are both aided.

He believes firmly in cooperative buying and selling, but governmental action must be confined to smoothing the way for the cooperators. Mistakes have been made wherever cooperation has been tried, but they have pointed the way for success later on. He would increase the community spirit among farmers. He opposes governmental aid to the individual. Natural law will always rule the economic world. The grower must give as well as get fair treatment.

"The farmer cannot continue to prosper at the expense of the consumer. Laws which have benefited other classes at the cost of the farmer must be corrected."

He proposes to extend the use of radio to the end that the farmer's service of information may be more complete and immediate. He is emphatic in declaring the farmer must study the market as he has never done before.

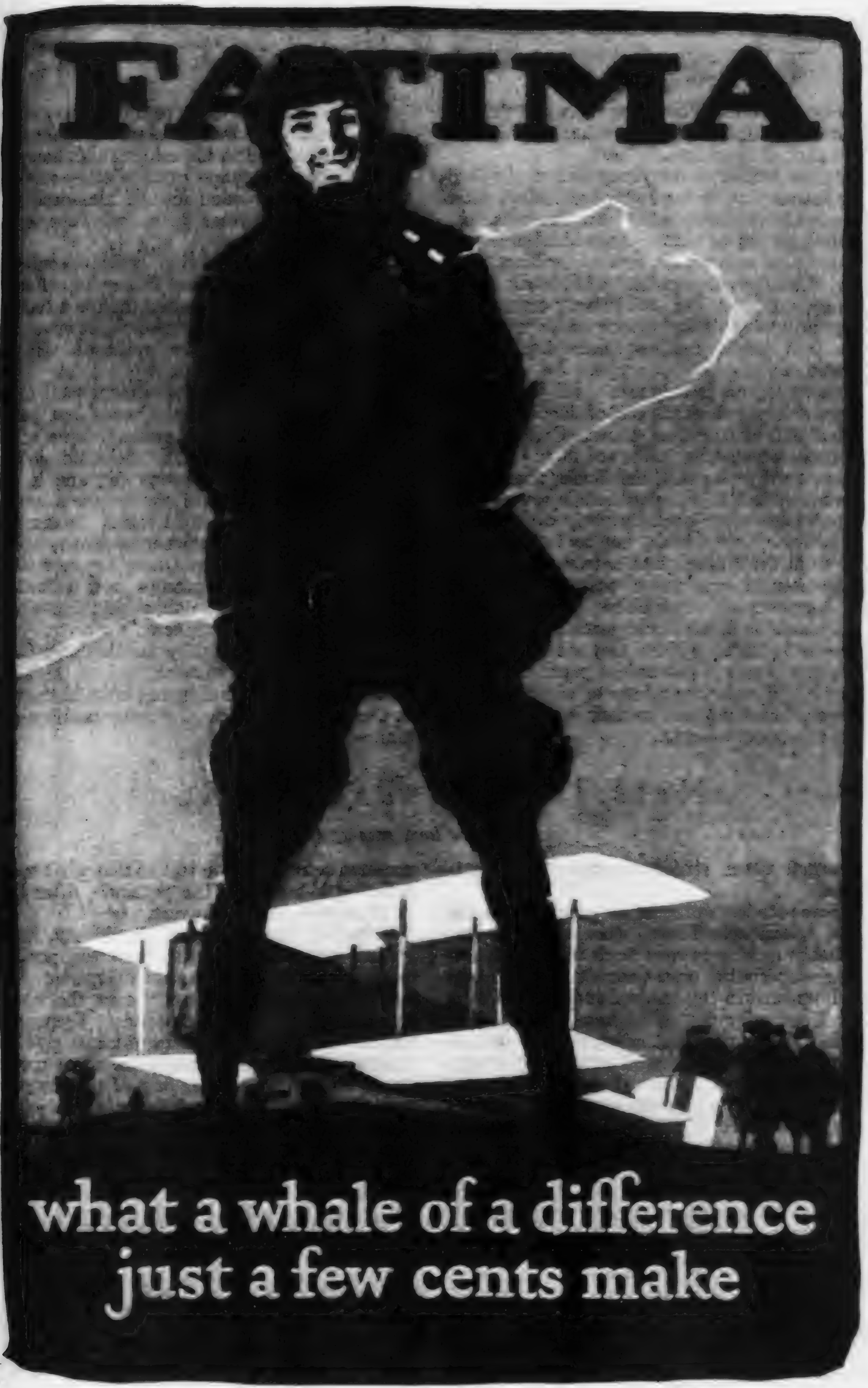
"Farming is a highly competitive business," Dr. Jardine says.

He plans to increase the efficiency if not the number of experiment stations in order that the farmer shall be more thoroughly equipped for his business. He urges the protection of the national forests and that the farmer should plant trees for his son's profit, if not for his own. If the speculators in grain at Chicago have been injuring the farmer by their operations—or if they may injure the farmer—the inquiry now in progress will disclose the facts. Doctor Jardine does not propose that the gambler shall take away the profit of the man who works in the fields.

"A square deal all around," might be taken for his motto. "Plus intelligence. Plus knowledge. Plus hard work."

William Marion Jardine will always be called Bill. But you must be a friend to get the privilege. He isn't one of the mushy sort who can be Billed by all comers. He has a hard eye, on occasion, and plenty of dignity at all times. Out in Kansas the students speak of their president as Bill. They fight for and about him under that name. Their grandchildren will hear of Bill Jardine.

But when they speak to him they call him "Doctor." And they say "sir."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what a whale of a difference
just a few cents make

A $60,000 Peony Bed

[*Continued from page 135*]

wooden crates. When the roots are dug the bulbs are divided into three and five eye lots and packed in sphagnum moss.

At the height of the peony season the fields are beautiful as far as one can see in every direction with gorgeous satiny carmine-reds, pale hydrangea pink, mauve rose with silver tip, flesh white with cream centers, brilliant crimson, dark purple, garnet with black reflex, silvery pink, soft lilac, rich velvety crimson and sulphur white. They stretch across vast acres like a glorious rainbow fluttering in the breeze.

There are no greenhouses. All the work is done in the open season out of doors, or in the cellars and refrigerating plant. Great piles of peonies on their long stalks are stood up everywhere to dry—against the house, around the porch rail and in the yard, while seventy-five huge washtubs are packed tightly with them in the cellar. Other buds, not so fully opened, cut from the bushes with a twenty-inch stem and placed in huge clothes baskets, are carried in buggies and automobiles from the fields and placed in a great refrigerating plant, until time to be crated. Then they are placed thirteen in a bunch in parchment paper which has been left in water from four to eight hours to harden, boxed and sent on their journey to market from ocean to ocean.

The peony season being so short, every flower counts. One hundred thousand blossoms are kept by Mr. Wild in his cold storage house, in readiness for the highest price he gets—seventy-five dollars a thousand for the Memorial Day demand. The average price during the season is forty-five dollars.

There are other flowers beside peonies in which Mr. Wild has been successful. For instance he has tried and found the iris a successful root product. The blossoms, however, are too perishable for market purposes. He has eleven acres in fleur-de-lis.

From the fifty-dollar investment paid to his brother for his share of the small first patch, Mr. Wild estimates the present value of his farms to have reached sixty thousand dollars. Proof of the value of peony farming is evidenced by the spread of the business among the people of the city of Sarcoxie. In comparison with the great strawberry farms, selling for fifty dollars an acre, there are more than six hundred acres of peonies now valued at one hundred thousand dollars held at one hundred and sixty dollars an acre.

Mr. Wild's farms are by far the largest and most noted. But above all he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has pointed the way to a new kind of farming for many people about him.—M. H. MALONE

Hers Is a New Profession

[*Continued from page 136*]

abnormal tissue structures under the microscope.

"Some students prepare for general work and then specialize. Those who specialize are probably looking toward work with some doctor who specializes on the same subject, or they are interested in this subject and hope to work with such a group, as is done at the Mayo clinic. Hospitals that employ only one illustrator would require all types of general work to be done. Then there are some students who plan to go away as medical missionaries, perhaps to do important research work. They must rely for graphic records on their own talent for drawing. In all drawings great attention is given to special technique adapted to showing scientific exactness of detail."

"What do you consider some of the difficulties of this work, Miss Perry?"

"Overcoming sensitiveness about seeing blood and suffering. That I should place first. Of course one can master this by sheer common sense once you realize that what seems suffering is not so to the patient. After that you can grow used to the rest.

"The second difficulty, I should say, is the trouble one has in getting into the position most favorable for seeing an operation. The best point of view is exactly over the wound and just where the doctor stands. Frequently the doctor will step aside in order to give the illustrator an opportunity to see some special thing, but for the greater part of the time one must be content to look over the doctor's shoulder. That is not the easiest thing in the world to do. It is hard for a woman to see over men's shoulders especially if those shoulders are made bigger by sterile gowns. While the surgeon is wishing for two or three more hands, his artist is often wishing for the power to protrude eyes forward, after the fashion of a snail, or to invent a sort of periscope appliance. Yet for practical purposes the artist must rely on occasional good glimpses and construct the work from knowledge and imagination."

"It's almost a miracle!"

SOMEONE suggested it to her—or, did she see it in an advertisement? Listerine, for the hair and scalp—particularly when you have dandruff, and so many women are troubled this way.

Dandruff is *most* of a nuisance when your hair is bobbed. (At least you notice it much more then.) Her hair had been bobbed only recently. And that was when she discovered the trouble.

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We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

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"What about speed in this work?"

"It is highly important to be able to work rapidly. For representing a very typical operation in all its stages one should make drawings from the first incision until the closing. But unless there is something unusual, many details are left out as a general thing and taken for granted. However, there is always the necessity for drawing very rapidly. Correct observation, and at least notes, of all the stages, quite clear and definite, are essential. This means that one should have a good memory since there are many details that cannot be drawn on the spot."

"Why isn't photography used?"

"It is—and often nothing could be better for showing figures with abnormalities of shape, bones or organs seen in x-ray photographs, and the like. And when colored photography comes within reach of the clinic as a possibility, it will be very valuable in showing the pathology of skin diseases. But the two factors which the camera cannot supply are knowledge and imagination. These are prime essentials to the artist. We must show much which does not appear on the surface and at the same time eliminate much which does appear. Essentials must be featured—non-essentials must be eliminated. Organs and related parts must often be indicated—imaginary sections shown to indicate position as to depth. Only a stereopticon camera can show the third dimension and you can see it would be highly impracticable, even if it were possible to obtain such pictures of the living subject. The artist must resort to shadows to express general depth and employ cross-sections where particular measurements are called for."

"What do you think of the future of medical illustrating?"

"It seems reasonable to expect as time goes on that medical illustrating will be more and more a helpful factor, not only among the members of the medical profession for themselves but for use in public education along lines of study and instruction as well. By enabling us to study incorrect habits of the body it will enable us to prevent much disease and ill health. Charts, diagrams and pictures for screen production are now being used to some extent in popular lectures. If seeing is believing, then let us see with scientific eyes and believe with understanding minds."

—GEORGE F. PAUL.

A Skyscraper Schoolmaster

[*Continued from page 68*]

clean-skinned face, a broad scholar's forehead, clear and very direct blue eyes and a thin "speaker's" mouth. A sudden smile that flashes quite unexpectedly, renders his expression, however absorbed and intense, younger still. In his contact with his faculty and his thousands of students, say his teachers, that same boyishness exists. But even the casual observer feels the power of his personality, a power achieved, one imagines, in part by his charm, and strengthened by the command of his will. His eyes can be very steady and steely in an issue. In his dealings with the leaders of finance and affairs through whose aid he has been enabled to carry out his work in enterprise after enterprise, his manner has always been simple and direct. He bases his conclusions every time on the practical issue.

His story is interesting, not only as a typically American story of achievement, but because of the issues he has met and directed. Born in Iowa in 1877, he is now only forty-eight. His folks were too poor to have him continue at school, and so he left high school in his third year, to find his first job. He had no friends, no advisers, and knew nothing of how to get that job. But he knew what he wanted. He wanted to teach in a country school.

"I wanted to teach," said he, speaking of that job, "but finding a school to teach was my problem. Day after day on a bicycle I rode through the country hunting for a school which had no teacher. One morning finally I found that school. The director, was out in his field of oats. I found the director and made my application." Leaning against his reaper chewing a straw, the farmer listened to the young candidate. "I got the job while the horses got a rest," concluded Dr. Bowman.

THE seventeen-year-old boy went to work in a country schoolhouse on the prairie, fifteen miles from the nearest town. His pupils ranged from five to fifteen years of age. He taught, of course, every grade. But in this, his first job, he discovered for himself, and put into operation, the idea he made fundamental thereafter in all his educational work: the primary importance of the development and happiness of the individual child. The plan of the young teacher was unique in those early eighteen-nineties. Young John Bowman decided that in his school there were to be no rules, no bells, no tight and fast regulations. The children learned by "playing together."

"When the weather permitted," he said, "we moved the school out-of-doors, under the trees, and there we studied plants and crops and insects and birds. Then we talked and wrote and learned what we could about these things."

This young boy, whose own education had not been completed, discovered for himself the

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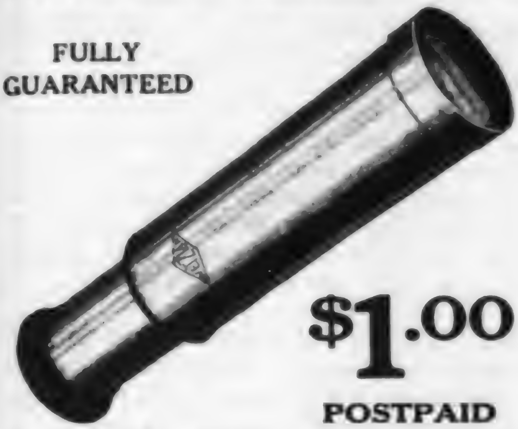

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"project principle" upon which the most modern and advanced education of children in schools is planned today, and had the courage to put it into operation.

At eighteen, with the money he had earned, he entered the State University of Iowa. Three years later he had his degree. He went to the editor of the Davenport *Democrat* and asked for a job as reporter.

The city editor told him briefly two things: there wasn't a job for him, and there wouldn't be a job for a college man on that newspaper, anyhow. This was at the stage when a college graduate, in many fields, had to apologize for his training or hide it. Bowman applied to every paper in town, and by each was turned down.

Then he went back to the first editor and offered to work for nothing. On these terms he found himself a cub reporter on the *Democrat*. For two months he worked at the agreed salary. The third month a miracle happened. His salary was raised from nothing-at-all to five dollars a week. Presently his pay-envelope held seven dollars a week. He had proved his point.

For some two years after that he continued his career in journalism. He was a reporter on various papers in other towns, and finally worked up to the position of city editor. But all the time he was really waiting to prepare himself for his life work. That, he realized, was to teach, and to teach in a college.

He was back at his alma mater by 1901, to earn his M. A. and to act as instructor in English at the same time—a student teaching his way through the university. Ten years later he was to become president of that very university.

When he left Iowa with his M. A., in 1904, it was to go to Columbia to study further. He had not yet discovered himself, but it appeared shortly that he had ideas and a winning personality, this young man from the West. One evening at the home of Professor Carpenter both the ideas and the personality became startlingly evident. "I have been wondering," confessed Dr. Carpenter presently, "whether or not you like us here and whether or not you take your work toward a Ph. D. degree seriously."

The reply came at once. "I like you," replied Bowman. "But I do not take seriously the matter of a Ph. D. degree." Those who have had dealings with the typical plugging graduate student can realize what a startling admission this was to make. The young educational heretic went on to explain that his interest lay in teaching, and that, to him, the relation between having a degree and being able to teach seemed almost negligible. With intensity and a ready native humor he made clear that to him it seemed much more important for a teacher to know how to teach than to have a doctor of philosophy degree.

"If I teach at Columbia through the next one hundred years," said Carpenter late that evening, "I shall never meet another man like you."

Bowman had found a friend. And through this friend came his opening at Columbia. A place as instructor in English at Columbia was offered to him, but there was a fly in the ointment. There was in the English department one class so unruly that no instructor had been able even to make himself heard in it. This class was turned over to Bowman. He was to keep it quiet. He said he could. And he did. He became one of the faculty of Columbia.

PART of his job at Columbia was to help mark college entrance examination papers. One day he turned to a group of his colleagues, and looking up from the stack of his own papers to the piles lying before each of the other men he said, "It seems to me that I could select a better group of boys if I had their photographs rather than these papers." This was another high educational heresy. Lively discussion followed. But Bowman vividly defended his point, and swept his hearers into agreement with him.

Humor combined with straight thinking makes an effective weapon. He possesses both and in addition there is a good deal of the evangelist in him. In fact one of his present Board of Trustees, the head of a great corporation, has described him as "a poet and an evangelist"—with the most practical common sense added. His shrewdness and common sense are never lost in his enthusiasm. No matter how quick his intuitive judgment has been, there has always proved to be practical judgment behind it. That day, he carried the group of college men away by his enthusiasm for a strange idea, he was expressing a thought accepted now without wonder. Colleges all over the country are discarding the former entrance examinations, or are supplementing them with tests for intelligence, personality, and character. More and more they are justifying the suggestion young John Bowman made at Columbia a quarter of a century ago, when for the second time, he had intuitively discovered a great educational principle.

He was soon to do more than suggest a new plan for college entrance requirements. Within a year he was to become a determining influence upon the entrance standards, not for one college, but for institutions over the whole country.

Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, president of the Carnegie Foundation, was looking for a man capable of helping the Foundation to classify colleges in the United States. The men who had discussed with Bowman his curious suggestion

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concerning entrance examinations put forward his name. For six months he served the Foundation as an educational expert, making the first classification of colleges on the basis of educational standards, but at the end of six months he did not go back to Columbia. He was asked to remain with the Carnegie Foundation as its secretary.

The young man who five years before had been the obscurest of instructors—a graduate student teaching English—found himself in an organization to which Andrew Carnegie had given ten million dollars, one which studied and analyzed, not only problems of national concern, but of international interest and importance, whether they were the administration of justice, the ethics of medicine, the standards of education, or the payment of pensions.

One of the first steps Bowman took was to make a nation-wide survey of the seven hundred colleges and universities in the United States, the first ever attempted on any such scale. He visited, investigated, and saw in action almost every college in the country.

He was beginning to discover in himself the two qualities that have made his success: a visionary enthusiasm, and the power to "get across" his ideas and ideals to leaders in big business all over the country.

It was not surprising, therefore, that two years after he came to the Carnegie Foundation, the State University of Iowa, his alma mater, offered this very young man (he was only thirty-two then) its presidency, and he refused the offer because it did not agree with the terms he set for his acceptance of it. Two years later the offer was again made, and his terms agreed on. At thirty-four he was President of the University to which ten years before he had gone with the money saved and earned by teaching his little prairie school.

But he had no sooner come to Iowa than he began a struggle which was to create a national organization and to produce results in a field so entirely apart from his own that it is amazing to think of his entrance, not to speak of his success in it.

That organization is the American College of Surgeons. Born out of nothing in 1913, this institution, with Bowman at its head, created in six years a new ideal in surgery, changed the standards of hospitals in America, and enlisted the support of such men as Dr. William J. Mayo, who is one of its regents. Hitherto Bowman had worked almost entirely in the field of education. Shortly after he took office, at Iowa, he discovered that in the medical college of his university the practice of fee-splitting was being carried on by some members of the faculty. Physicians of course send their patients to surgeons for operations. Often the surgeon split the fee charged the patient and gave part of the sum to the doctor who had sent him. In other words, as Dr. Bowman saw it, the surgeons on his faculty were buying their cases at so much a head from the doctors.

THE young college president brought the subject up to a meeting of his medical faculty, and asked that each member state, that he would not engage in splitting fees. Some of the assembled doctors thereupon told him, in effect, that he was a young meddler, and advised him to mind his own business.

Few professional groups resent outside interference so much as do physicians and surgeons. This particular group made haste and got to the State Board of Education before Bowman could. When he appealed to the Board for backing in his fight he found himself answered with a refusal. The Board told him, in fact, that he had best let the doctors run their own affairs.

Here he was, president of the college in which these men taught. They were defying him. He is Irish enough to enjoy a fight. He announced that if need be, he would go before the Legislature of the State of Iowa, and instead of asking for an appropriation for the maintenance of the medical school, he would request that the school be closed. The State Board of Education of Iowa laughed.

Bowman went to Des Moines, called a meeting of the leading men in the medical profession in Iowa, stated the issue and asked for support. The story jumped to the front page of Middle West newspapers. The leaders in the medical profession were, of course, wholeheartedly with the new and young president of Iowa University. He had won his case simply by presenting it. By telegraph, the Board of Education hastily called a special meeting of its members. It was a victory for Bowman.

But a long struggle was to follow before the practice of splitting fees was stopped in the faculty of the University. The fight at Iowa lasted three years. By the time Bowman had won it, it had grown to be an issue in all medicine. He found himself asked to enter a new field, to develop it, and to give it body—to build up and take charge of the American College of Surgeons. Eleven years ago, in 1914 when he became its director, he had, he says, "an ideal, a tiny office, and no organization."

There is an interesting story about his entrance into this work. The young president of Iowa University went to Rochester, Minnesota, to consult with Dr. William J. Mayo upon the wisdom of taking such a position in so new a field. He was an educator, and this work was with and for surgeons.

"Do you think I ought to take the job?" asked Bowman directly.

"Well," replied the distinguished surgeon, "first, you seem to think you will succeed; second, you are young and you can afford to fail.

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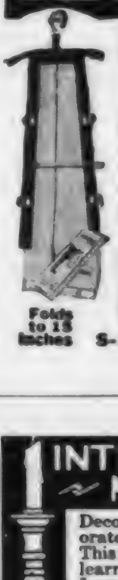

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Matter of fact, a real failure might do you good!" And, with a twinkle, yet seriously, he added, comfortingly. "You're headed for failure. The College is an impossible ideal for which the time's not ripe. It simply can't succeed."

Encouraged by this assurance that he was "in for a licking," Bowman accepted the job.

The purpose of the American College of Surgeons is four-fold: to concern itself with the character and training of surgeons, to effect the betterment of hospitals, to encourage laws relating to medical practice and privilege, and to see to the protection of the public from incompetent medical service. It was a big job—to lay out plans for organization, to raise money, and to make an ideal come true in a time "not ripe." But Bowman did it.

Dr. Bowman preached his doctrine of medical ethics widely over the United States and Canada. He helped organize at the same time clinics for physicians in many scattered parts of these countries, so that doctors even in remote towns could learn and be able to use the newest technique in their science. He helped raise the standards of hospital work all over the United States. When he took up his work, only about six out of every hundred hospitals in the country had diagnostic laboratories and case records of the patients. When he left, eighty-five out of every hundred hospitals had them.

In obtaining funds for work, figures speak best. When he entered the little office as Director of the College, its total assets were hope and a vague plan for its work. When he left it had a membership of four thousand, it had a building in Chicago costing three hundred thousand dollars, a foundation of two million dollars, and an annual income of about one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.

ONE day in 1921 Dr. Bowman was giving a talk before a group of medical men and citizens in Pittsburgh. As usual, he spoke about ideals in the practice of surgery and about proper hospital organization.

After the meeting he was asked to dinner with some of the men who had heard him. He did not know who the men were, except that they were leaders in civic and business affairs in Pittsburgh. When dinner was over, some of them walked over to a window, where they talked together for a few minutes. Then one of the group led Dr. Bowman out of the dining-room and asked him to be Chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh. He had been dining with the trustees of the institution.

There in Pittsburgh, the greatest industrial city in the world, was a university in a very difficult situation indeed. Since the war the student body had almost doubled, and there had been practically no increase in building equipment to house the great tide of young men and women from country towns, factory homes and city streets—the youth of this city—pouring in for admission. They were being taught in wooden army barracks, old houses, and barns. Almost nine thousand students were being taught under these conditions.

Dr. Samuel Black McCormick, the present Chancellor Emeritus, had devoted the best of his life to laying the foundation of the University. He had watched it grow from the little Western University of Pennsylvania, "WUP," to this great size. Now somebody had to complete the task grown to such unexpected proportions. Here was a job to call out every bit of creative and organizing energy in a man. It needed an educator, an organizer, and a businessman who had vision.

As he had done before, he went to Dr. Mayo for advice.

"You ought to take the job," said his friend. "If you go to Pittsburgh, you will create the greatest university in the world."

Dr. Bowman accepted the Chancellorship, and took over the administration of the University of Pittsburgh.

Into this new work he brought two principles from his business experience. "Together with the highest possible ideals," he says, "there should always be good business practice in education. There are two fundamentals in any successful business: strict economy and the making of the best possible product."

In his initial year at the college, he met the first of these two problems. He at once set to work to cut down the faculty and the number of departments in the University, particularly such departments as were duplicating work done in the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh (which is near the University). He cut down "until he could show a black-ink balance on the University books."

Next, he approached the subject of "the product"—the students graduated by the University. In order to graduate the students with the highest equipment possible given them, the University would need the space to instruct them properly. The space needed was over ten million cubic feet. The problem was: how to find for the thousands of students those ten million cubic feet of space that was needed for their classrooms, lecture-rooms and laboratories?

The University had not even land on which to erect buildings containing so much space. The University in Pittsburgh has not, of course, the spacious campus of Oxford, Princeton or Harvard. It is set high on a hill, overlooking the mills and the factories, the sweep of life and work of the city. Land is prohibitively expensive.

At the foot of the hill on which the University was situated lay a quadrangle of fourteen acres of level land. When he first came to Pittsburgh, every Sunday the new Chancellor

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would walk around that smooth quadrangle, and tell himself how much he wanted it for the University. But the land was worth millions, and millions for education are hard to get, particularly when the man who must get them is practically a stranger in a big city. And the Scotch-Irish businessmen of Pittsburgh do not accept a newcomer and his ideas in a day. Dr. Bowman could not just walk around that four-sided green space, and wish he could find a way to get it for the University. The way to get it was to ask for it.

Mr. A. W. Mellon was one of the first men won over. During eighteen months' association with Mr. Mellon as a consultant Bowman came to know him and won his support for the University. It was as a gift from him and his brother, R. B. Mellon, that Dr. Bowman was to get shortly for the University the fourteen acres of land around which he had walked so often. The estimated value of the land is now five million dollars.

In his mind he had been creating a building that would house the University. He wanted, he says, "the most beautiful and practical, and individual college building in the world." He wanted a building that would rise like a magnificent symbol over the hills of this city, so that every boy and girl who passed it, every man and woman who saw it, would feel as if it had uttered a spoken word to be treasured and remembered. He wanted this building to have that classic finality which the master architects gave to the grand structures they planned for Florence and Rome and Vienna. It was to be a cathedral of learning.

Famous for the Gothic beauty of the college buildings he has planned is Charles Z. Klauder, and it was to him that Bowman went. For three years they worked together trying to find what they sought. And finally they had a picture—a fifty-two-story structure "with more power, spirit of achievement, and reverence in it than has ever before been attempted in the world," it has been said. They brought forth their plans and picture for a structure that marks a new age in college architecture. It received naturally the name of the Cathedral of Learning.

Dr. Bowman and his picture at once won the support of his trustees and of a citizens' committee made up of the most prominent men in Pittsburgh. Questions concerning feasibility and utility of the building were soon swept aside. Its beauty was never questioned. In fact, so strong was its effect on the community that within a month of the opening of the campaign for funds over seven million dollars had been subscribed. In that amount, it is said, are no very large gifts, although the industries of the city gave liberally. Rather, the contributions came in small amounts from the entire community of which the building is an expression.

"Inside that building," Dr. Bowman says, "will grow a teaching process that will be worthy of the architecture and its spirit. The old cram system of mass teaching will have to go; in its place will come independent thinking and creative work on the part of the students, under sympathetic and inspired teaching that leads the individual into the path which he is best qualified to follow."

Of this building Judge Gary declares, "The Cathedral of Learning will receive the admiration and wonder of the world." Of the man who created it Dr. George W. Crile, the famous surgeon, has said, "Where you have John Bowman you have two universities: one in the man and one in the institution." Of his success, Homer Williams, head of the Carnegie Steel Company, has said, "He is not seeking for self, but for the success of an idea. He is a man who reminds one of nobody else. What he does is to work, work, work, and sustain a youthful optimism."

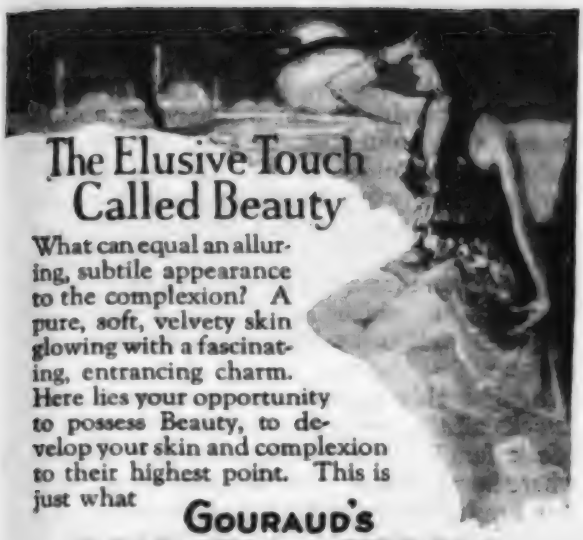
In his life, his success, and the elements that made it, from the days of his boyhood and poverty to the present, Dr. Bowman seems to typify the creative drive of pioneer America at its best. The spirit of happiness and hard work that a seventeen-year-old boy brought to a country schoolhouse out in the open prairies will grow to be the spirit of a university with ten thousand students. And the spirit of all this undertaking is the spirit of John Bowman.

Opera Begins at Home

[*Continued from page 86*]

many seat. I have proud dhat men like Mr. Albion work so hard and not selfish so dhat one day you have place in all your cities for dhe concert and opera all your own—to make you yourself—so dhat you make and have your own *nice artists!*"

Over the acreage of attentive heads there played a quick ripple of humor. Not interrupting laughter, however. Mr. Chaliapin—or Signor or Monsieur or even Batushka as preferred—was at the end of his hold-fast test so far as English was concerned. But he dragged Mr. Albion forward for his bow, and then he beckoned toward the wings. An instant more and beside him stood an interpreter, conventionally clad, some two feet shorter than Mephisto of the Phosphorescences and of visage self-deprecating and averted. . . .



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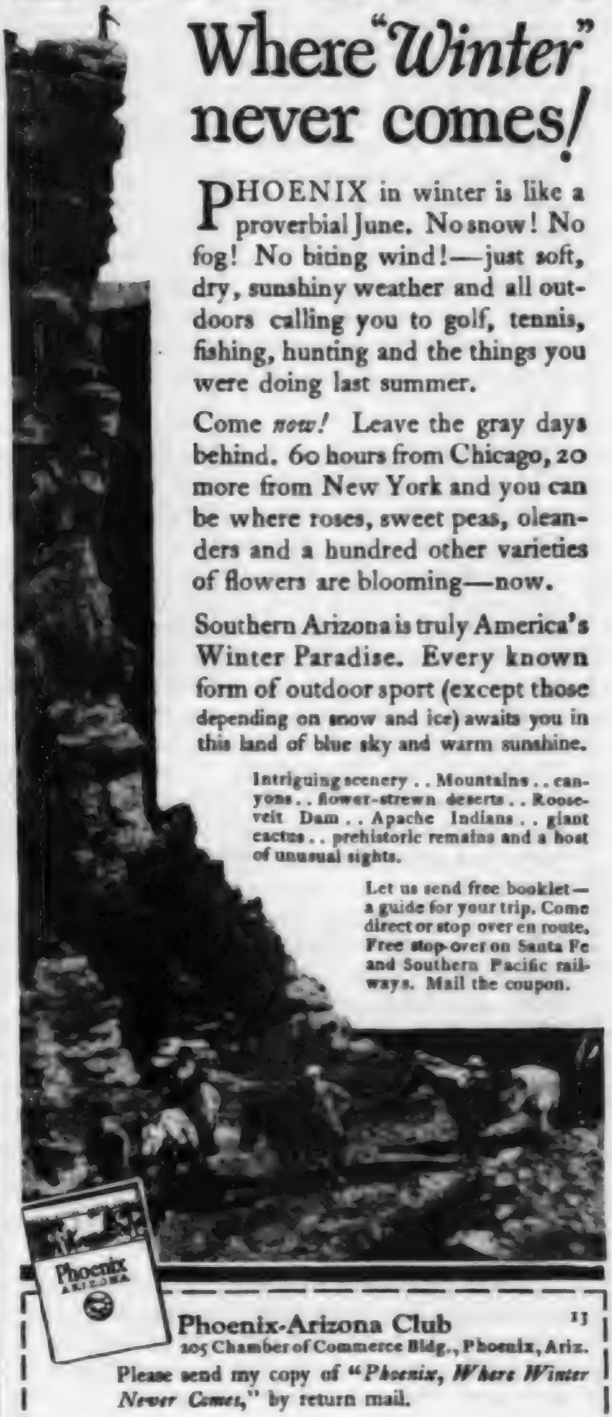

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And lo, the stammering actor basso forthwith grew eloquent with rounded Muscovite periods, pointed with gestures that might have inspired a Phidias . . .

Presumably he outlined in considerable detail the crusade of Mr. and Mrs. Albion on behalf of a movement toward home opera in all the cities of America as such home opera is to be found in nearly all cities, great or small, of old Europe. The very modest interpreter was given but a brief space of time now and then, in few and infrequent pauses. His translation of Chaliapinic dithyrambs was perforce like those interlineations in black type, breaking the close print of some tight newspaper column. The rolling Russian sentences seemed to be to the effect that America is a country full of undeveloped painters and sculptors and opera singers and their like. And work like that of Peggy and Edward Albion, lovingly done, year after year, without money and without price, must inevitably swell the long record, too often ignored, of America's artistic pioneering in its own behalf.

SO THE little romance of the Albions, Peggy and Edward, the last scene of which occurred last January, becomes in the language of the novelists "back narration."

A few years ago Marietta Stockard, pretty and piquant as a Watteau shepherdess, with hair prematurely whitening as if to carry out the general Dresden-china similitude, was a kindergarten teacher in the city of Washington. In North Carolina where she was born she had lived for eight years in the old house on West Market Street, Greensboro, in which Sidney Porter, her beloved O. Henry, was born. And she used to dream that some day they would point out that house as a place where she, too, had lived.

In Washington everybody called her "Peggy"; even on informal occasions her pupils themselves. This will sound less shocking when it is explained that she was a "normal" kindergarten teacher. The which does not mean that she differed from other kindergarten teachers by a lesser degree of originality but merely that she taught grown-up young misses how to teach classes of little children under the first-grade age in the Washington public schools. She was "Peggy" to her pupils because she was a friend, a pal, almost a "buddy."

It was that bleak November of 1918, preceding the glorious Eleventh, that Peggy suddenly emerged from her kindergarten as an impresario. She announced a song recital at one of the leading local theaters of Washington. "Is the charming woman mad?" her friends asked each other. For the young baritone she sponsored had never before been heard of by anybody. And Peggy's debonair irresponsibility in all practical matters was an affectionate by-word with all who thought they knew her best.

As a matter of fact Peggy had met her baritone but once or twice and then only casually. But she thought he had a fine voice and the friend who brought them together had told her something of his story. Singing, teaching, and standing by in war entertainment work, Edward Meek (professionally "Edouard" Albion) had worked his way, city by city, to the Atlantic seaboard from far-away Denver where a concert company of which he was a member had stranded well before America's entrance into the war.

Behind this episode lay a series of hard knocks all the way back to his boyhood on the Meek family farm in Port Stanley, Ontario, where he was born. At the age of seventeen he was firmly resolved to make of himself a singer even against the opposition of a father who refused all cash assistance. But he was willing to let the undaunted youngster borrow a team and start hauling gravel to finance his vocal lessons. Father Meek's wise idea was that the grinding labor would settle the matter one way or the other. It did. The youngster stuck it out, finished his lessons and presently blossomed out as a singing teacher. His next move was characteristic. As soon as he could manage it he sent himself to Paris where he proceeded to study opera. Then back he came, to the United States this time, as a concert singer in a small way. This was the phase of his musical career that ended with a crash at Denver.

The migration from Denver to Washington had covered more than two years, marked by many privations, with food and shelter often problematical. But Peggy at once felt in young Albion an undimmed courage and untarnished enthusiasm. She had discovered, too, how during all his adult life he had held with bull-dog tenacity to one fixed musical idea not at all centered on his own success as a singer. Peggy liked that sort of thing.

To make a short story shorter, Peggy presented her unknown baritone in a theater packed to its final seat with an audience of Washington's least unwashed. "Paper—all paper," said the astute Washington agents looking on from the rear. As it happened this time, they were wrong. Every seat in the New National Theater had been bought and paid for. Her song-recital went over. Better yet, there was no kick coming. To this day Peggy has no idea how she did it, but it was done.

Some camp singing, under the young baritone's direction, was on his program, taking him back to New York next morning. Peggy accompanied him to the train. As they rode there in a taxi, he spoke about his ambition to establish a national opera movement in all our cities "replenished by the talent we in America are capable of furnishing." But it was going

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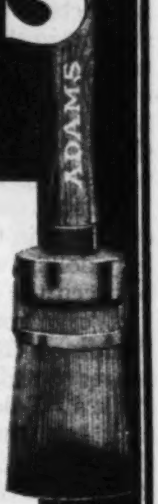

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to be a difficult job. He needed help. He couldn't go on alone. Then without warning came the solution. She must stand by him. She must become Mrs. Albion! The lady gasped.

He almost succeeded once in his ambition, continued the young singer enthusiastically. That was out in the Middle West only a few years before. Big money for a beginning was pledged—everything. Then the war came on; then we got into the war ourselves. The war wouldn't last forever it was true, but even after it was over he couldn't fight it out alone. Would she marry him? In her own original style the lady rose to the occasion. There was something in the enthusiasm and daring of the man that appealed to the same qualities in herself.

"I have my own private name for you, you know," said Miss Stockard whimsically, "I call you 'Opera Mike.' All I can say now is: for the love of Opera Mike, but this *is* sudden!"

FOLLOWING the marriage ceremony when Peggy Stockard became Peggy Albion (a name afterward to be well known over the radio for her bedtime stories for children) no time was lost. Many of those who had been ready with their surplus funds to guarantee home-grown opera in the group of mid-Western cities, were no doubt in Washington as dollar-a-year men. But Mrs. Peggy at once became the typical wife, and laid down the law. "No backers just now, Opera Mike! It isn't the time for it, my dear. We'll start in at once of course—but we must give Washington its own opera productions for nothing at present, seats must be free-for-all. Everybody's fighting and so must we."

Peggy's plan was to pass around the hat after the first act of each operatic performance. As for a sinking fund for the small preliminaries—were there not several hundred dollars from the recent song recital?

Things were well under way when rumors of a great Armistice began. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Albion had completed all go-getting arrangements for a "Community Opera of Washington—affiliated with War-Camp Community Service—Entertainment and Morale the Object." Through the thunder of the Armistice celebration and the wild weeks after it they pushed steadily ahead with their project.

The training of a band of local young folks, entirely new to the opera business, is however a matter requiring considerable time. By Mr. Albion, practically unassisted, each principal had to be trained individually. Then a chorus of young men and women had to be drilled by him. And there were a thousand other details including the assembling of a volunteer, yet competent orchestra. Mrs. Peggy took charge of the press work as well as such extraneous problems as getting the scenery painted by the young folks themselves, and supervising the fashioning, with their own hands, of the costumes they would wear.

By the dawn of the new year all was ready. And on January 13th and14th, 1919, their first production was delivered, gratis as any church service, in the auditorium of Washington's Central High School. On the principle that a child must creep before it can walk, a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta was chosen for a starter. One of the best of Gilbert and Sullivan, it was—"The Pirates of Penzance."

As may readily be supposed, everybody who could get in came. A fund of two hundred and fifty dollars was gathered in on collection plates between the acts.

"Very good, Eddie!" cried Mrs. Peggy. "And now in our next production we must get nearer to real 'Grand' opera!" So next morning Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" went into rehearsal, and two more performances were given at the Central High School on March 24th and 25th. On each of these dates four thousand Washingtonians presented themselves for admission. Among those present, and exclusively on both occasions, were the two thousand who got there first. That was the seating capacity of the High School Auditorium. Two hundred and fifty dollars was the net result again.

"The place isn't large enough, that's the trouble," reasoned Mr. Edward. "Bohemian Girl" was therefore repeated at Liberty Hut on Decoration Day and the day thereafter. For extra measure "I Pagliacci" was thrown in as a curtain raiser.

Once more when every seat was full, Mrs. Peggy watched the taking of the collection through a peep-hole in the curtain and cried: "*Everybody's* giving something!"

"Everybody," or nearly, had indeed done so. In actual money there was a sum of two hundred and *ten* dollars. The rest was buttons, badges, rosettes, liberty-bond pins and sundry souvenirs and insignia. At least, reasoned Mrs. Peggy, they had every one of them put something in. Nobody had had the face to let the plate pass. That audience had pride, even if its purse was tight.

WEIGHED in the balances had been the hat-passing plan; weighed and found wanting. Three thousand persons pay two hundred and ten dollars for their opera. Calculate the ratio per person for yourself. It is not even outdone by that post-war Berlin where, in the early winter of 1922, one listened to "Tristan and Isolde" for the mark equivalent of five cents.

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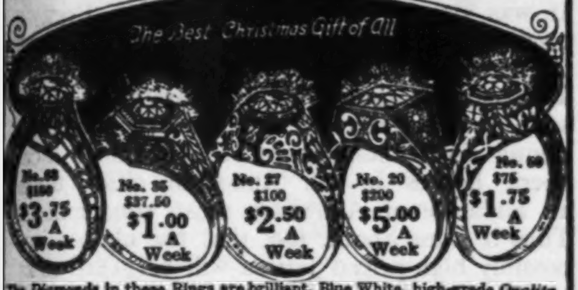

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near-grand—was staged again at the Belasco Theater, with a now veteran local cast and chorus. But this time seats sold for fifty and seventy-five cents and one dollar—positively a better plan, as the event showed. The sinking fund revived astonishingly.

They had decided that future performances must win over the most fastidious local lights. Some way must be found to procure trained and seasoned artists for the more important rôles—artists, say, whose voices on the discs of home phonographs might give summoning power to even the most blasé! It involved the personal sacrifice of many simpler material comforts of life by the Albion pair, still wage-earners, both of them. Mrs. Albion, teacher of kindergarten teachers, wrote little stories for children with remuneration as the object. Mr. Albion gave private vocal instruction to those who sought it for pay. It is the only kind of pay ever yet received by either of them. That remains their status today, with the 1925 season behind them, involving its turn-over of tens of thousands of dollars, and Chaliapin, the most expensive of them all, twice a cooperator. Then in 1919, at the end of the summer heat, there was a week of "Faust" with popular professional singers in stellar parts and several local aspirants in the lesser rôles. It began to be the mode in Washington to pass through the Albion chorus and appear on the operatic stage, at least in the rearward ranks. You could hardly qualify as musical if you had not done so. And there was always the chance of one of the smaller singing parts should you demonstrate your fitness.

BY THIS time, highly expert specialists began to make weekly trips down from New York for wages generously modified to suit the needs of the situation. An expert orchestra was assembled with a miraculous modification of the drastic Musical Union laws. At some time during this period of growth Enrica Clay Dillon, who is building her own theater for intimate opera in English was engaged to superintend all productions. Miss Dillon, a California girl, had sung as a popular prima donna from end to end of Italy for a period of nine years. At her fingers' ends was a repertoire of forty operas. Better yet, she too cherished a dream of national American opera. In a way, the little theater she is building for her "native opera-players" in New York is an outcome of the Washington venture.

The Albion pair continued to strive, and are still striving to challenge comparison with the finished product evolved by municipally managed opera in Europe. In the seasons since their complete reorganization on a basis of "grand opera second to none," they have presented "The Secret of Suzanne," in conjunction with "I Pagliacci," more "Carmen," more "Faust" of course, "Aida" "Samson and Delilah," "Rigoletto" and "Madame Butterfly," with various lighter sundries, such as "Tales of Hoffman," "Traviata" and "The Barber of Seville." Two seasons ago or earlier, they began a temporary publicity system, securing not merely seasoned professionals but the most world-renowned stellar magnitudes, whenever possible. It was simple amplification of Mrs. Peggy's original idea: "Until we get 'em started we must try to keep hitting 'em in the eye." Thus came it about that Chaliapin was to be seen one January evening making a speech urging the Albion dream of a chain of local opera houses in our American cities upon an audience of America's most conspicuous. Thus it came about, too, that the almost impossibly high-priced Jeritza will be heard next season with this local chorus, local ballet and local minor principals as her background. The great Chaliapin found himself propagandizing amid these strange surroundings only after an involved an expensive law-suit with a mighty aggregation of millionaire-opera in an Illinois city. The idea, it would seem, was to forbid his doing it. But that's another story, like the proposal made to Chaliapin by a certain mighty statesman that, as a good American, he become the Supreme Director of the Crusade. Whether that is a dream or not remains to be seen.

AS FOR the Albion domesticity, there is now little Norwood, so nearly resembling the child figure in Sir Joshua Reynold's "Bubbles" that he might have sat for that classic painting as a portrait. Like the rest of the family he is a constant and eager assistant. To him falls the job of putting the announcement folders in the envelopes and licking and applying the stamps. Yet at appearing as the blond deserted Baby in "Madame Butterfly" he drew the line. Every inducement was held forth to tempt him—from a train of cars running on their own track to a new patent self-running kiddie-car. "I am a press agent not an opera-actor," seemed to be his haughty attitude. So it came about that he was photographed at his favorite task of mailing the folders and given a feature story all his own in a Washington newspaper—"The Youngest Press Agent in The World."

As for the Albion venture, stars like Chaliapin have already helped rally to their side a considerable group of philanthropists intrigued by a plain tale of concentrative purpose and devotion, in the face of all odds. Now they want naturalized citizen Chaliapin in a new venture for which funds are said to be already pledged. A plan is well afoot for the first and central opera-house of the envisioned chain, in the capital city of the nation. And when you consider the vivid enthusiasm of the two Albions in making practical their dreams of the past, who knows where they will stop?